PZ 3
.T272
Mo
COPY 1

FT MEADE
GenColl

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PZ3 Copyright No.

Shelf .J272Mo

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

MORE THAN KIN.

By MARION HARLAND,

AUTHOR OF "ALONE," "HIS GREAT SELF," ETC.

COMPLETE.

NOVEMBER, 1892

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LIPPINCOTT'S. CONTENTS No. 299.

MORE THAN KIN	*Marion Harland*	549–632
THE SPORTING EDITOR. (Journalist Series) . . .	*J. B. McCormick ("Macon")*	633
THE HOMELESS THOUGHTS. (Poem)	*Dora Read Goodale* . .	641
TO ISABEL. (Poem)		641
IN A GONDOLA. (Illustrated)	*Ellen Olney Kirk* . .	642
CRICKET IN THE UNITED STATES. (Athletic Series.) (Illustrated)	*George Stuart Patterson* .	649
CORYDON AT THE TRYST. (Poem)	*Frances Nathan* . . .	660
A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL	*M. Helen Fraser Lovett* .	661
MIRAGE. (Poem)	*Edith M. Thomas* . . .	663
FORM IN DRIVING. (Illustrated)	*C. Davis English* . . .	664
MEN OF THE DAY	*M. Crofton*	675
AS IT SEEMS		677

WITH THE WITS. (*Illustrated by leading artists.*)

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

PUBLISHED BY

J:B:LIPPINCOTT:Co:PHILADELPHIA:

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, BOWDEN & CO.

PARIS: BRENTANO'S, 17 AVENUE DE L'OPERA.

Copyright, 1892, by J. B. Lippincott Company. Entered at Philadelphia Post-Office as second-class matter.

THE STANDARD COCOA OF THE WORLD.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"BEST & GOES FARTHEST."

Manufactured at the

Royal Cocoa Factory,
Weesp, Holland.

A Delicious Substitute for Tea and Coffee and Much Better than either for the Stomach & Nerves.

Perfectly Pure.

INSTANTLY PREPARED---
EASILY DIGESTED.

It needs only a single trial to convince anyone of the *infinite superiority* of this *original, pure, soluble Cocoa,* over any other brand, either foreign or domestic. It is put up in 1-8, 1-4, 1-2 and one lb. cans, and can be had of any reliable grocer in the U. S.

☞ If not obtainable, enclose 25 cts. to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can, containing enough for 35 to 40 cups, will be mailed if you *mention this publication.* Prepared only by the inventors, VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, Weesp, Holland.

(131.)

The Liebig COMPANY'S

Cattle are reared on their fertile grazing fields in Uruguay, solely to provide prime beef for making the world-famed

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef.

Competent chemists supervise every detail, from the care of the cattle and through the processes of manufacture—where scrupulous cleanliness prevails—to the potting of the completed extract. This preserves the ***quality, flavor, and purity*** of this famous product, which is to-day, as when first put up by the great chemist, Justus von Liebig,

Incomparably the Best

FOR IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.
FOR DELICIOUS, REFRESHING BEEF TEA.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CONSUMPTION
The Best Cough Syrup.
Tastes Good. Use in time.
Sold by Druggists.
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

I have been entirely cured of Consumption by the use of Piso's Cure. The doctor said I could not live until Fall. That was one year ago. Now I am well and hearty, and able to do a hard day's work.—Mrs. LAURA E. PATTERSON, Newton, Iowa, June 20, 1892.

MORE THAN KIN.

BY

MARION HARLAND,

AUTHOR OF "ALONE," "HIS GREAT SELF," ETC.

35

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
OCT 22 1892
CITY OF WASHINGTON.
42656X1

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PZ3
.T272Mo

Copyright, 1892, by J. B. Lippincott Company.

Printed by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

MORE THAN KIN.

CHAPTER I.

IT was not altogether what followed it that stamped that afternoon and the drive to the railway-station upon my memory in colors that will never fade.

The forenoon had been showery,—soft, heavy rains that soaked herbage and weakened the stems of foliage. A steady wind came down the northern gorge at mid-day, blowing straight and steadily, but not hard, for some hours. At half-past four, when I drove out of the gate, the air was still, almost balmy. The long stretch of the village street lay before me down to the turn that would take me to the station. The houses lining this, our best thoroughfare, stood back modestly from the wayside, and between them and a possibly prying public a double row of maples made a deep-green shade in summer. Now that the autumnal glow was at the height, they gave to the interspace the dim richness of a cathedral aisle. The highway ran due east and west; the wind, as I have said, had blown out of the north. Right across the track, the intervals of wet black road showing between, the burning leaves had drifted in straight swaths. The half-mile drive was barred with tinted flame. The wet leaves had fallen prone and lain still where they had dropped. In the level sun-rays they glowed and throbbed into a passion of color.

My ponies shied sharply at the first of these apparent barriers. I had coaxed them to step gingerly, with much pointing of ears and graceful sidling, upon the gorgeous rug, when a carriage, coming from the opposite direction, was drawn up to mine, and a lovely face, framed in silver hair, looked out of the window.

"I was on my way to see you, Sydney dear. Don came out early to-day, but he had to see a man at the station, and sent me on as his *avant-coureur*. He will walk over by and by. You will not be gone long, I hope?"

Warm color that was not embarrassment flowed over my face. I felt my eyes brighten.

"I am only going to the station to meet Doctor and Elsie, who went to the city this morning. There will be a vacant seat for Don on the way back."

"Ah!" with a smile of friendly satisfaction. "Then I will sit with your mother while you are away. Have you noticed that the road is barred with the latest thing in October tartans? From the lower end it looks like a series of Turner's sunsets. Don't let me detain you. Good-by."

I tautened the reins until my ponies arched their necks and stepped high. The turnout was my especial property,—a pretty surrey, with polished panels and dark-brown cushions, and a good deal of silver-plating about the harness. The ponies were a singularly perfect match,—iron-gray, with white manes and tails, and so many signs of blood that everybody looked at them as I drove along. There would not be a better-appointed equipage at the station, a better-dressed woman, or a more clever "whip." My blue cloth gown was tailor-made; my gauntlets fitted smoothly; my jaunty toque was fashionable and becoming.

There are times when a woman reckons her personal advantages at full value, and when she is right in doing it. The weakness and folly that compose vanity enter in when she begins to depend and presume upon extrinsic circumstances that may slough away from her very self and leave it intact, if she has but arrayed herself in them, not pressed them into the substance of her soul.

Don Upton had sent me yesterday two big apples that had grown, cheek by cheek, to fulness of ripening. One side of each was red as blood,—fresh, young, healthy blood, "which is the life." The reverse on one bore the initials "S. S." in crimson upon a pale-green field. Upon the other apple, "D. U." was similarly dyed and set. Before they had begun to blush, he had ingeniously bound up a section of each in oiled silk, with the letters cut out in the covering. The sun had done the rest. In a discursive, superficial way, as I drove along, I fell to philosophizing, and likened the initials upon the cuticle of the fruit—this last remaining unaltered in grain, for all its brilliant lettering—to the gratification I had in looking my best to-day. The glow was but skin-deep. The thought that I was to see Don in five minutes, that I belonged to him and he to me, soaked like sunshine and dew to the heart of me; coursed through every thought and sensation as sun-warmed sap had filled and rounded and sweetened the beautiful globes I had laid away in cotton-wool in a cabinet to mellow.

My mother had a story of my infancy that recurred to my mind and made me smile, as I sat upright in driving-school form upon my box-cushion, chin level, and hands firm yet light upon the lines. The ponies had delicate mouths and sensibilities. Who hoped to control them must consider these, consult and respect them.

My old negro "mammy," who had nursed my mother in her infancy, had said one day of my mad dance and shout, when there was

no apparent cause for exuberance of glee, "Let her 'lone, Mis' Charlotte! She jis' *so glad o' she-self*, she donno what ter do."

I was never so glad of myself before as on this October afternoon, as my dear little nags went spinning down the cross-barred street, shivering and scattering the "sunset series;" around the corner; past the quiet church and the graveyard, yellowed by fallen elm-leaves; with a lively "click-clack" of hoofs and hollow thunder of wheels, across the bridge spanning Mapleton Creek, then up a gentle ascent, and, with a flash of silver plates and jingle of chains and buckles, brought up as still as a pair of granite steeds at the station platform. I was youthful and happy, and the young love to "dash," as colts to curvet.

A dozen other vehicles were waiting for the train, for the New Jersey village was almost in sight of New York. The foam of the billowing life of the metropolis dashed gayly over us all summer, and ran up, more feebly, but perceptibly, in the dead of winter. We villagers knew one another, and each new arrival at the railway rendezvous awoke a little stir of nods and smiles, and, from the carriages nearest to the latest comers, friendly or merry words. Without meaning to do it, I had halted close to a somewhat shabby buggy drawn by a meek sorrel mare. Why a sorrel horse can look more abjectly resigned than any other, and a sorrel mare carry abject resignation to meaner lengths than her brother of the same objectionable hue, is one of the countless and unaccountable things too common to be classed with phenomena.

The gown of the woman who sat in the shabby buggy would have been described as sorrel, had her mare worn it. It was a mixed silk and woollen stuff, and fitted her so badly as to be, strictly speaking, no fit. Her black gloves were stretched by fidgety fingers into two sizes too large for her, and were whitish at the finger-tips. That on the right hand was ripped on the ball of the thumb, and while talking she pulled at the two sides of the rip, folding them over one another, and throwing the rest of the thumb out of perspective. Her black straw bonnet was small for her head; her abundant hair was dark and ill dressed; her bright eyes were darker; her nose was long, with thin, arched nostrils; the mouth was small and sour.

Mrs. Tommy Robb was the literary star of Mapleton. Of the first magnitude in her own estimation, she ranged from the third to the sixth in her neighbors' eyes, and, as we gathered from metropolitan talk, was of no magnitude at all in New York. Perception of the latter fact—however she might feign to ignore it—helped to embitter her. Ambition that outruns ability begets hunger that frets soul and heart, as acid bites into steel. Mrs. Robb proclaimed herself an agnostic, and, like a majority of the professors of unfaith, confounded the word with atheist. She was as vain of knowing and believing nothing of her soul and its destiny as of the pessimism the unlearned mistook for ill humor and a natural taste for detraction. Her life had been a continual disappointment. A dashing, vivacious girl, she had come to Mapleton one summer with the wealthy woman whose adopted daughter she was, and captivated Tommy Robb, the eldest scion of a good old family.

Everybody liked Tommy, and nobody recollected that his name was Thomas. His handsome face and good heart made him a favorite partner with the girls, and his sound principles commended him to the confidence of the mothers. One and all of his old friends were in doubt whether to be more sorry or surprised at his marriage with the keen-tongued city-girl. In reviewing the transaction fifteen years later, she must have been most surprised of all. For Tommy, albeit not quite the fool she now esteemed him, was commonplace to a degree that was amazing in a man who went by rail to New York every day, and he had succeeded but moderately well in a business that had promised large things when Caroline Van Nostrand exchanged her dissyllable for his monosyllable.

As is often the case with a man wedded to a woman mentally superior to him, what intellect Tommy had to begin with had dwindled pathetically. Men of the best intentions cannot stand on tiptoe forever, and soon or late discover that it is not in them to take on thought sufficient to add one cubit to their mental stature. The spirit is willing, but mind-muscles are weak. The ill-mated pair had four sons as handsome and as commonplace as their father, and, because of this, each boy was a separate and special provocation to the clever mother.

For clever she was—in a way. As a detective she would have been famous. This career being closed to one in her walk of life, she became a newspaper correspondent. Her field of labor was circumscribed by the tether of Tommy and the boys, intertwisted with the social prejudice that condemns a matron and mother to look after her own house before sallying out to pry into the manner in which other people's homes are ordered, but she worked her one acre hard. My stepfather had read aloud at the breakfast-table that morning a letter in a city paper over the signature "C. A. R.," purporting to be a record of the impressions our hill-girt village had made upon a New England tourist. Hardly a family of any note whatsoever had escaped a lash, and, although no names were given, we recognized ourselves and our neighbors. In recollection of the article, I should not have selected hers as the vicinity in which to spend the few minutes of waiting that must precede the appearance of the train. Without suspecting that the vacant space conveniently close to the platform was other than accidental, I had guided the ponies into it.

Mrs. Robb smiled a meaning response to my bow, as I perceived her.

"You are a courageous girl!" said her clear, high soprano. "I have been amusing myself for five minutes by seeing what a wide area the fluttering of wounded pigeons has left about me. And *you* wouldn't have come so close had you looked before you leaped. Don't trouble yourself to refute the charge. I shouldn't believe any polite falsehood you felt yourself called upon to utter. Or—maybe you did not see my article in to-day's *Clarion?*"

She had none of the disinclination to discuss her writings in and out of season that characterizes great authors. I rarely met her without hearing of some "article" in prose or verse with which she had honored humanity.

I replied with polite promptness:

"Oh, yes! You were the Autocrat of our breakfast-table this morning. Doctor read the letter aloud."

She looked gratified, but against her will. The draught that had not a drop of gall or quassia would have been insipid to her palate.

"What did your mother say of it? I don't inquire into the opinions of your step-father, for he never has an original one upon matters that do not immediately concern him, and I shouldn't value it if he had. But your mother has brains, and generally puts them to good use, if she *did* mislay them about ten years ago! You needn't redden so furiously. I'd say the same to her if she were here. There are few women whom I trouble myself to respect, or with whose views upon any subject I concern myself. As a sex they are characterless, like sheep, or sly, like cats. She didn't relish the cut I dealt pets of the petticoats who had got above compounding their own prescriptions, but not above trading upon the monetary and mental capital of other people?"

It was never worth while to get angry at her arrant impertinence. She would have been enraged had she divined how much of toleration and civility she owed to her husband and the family connection she despised as provincial and humdrum. The *rôle* of protector was one in which her fancy had never painted her legal lord.

I was not afraid of Mrs. Robb, as many people were, and the thought struck me that a deserved, if not a salutary, reprisal might be to emulate her frankness.

"She did not seem crushed, or even agitated," I said. "On the contrary, she laughed, and said, 'Oh, dear! that *car* is off the track again!'"

I, too, laughed in requiting rudeness in kind, a novel experiment on my part. She granted me a sidelong glance, lowering her lids in a sinister way.

"*So-o!* Another hurt pigeon! I had not credited you with so much affection for your step-parent."

Leaning back in the shabby buggy, she went on folding the edges of the rip in her thumb over upon one another, the short upper lip, that was always conscious of an evil odor, more expressive than usual.

The encounter was sufficiently disagreeable, but I had not comprehended the sacrifice of true gentlehood I had made by my retort until I saw Don Upton making his way toward me between the waiting carriages.

We had loved one another from childhood, and been openly betrothed for a year, and never until that instant had I had the disposition to escape the scrutiny of his honest eyes. I tried to persuade myself that aversion to Mrs. Robb's proximity and espial prompted the desire to slip away and cool my uneasy blushes before he could note them. At the bottom of my heart I knew that I lied to my conscience. The longing, which was aspiration, to be always at my cleanest best in Don's presence was another feeling, that went down to the core of my being. Had he been within hearing, nothing could have provoked me to deal blow for blow, in what I called, to my shamed self, "fishwife-

fashion." I had seen him eye Mrs. Robb sometimes in grave compassion when she struck out viciously at friend or foe; gravity tinctured with wonder at the coarse discourtesy of it all; pity for the suffering that, he insisted, must have driven a woman of birth and breeding to take up such weapons. He had told me that these exhibitions gave color to the stories of her mean parentage current among the "wounded pigeons." What would he say to my confession of the descent to her level?

He had reached me, flushed with dodging under horses' noses and darting through narrow lanes lined with wheels, and given me the happy smile nobody else, unless it were his mother, had power to call up, and I had time to feel how wretched was my effort to appear composed, when Mrs. Robb accosted him across me:

"Good afternoon, Donald!—Mr. Upton, I would say! You boys grow so fast, and so do your beards, that I am constantly in peril of breeding contempt by familiarity,—running off the rails of conventionality, as this witty young lady and her wittier mother would put it. She has just been telling me of the latest family *bon mot*. But what I was about to ask you is if there is the proverbial grain of truth in the chaff of the story that your mother went to the city the other day to have a consultation of physicians?"

Don looked startled, glancing quickly from the catechist to me; then, apparently reassured by my composure, replied, tranquilly,—

"The grain of wheat is not there, I think, Mrs. Robb. My mother is in her usual excellent health. Were anything so far wrong as your story implies, I should be the first to know it."

"Or so filial vanity thinks. It is the trick of modern mothers to practise pious deceptions upon their offspring up to the last gasp. It is pathetic, heroic, and Christian. Thank Fortune!—if I were a Christian, I should say 'Thank God!" and thereby break the second—or is it the third commandment, Miss Salisbury?—thank Fortune, I am neither heroine nor religious, much less a model mother. It seemed unlikely to me, however, that Mrs. Upton would seek any other professional aid than such as Dr. Wentworth, seconded—or firsted—by Mrs. Dr. Wentworth, can offer. Her faith in them approximates sublimity. Being as little of a model patient as I am of a model parent, I can only wonder—and adore—such perfect trust. My dear Sydney, your face is too expressive. Believe me that I would back away out of hearing, if I could without killing somebody's horses. Were the danger to human beings, I would not hesitate to gratify you. Indeed, I should hail the opportunity of ridding the world of a fool or two. But be patient! I hear the train-whistle at the station below."

In her line the woman was a genius. The combined wits of Mapleton could not have fused into a speech of equal length the same number of disagreeable things. I never talked with her that she did not leave a brier in a vulnerable part. She had stuck me as full of them, now, as if I had fallen headlong into a bed of prickly pears and rolled over and over in attempting to rise. Every sensitive bit of me,—my love for and pride in my mother; my distrust of my step-

father, and jealous dread of his influence over the wife who was so much nobler than he; my concealed impatience with Mrs. Upton's confidence in his professional skill; my horror of public sentimental passages between my lover and myself, or the appearance of such; my devout attachment to my Church and the holy faith of which I believed Her to be the exponent,—the pessimist had at them all. Every shot went home, and every arrow rankled.

Don's tact was perfect and his courtesy invariable. He gave no sign of perceiving my tormentor's animus, or her success. At the sound of the whistle he ran his eye along the reins, straightened one with a touch, and let his hand rest caressingly upon the shining coat of the pony nearest him in passing to their heads. They were train-proof, but he took no risks where my safety was involved.

If he had not stood just there, foot and eye alert, and with the cleared area next the rails directly before him! How many, many times I have shuddered over the words and what was contained in the pregnant *if!*

The train was an express, and a minute behind time; therefore it made brief pause at our station. I looked in vain for my little sister and our step-father among those who hastily emerged from the open doors. Whistle and bell were peremptory, and simultaneously with these signals the wheels began to revolve. The whole train was in motion, when Dr. Wentworth appeared upon the front platform of the next to the last car, hurrying Elsie before him. Just beyond the crossing was an embankment recently heaped with sand and earth, and at that point the tardy passenger grasped the slight figure by the arms and leaned forward to lower her to the ground. Every looker-on saw that he had miscalculated the speed of the train, and, in one gasp of horror, that to drop the child straight down would be to yield her to the awful suction that would draw her under the wheels.

"Throw her outward!" roared several voices, and Don Upton, covering in one great bound the fifteen feet or more separating him from the embankment, grasped Elsie about the knees and slid with her to the level street below. The pause of a quarter-second would have foiled his purpose, and a lusty cheer from the spectators of the daring deed attested the general appreciation of his presence of mind and marvellous agility. As he leaped, a brakeman, seeing the little girl's peril, pulled the signal-rope. The train slowed up to a momentary stop a few yards farther on, and Dr. Wentworth stepped from it to the track with bland dignity, stood aside until the last car had rumbled by, and walked calmly toward us.

Don led Elsie up to one side of my surrey as our step-parent lifted his hat to me from the other. He had come dangerously near making himself ridiculous to his fellow-townspeople, and still nearer killing or maiming his wife's youngest child, but he was neither abashed nor agitated.

"You were very kind to help my little girl down, Don," he said, genial and suave. "I regret that your gallantry cost both of you a needless tumble. She would have landed safely upon her own feet. I

had reckoned upon the motion of the car and the distance she had to fall."

"Jack fell down and cracked his crown,
Jill's sister came tumbling after,"

chanted Mrs. Robb, nodding nonchalantly to her Tommy as he took a seat at her side. "It was a piece of unlucky officiousness on Jack's part, doctor, for the child would certainly have been shortened at the knees but for him, and people seldom survive such accidents. You would have been a richer man for your picturesque experiment."

Even she had the grace to lower her voice that Elsie might not hear the cold-blooded insinuation, the width of the carriage being between the latter and Dr. Wentworth. She was not so close to his ear as to shut it out from mine. My step-father ignored the remark loftily,—a more sensible course than the lightning-flash I sent over his head to her. Poor Tommy caught it. I could not determine whether his consort lost or noticed it.

"Carry, dear!" he murmured, distressfully.

"I only say what everybody that saw it is thinking," she rejoined, gathering up the reins. "When a man is guilty of an asinine thing, it is well to call it by the right name."

"The craziest woman in the United States of North America!" uttered my step-father, stepping into the carriage after Elsie was bestowed upon the back seat. "It is astonishing that she is allowed to go at large—even by a Tommy Robb."

Elsie's light laugh was the only answer. My cheeks throbbed to tingling with mortification; my heart beat tumultuously in reflecting upon the danger my sister had escaped. I held my tongue between my teeth to keep it from saying what I would be made to repent sorely were it spoken. Dr. Wentworth liked to drive my ponies, and especially disliked to have a woman play coachman when he was a passenger. I had not stirred from the driver's place at his interrogative pause before he swung himself up to Elsie's side. So soon as he was settled, I moved to the left of the front seat, and motioned to Don that the right was vacated in his favor. His eyes beamed gratefully up at me, but he took the place without a word.

Elsie patted my shoulder, laying her sweet face against it for a second.

"We came near being carried on to the Junction," she twittered. "A lady was talking so fast to papa that he didn't hear 'Mapleton' called out. I was across the aisle, and touched his arm just in time. What were you afraid of, Don? It wouldn't have hurt me to be dropped gently into the sand. What a funny coast we had down together—you and I!"

Her silvery laugh rang out anew. A happier child never existed. Don's hand touched mine warningly.

"Better be frightened than hurt, Elsie!" he said, gravely. "I am rather timid about leaving and boarding moving trains. I saw a brakeman killed once by stepping from a car in the Jersey City station. He struck his head against a post, and never moved again."

"How dreadful!" said the tender voice, pityingly, and nobody spoke while we whirled down the street. The sunset bars had been broken by other hoofs and wheels, and the remnants were dim in the declining light. I had meant to point them out to Don, and repeat his mother's graceful simile, but the inclination had fled with the gorgeous effects of autumnal leaves and afternoon sunshine. The hills that were a clear purple as I drove toward them were dulling into a muddy brown, and opaque mists arose from behind them, washing the yellow out of the sky. Don looked up at the heavens, and shook his head.

"It is not like October to give us so many storms. She is usually the most benignant of months. It may be because my mother was born in October that I fancy a likeness between the two. One always reminds me of the other."

"There is a likeness, and a strong one." I caught at the fancy. "Strength, sweetness,—a rich, bland, yet bracing quality of thought and feeling,—a large motherliness—— Why,"—looking at him admiringly,—"the comparison is worthy of her, Don! It is poetry!"

"I am glad to be worthy of her in some way. If I am poetical —for once—she is my inspiration."

Inspiration, fair and sweet, as embodied in the shape that moved up the wide hall to meet us upon our return to my home. Hers had always been a comely presence, but in growing older she had grown beautiful. She was still some years under fifty, and the rapid whitening of her hair enhanced the delicacy of her complexion while, as is often the case, it refined her features. "My choice bit of Dresden," Don liked to call her. Her head was little higher than his elbow, her slight figure was graceful, her small hands and feet were exquisite in shape. Upon each cheek was a flush of pink, and her eyes were soft and lustrous in resting upon Don and myself.

"I am to steal you for to-night, Sydney dear," she said, blithely. "Don goes early in the morning. (You know, Dr. Wentworth, that my boy sets out to-morrow noon for California, to be absent some weeks?) Your mother, Sydney, seeing the reasonableness of the theft, sanctions it. As it is growing late and damp, will you get ready as quickly as possible?"

I recalled, afterward, that my mother left her guests in the hall with Dr. Wentworth, and followed me up to my room to assist in packing my *sac de nuit*. Elsie came, too, and in her eager chatter of what she had seen and done in town we had no opportunity to exchange other than commonplace remarks. I had whispered to the child in alighting from the carriage not to mention the little adventure at the station. There was then no reason that I knew of for the pensiveness of the smile with which my mother stayed me at my chamber door to kiss me, or the unusual fervor of her embrace, unless it were that she sympathized with me in Don's approaching departure and our separation. At the impulse of this supposition, I spoke:

"I mean to be very brave and busy for the next three weeks, mamma darling. And Don will be ever so much richer for this trip. I am glad he should have it."

"So am I, love. And I know that you will be brave. You never fail me."

The last sentence did not seem singular. She was always generous with praise of her first-born and least deserving child.

CHAPTER II.

THE Uptons lived nearly a mile away from us, a rod or so back from the long, straight street bisecting the village. The house was the oldest in the neighborhood. A colonial Upton had built and lived in it. That room of the lower floor which the present mistress and her son liked best was the long library, the ceiling of which was crossed by bold oaken rafters. The windows on one side had been cut down to the floor, and the end farthest from the door was half filled by a great open fireplace. Above the breast-high book-shelves were ranged family portraits,—generations of departed Uptons. Right over the mantel hung the likeness of Don's father, who had died while his boy was a baby. This woman, whose white hair made her young face look the younger, had lived out under this roof twenty-seven years of widowhood. In all this time her son had been her chosen and almost constant companion. Columbia College was his Alma Mater, and he had studied his profession in the law-school of that university. His mother's choice of the college was guided, according to Mrs. Robb, entirely by the circumstance that he could attend it and yet spend nights and Sundays at home. When he went abroad for a year after graduation, his mother accompanied him. That he grew up healthy in mind and body, that his manhood was sturdy and his temper sweet, and his whole nature as unspoiled as if he had been obliged to surrender his will a dozen times an hour to a dozen brothers and sisters, was equally creditable to his mother's management and the quality of the material upon which she wrought.

Something of this I said after dinner that evening, when we three sat about the blazing birch and cedar logs. One of Mrs. Upton's pretty fancies was to have the library fire fed with these. They were sawed into equal lengths, and Don used to make a point of piling them in alternate layers, so that the rich red of one wood set off the mellowed white of the other, "to gratify Madame Mère's æsthetic taste," he would insist.

To-night he was especially punctilious in the arrangement of the sticks, standing off from the chimney to survey the effect through his hollowed hand, his head on one side, his expression so complacently intent that we both of us laughed, and his mother threatened to box his ears. "If you live to be a hundred years old, you will never outgrow your boyishness," she complained, lovingly; and as he cast himself down in his favorite attitude, half sitting, half lying, upon the fur rug at her feet, his head upon her lap, she pulled his short curls. "But a pretty nice boy, for all his nonsense; don't you think so, Sydney?"

"A phenomenal boy, when one considers his disadvantages," rejoined I. "The miracle is that he escaped spoiling."

"He is a comfort and blessing that have taken the loneliness out of his mother's life," she said, her fingers wandering in his hair. "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, my son."

He passed her hand over his eyes in drawing it down to his mouth, and I saw the spray of scattered dew. The murmur made inarticulate by the kiss pressed upon the little hand was eloquent in tenderness of tone.

We were entirely happy, just we three, in the bewitching half-light, warm and palpitating with color, that lent a blush to the shadows grouped in far corners. The sigh of the night-wind lulled fancy to sweeter dreaming.

I have never known another parent whose presence, sympathetic and fondly beloved though she might be, was not a restraint upon the talk of affianced lovers.

"I don't believe you would have said 'Yes' to me, Sydney, if I had had any other woman for a mother," Don declared, meditatively looking into the fire. "In fact, you may not have forgotten that I offered her first, and, later on, myself as an unimportant adjunct, as I might have thrown in a saddle-horse, or the ''ouse in Tottenham Road,' *à la* Guppy. I had little doubt as to the result of a suit thus engineered. Who could resist Madame Mère?"

He had fixed the name upon her in his boyhood, and used it habitually in playfully affectionate moods. It suited her, in spite of her moderate stature. She wore, this evening, a gown of creamy white China crêpe, and in the bodice a Gloire de Dijon rose. Don had put it there when she came down to dinner. After pinning it carefully in place, he stooped for the kiss always claimed when he gave her flowers, and when she fastened in his button-hole the bud or blossom he wore into the city every morning. Such offerings and caresses were part of their daily living.

"Nobody!" I affirmed, unblushingly. "You may recollect that I expressed myself distinctly to that effect upon the occasion of which you speak, and I 'am of the same opinion still.' Your individual attractions are not contemptible, but much of your light is reflected radiance. Your credit in Cupid's court is fair, but the endorser's name makes your paper legal tender."

He liked to have me saucy.

"Bravo!" he cried, beating his hands softly together.

His mother laid one of hers on mine with a gentle pat that carried with it love, not rebuke. When she spoke, her thoughts seemed to have strayed wide of the subject under jesting discussion. Her dreamful regards were lifted to the portrait over the mantel.

"It is my wish that when my mission on earth is ended, you two will live on here as long as you can make it convenient and pleasant. I came to this old house a bride. My husband's mother met me in the porch, and from that hour became mine. We lived happily together for ten years. For her dear sake, my children,—in memory of what she was to me, an orphan girl and a stranger to her,—never join in the popular ridicule of the much-traduced class of mothers-in-law."

"We need not go back a generation for that which should keep our lips from such talk forever," interposed I.

"'Tim Linkinwater!'" in deep, wrathful tones from Don, "'how dare you talk of dying?' I call such allusions incongruous, irrational, 'tolerable, and not to be endured.' And on my last evening at home for so long!" His tone changed. "When this darling girl and I live here together, mother dear,—as please God we will, before long,—your presence will hallow our happy home. The suggestion of anything else sends a chill to my heart."

"It is the course of nature, my son."

"Then please and comfort us by being unnatural, Madame Mère!"

He had imprisoned both her hands in one of his, and, passing an arm about her neck, drew her head down until she looked into his eyes. They were full of loving pleading; fond reproach was in his accent.

"My pretty mother! my young mother with the silver crown and starry eyes! We will have no more talk of loss and separation. Life is too rich, the present hour too sweet, to be embittered by such unhealthy fancies. Now Sydney and I are going to make some music for the 'loveliest lady in the land.'"

He brought a footstool for her, drew a screen behind her chair to keep off straying draughts, and led me to the piano. For an hour I played accompaniments and he sang, selecting, unasked, the songs that the silent listener loved. By turning my head slightly, I could see in a mirror a picture in which the background was made up of ruddy dusks softening, without confusing, the outline of the still white figure. The head rested motionless against the cushions of her chair; the hands lay together upon the large, fleecy folds of her gown; the dark eyes surveyed us with intensity that, but for the absurdity of the imagination, would have seemed sad. Twice I spoke to her, that the cheerful response might dissipate the fancy.

For she was cheerful. Even in speaking of the time when she must leave us to live out our lives in the old homestead as she had lived hers, she was not sorrowful. Her views of life and human nature were optimistic; her enjoyment of the society of her friends was sincere and cordial; she gave of her good things—love, hope, joy, and faith—generously. Her pathway had been clouded at times, but there was no chill in the shadow.

When we went back to her side, she led the talk to pleasant themes, checking me gently in the midst of a philippic upon Mrs. Robb by reciting several instances of that unpleasant matron's genuine kindness to the sick and poverty-stricken. It was in answer to my repentant outburst and the expression of a wish that I could, like her, see some line or touch of loveliness in everything, that she lifted one corner of the veil concealing her holy of holies, and told me how she added to her morning and evening prayers, like a collect for all seasons, Faber's lines,—

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like thine,
That self may be the only place
On earth that does not shine.

Oblivion of self in regard for others was her hourly walk and practice.

She went off to her room at ten o'clock. Passing her door an hour later, I saw light beneath it, and tapped for admittance. She had exchanged her white gown for a wrapper, but made no other preparation for the night's rest. Upon the table beside her were pen, ink, and paper; beyond them the little pile of devotional books that were, to her single soul, sleeping-draught and morning tonic. A study-lamp burned at her elbow.

"You have been working—not resting!" I charged upon her. "If that was all you came up-stairs for, you might as well have stayed with us."

"I had a thing or two upon my mind, and could not sleep until they were off," she responded. "As to staying down-stairs, you must not forget that I was young myself once, and betrothed—to Don's father. The boy grows to look strangely like him. I am glad he is to have his little wife before many months have passed,—glad and thankful. To-morrow, dear, when he has gone, we will have a long talk together,—you and I. I want you to know how hopefully I confide my best treasure to your keeping. Now you must run away to bed. You will have the lullaby you like best,—the rain upon the piazza-roof under your window. I peeped into your room awhile ago and heard the first rataplan of the tin drum."

A jolly little fire crackled within my fireplace, and an arm-chair was wheeled in front of it; my gown and bedside slippers were warming; a lamp with a rose-colored shade tinged the snow of counterpane and pillows. The warmed and glowing atmosphere enfolded me as further expression of love that had held me close and fondly all the evening. When I knelt in the fire-light to return thanks for blessings unnumbered in possession, and the greater blessings promised, the tears fell fast. Happiness had swelled beyond the boundary of smiles.

I awoke several times during the night by appointment made with myself when I laid my head upon my pillow, that I might enjoy anew the delicious sensation of falling asleep to the music of the gentle rain. Each time I said half aloud, in nestling among the mufflings of cambric, wool, and down, that I was blest above all other women alive, and how good God was to fill my life out round and fair, giving me all the desires of my heart when the existences of others, better and more worthy of his gifts, were warped and neutral-tinted.

The morning broke gloriously. The mountains that enclosed our valley put on the beautiful garments fresh from the loom of autumn; the farthest peaks were misty plum-color; between us and the nearest swam an azure haze that blended the kaleidoscopic yellow, purple, crimson, and russet into perfectness of harmony. Beside my plate at breakfast lay a great bunch of chrysanthemums, the long ragged petals like tattered gold-leaf. They dripped with moisture, for Don had just gathered them from the garden. Breakfast was served at eight, that we might linger over it as long as suited us and yet Don be ready in season for the nine-thirty train. Every detail of Mrs. Upton's household was conducted with like regard to orderly comfort, ease that might be enjoyed with a good conscience. The table-talk was

as cheery as had been that of last night. Our traveller was to remember how full of sunshine his home was up to the last. We prophesied success in this, the most important business-trip he had as yet made; we congratulated him that it would take him into the balminess and fruitage of California; we gave him absurd commissions, after the fashion of Beauty's sisters, compromising finally upon a bunch of Santa Barbara roses, and, as the hour of departure drew near, were seized with a sudden caprice to see him off from our station, when all three of us knew that the horses were already harnessed to the carriage to take us, and that we had never had any intention that the farewells said within-doors should be final.

And so the wrench we pretended not to feel was gotten over. Madame Mère had had her boy to herself for ten minutes in her room and said her blessing—still with a smile—over his head, then sent him to me in the library "while she gave some orders." The orders were finished just in time for us to step into the carriage and drive briskly—not in haste—to the station. We did not alight, but Don stayed at the open door of the vehicle until the train appeared, gave each of us one more hand-grasp, one lingering, loving look into our eyes, and was aboard and off.

"We will drive directly home, if you please, my daughter!" said my companion, in an altered tone. She was livid with suffering of body or mind, but at my exclamation opened her eyes and signed that I was not to be alarmed, striving hard to form the bloodless lips into a reassuring smile. Still mutely, she waved her hand toward home, and homeward we drove. There was no more color in her face when we drew up at her door, but she spoke quite in her natural voice:

"It was only a sudden faintness, love. I have had such before. Give me your arm up to my room, and call no one."

She instructed me further, after I had helped her to the lounge, to get medicine from a closet and pour it out for her. Then she lay still, her hand pressed over her eyes. When I saw a tear escape and steal down the white cheek, I was absolutely terrified. I had never seen her weep before. I wound my arms about her and begged her, between my weak sobs, to be comforted. I was sure, I said, that Don would be sent back to us, safe and well.

"Poor child!" said the sweet voice, strengthening upon each word—"poor little girl! I am selfish to distress you before there is need of it. Leave me a little while to myself, and I will tell you all about it. My birds have not been fed to-day. When you have attended to them, come back to me."

I obeyed implicitly and without misgiving as to the purport of the talk she was to hold with me. Her powers of self-control were great, but the parting from her son was a real affliction. She had overstrained nervous forces in the successful attempt to appear brave and bright in his sight. I resolved that I would not leave her that day, perhaps not to-morrow. Don had consigned her to me. I would care for her with fond assiduity learned from him.

Since that morning I have lost all faith in the truth of presentiments. I planned, while filling cup and seed-vessels and emptying the

cage-trays, how we would indite a joint epistle that should reach Don as soon as he got to San Francisco. If written this morning, it would go out with him in the night express, and probably be handed to him within an hour or two after his arrival. I even composed some nonsense-verses to accompany the joint epistle, rather with the view of diverting his mother than amusing him.

When I had cared for the birds, I stepped through the long window of the library upon the piazza, where the honeysuckles still blossomed and hardy roses resisted such frosts as had reached the southernmost borders. The day was deliciously fresh, and the sunshine lay in broad, still sheets upon floor and terrace on this side of the house. Beyond, and following the southern slope, stretched long lines of Don's pet chrysanthemums. He had taken prizes at four horticultural exhibitions for these flowers as grown in the open air and in greenhouses. The gardener was busy among them, tying up some the rain had beaten loose from their supports, and clipping away dead stems and leaves. I chatted with him while gathering a handful of mignonette for Mrs. Upton.

"How long will they be in flower, Thomas?" I inquired, carelessly, and he replied as if he had read my thought:

"It'll go hard with me, Miss Sydney, if I don't keep most of 'em until Mr. Upton comes back. Unless, of course, we have uncommon hard frosts. I'm loath to have him lose the sight of 'em at their best. In the greenhouse, now, we'll have 'em until the middle of December. Will you be going home soon, Miss Sydney?—asking your pardon for the question,—" as I smiled.

"Not for a couple of days, I think, Thomas."

"Because Mr. Upton's orders are that a choice bunch of them should go to your house every day while he's away. He's uncommon thoughtful in such matters, Mr. Upton is."

The same story everywhere. His love was a great deep,—an atmosphere encompassing me as the sun-filled air flowed caressingly about me. I drank it, breathed it, lived upon it.

Mrs. Upton loved mignonette as her son his chrysanthemums. A vase of it stood upon her work-table and desk from the first of May until late October. The delicate purity of the scent exhaled by the russet-and-green tufts is ever associated in my mind with her. Holding the cluster I had culled, I halted upon the porch for a last look down the terraced slope before entering the house. Through the library windows came the singing of linnet, mocking-bird, and canary. The wet mignonette in my hand, the honeysuckle-bells from their sun-bath, the roses in the nearest borders, poured out incense from hearts unchilled by premonition of frosty death. Beneath a spreading maple on the lawn the exact shape and size of the tree were painted in ochre, buff, and crimson. I wondered, idly, that no cunning carpet-designer had ever accepted the pattern offered him with every autumn. The garden was spacious, and beyond it were other lawns and gardens, red and brown roofs peeping between the trees. Half a mile away a white spire was tremulously outlined in the shimmering haze drawn skyward by the sun.

This would be my home before long. Had I not reason to be "glad of myself"?

Thomas's work brought him to the upper end of the alley as I was about to go in. He was English, slow of wit, yet fond of hearing himself talk.

"Mrs. Robb is main fond of chrysanthemums," he drawled. "She was here last week, and agen yesterday morning. She come in by the lower gate on a-purpose to see how they was a-coming on. She wouldn't ask for the mistress, but just walked out of the little gate same as she'd come in, after I'd showed her them in the garden and under glass. A sociable lady is Mrs. Robb—and rale kind-hearted."

I did not contradict him. He had learned charity of thought and speech in a better school than mine. Like mistress, like man.

Mrs. Upton had not left the lounge, but it was her self-contained, unselfish self who smiled gratefully upon my flowers. She plucked the leaves from the lower stems that would be submerged in water, explaining to me that their decay, not that of the stalks, imparted a disagreeable odor to cut flowers.

"I have kept mignonette fresh for a fortnight by observing this precaution," in the even tone of one imparting useful information, "and by clipping the stems every other day. I change the water daily, cleansing the stems carefully."

Happily content as to her state of mind and body, I sat down in the low chair drawn up to her couch and evidently meant for me. But for a dull pulse of pain far down in my heart when I thought of Don's one-and-twenty days of absence, I should have been blissfully satisfied.

I cannot recall the steps by which she led me to what she had brought me hither to hear. That they were cautious was proved by the gradual opening of my comprehension to the truth I had never dreamed of until I had it from her lips. She was the victim of a fearful malady that could be relieved by nothing short of a critical operation, if by that.

The last provisional clause was kept back until I had learned, with what shuddering reluctance I cannot describe, how insidious had been the increase of the abnormal growth that was sapping her life; how slow she had been to suspect, how loath to believe in the real nature of the horror.

"I said to the Father in my prayers that it could not, that it *must* not be! For there were Don, you know,—and you, my almost daughter, and your mother, my more than sister,—and the suffering poor who seemed to me to need the little I can do for them. It was the oft-repeated story of poor Paul and his stake in the flesh over again. Not until I heard down to the stilling depths of my soul, as did the tried apostle, the whisper, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' did I risk the confirmation or removal of my suspicions by consultation with your mother. We were not altogether sure until yesterday what must be for life or for——"

I put my hand upon her mouth.

"Not that!" I said, stoutly. "I will not have you say the word!

I believe still that you are mistaken, and mamma too. What could you know yesterday that you had not known before?"

"Your mother had a letter from Dr. Barker."

The name was a shock, for it was that of a specialist of national reputation.

"She and I went, by appointment, to see him on last Tuesday. His written verdict was in the letter I spoke of. She was to confer with Dr. Wentworth last night. If practicable and prudent, I shall have the work done while my boy is away. He must suspect nothing until the event is certain. You may think it weak, and unworthy of an elderly woman,"—smiling while the delicate pink deepened in her cheeks,—"but I want him to think his mother sound in body and mind. I have taken pains to conceal my physical ailments from him from the time that, as a lad of twelve, he could not sleep one night because I had a violent headache. Somebody had said in his hearing that people sometimes died of pain in the head. I have tried to keep well and cheerful and comely for him."

"But"—urged I, deprecatingly—"will not he be wounded when he learns that you have denied yourself the solace of his sympathy, and him the privilege of helping you bear the trouble?"

"He must never know it, if all goes well. Upon this point I am resolved. The fact and the details would be an inconceivable shock to his tender heart. I have thought it over and over until my brain spins. When reason is at her coolest and clearest, I see that my duty is to shield him from needless suspense and pain. When he told me first of his projected journey, I saw a providence, and a merciful one, in the opportunity to carry out my wish. I would have spared you the knowledge, too, dear child, had it been possible. As it is now, I am selfish enough to be thankful for your society and petting during these slow, anxious days. Will you spend them with me?"

I assured her eagerly that I should have preferred the petition of and for myself, had she not spoken of it, that I would not leave her for one waking hour while she needed me. I told her, too,—solemnity quelling my agitated spirit,—that Don had committed her to me in our last night's talk, with earnestness akin to prevision. I could not comfort and strengthen her as he might, but I was hers, soul and body, until he should return to receive account of my stewardship.

She kissed me with a look that accepted the offering and repaid me for it a thousandfold. Then, with the quiet decision she assumed when need was of resolute action, she reminded me that it was past the hour at which we were wont to begin our daily reading.

We had studied much together for a year past, reading and discussing works selected by one or both of us, or by Don. He had brought home one day Symonds's "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama," and we were busy with it now. It lay upon her table, the silk marker between the leaves I had shut upon it yesterday forenoon. The sight of the bit of ribbon nearly overcame my enforced composure. It was a finger pointing to a care-free past, a line of demarcation between me and the merry-hearted girl who had laughed so few hours ago over "The Four P's," "Roister Doister," and the first-rate

screaming farce of "Gammer Gurton." It cost me an effort to announce in level accents the title of to-day's chapter,—"The Rise of Tragedy."

Mrs. Upton's chair was in the roomy bay-window that broke the line of front wall in her sitting-room. As she listened, she knit a silk sock for her son, the last of six pairs I had seen grow under her fingers in our morning studies. She was proficient in all graceful, womanly industries, and seldom idle. All was outwardly as it had been yesterday and the day before, and for a long bright procession of yesterdays,—but ah! for the heart that ached and the spirit that quailed within me!

I read on and on, I fear, monotonously, but without faltering, until recalled to consciousness of what my lips enunciated by my auditor's movement to lay aside her work,—the signal with us of verbal discussion of some point made by the author. Glancing at the lines just overpast, I saw that "'The Misfortunes of Arthur' was written by learned men, and acted by the members of a legal society before the queen. The author of the tragedy was Thomas Hughes. The choruses, dumb shows, argument, induction, and some extra speeches—all the setting of the play, in short—are ascribed to other students of the Inn. Among these occurs the name of Francis Bacon. The future Lord Verulam was at that time in his twenty-third year."

"A scrap of ore out of which one might forge a link in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy," said the clear, soft voice. "Was it Carlyle, or Emerson, or somebody else, who said of the plays ascribed to great William,—Bacon, or a miracle?"

I was defending the Warwickshire playwright zealously, if not according to knowledge, when my companion said, without alteration in manner or accent,—

"My love, I think I hear your mother's voice in the lower hall. Will you ask her and Dr. Wentworth to come up?"

CHAPTER III.

I USED to say and believe that life was worth living if only because it gave me opportunity of knowing two such women as Mrs. Upton and my mother. The latter had married at nineteen her father's colleague in the practice of medicine, a man twenty years her senior, and already eminent in his profession. Women-doctors and colleges for training the same were comparatively rare at that date, yet Mrs. Salisbury began almost immediately, under the tutelage of her husband, the study of medical science. He laughingly encouraged for a while what he regarded as youthful caprice in an intelligent girl, but soon recognized as genuine enthusiasm in his calling. He died when I was eleven years of age. For eight years his wife had been virtually his professional partner, although she had never attended a public medical lecture. If there were an important operation to be performed by him, his brethren became accustomed to see him introduce as his assistant the slight, dignified young matron whose modest self-possession and steadfast attention to the matter in hand disabused the most

captious of suspicion of unfeminine forwardness. Her nerve never failed her, and the practised touch that denotes training in surgery, combined with sympathetic tact only to be found in a true woman, was speedily acknowledged by patients and practitioners as a powerful factor in clinical work. Conservatism bowed to conviction of the shrewd sense of the husband and the wife's talents and skill. Those who came to cavil remained to admire, and departed to extol.

As time went on, Mrs. Salisbury became her husband's almost constant companion in his daily rounds, often entering the sick-room at his side; when she did not, hearing a detailed account of the symptoms and the action of remedial agents upon his return to the carriage, and consulted as frankly as though their sexes were the same. He was great enough in himself not to fear the presence near the throne of his personality of one whose genius and ability were indisputable. Once and again he predicted, more in earnest than in jest, that in the event of his decease "the bereaved widow would continue the business at the old stand," albeit American taste might keep the advertisement from his tombstone. Spectators of their singularly harmonious wedded life have told me of his prideful fondness in his pupil, and the affectionate deference paid to her honored master by the brilliant woman. His death at fifty-one was hastened by the shock of heavy financial losses brought on by generous and misplaced faith in others. His style of living had been liberal, his charities lavish, but his income justified these and the hope of affluence as well. His wife, as sole executrix and administratix, was less dismayed than her friends when, apart from thirty thousand dollars devised to me,—and which the widow religiously set aside as he had directed,—there remained to her, as residuary legatee, what was, by comparison with my small fortune, a mere pittance. Elsie was born seven months after our father's death, and was, therefore, unprovided for.

She had passed her second birthday when her mother, after an examination in a college of physicians and surgeons, took the degree of M.D. and entered upon the practice of medicine in our populous and fast-growing suburban town. It was a daring step, but her personal popularity was great, and the profession of which her husband had been an ornament gave her generous encouragement in unqualified testimony to her fitness to follow in his footsteps. In an incredibly short time, considering the robust nature of provincial prejudice, Dr. Charlotte Salisbury became the fashion. Shortly before his death her husband had bought the cottage in which he was born, and enlarged and modernized it with the intention of retiring from active professional labors at some not distant day. This homestead the intrepid widow contrived to retain, and this was the haven to which she withdrew when the city home was sold. Under this roof Elsie was born, and here we were living in elegant, if modest, comfort, when Dr. Charlotte Salisbury married Raymond Wentworth.

God forgive me that to this hour the hot blood stains my forehead when I speak of my mother's second marriage! I can comprehend now, as I did not in the glow of youthful intolerance, that she had never given the full wealth of her heart to the man who was her

father's friend and contemporary. She awarded him grateful and admiring reverence, with, perhaps, never a misgiving that the deeps of her rich nature had not been sounded. She was a dutiful and loving wife, as she had been dutiful and affectionate as her father's daughter. She mourned in genuine sorrow of soul the breaking of the strong staff and beautiful rod on which she had leaned in safety and honor. His expressed wishes were the law of her conduct; in speaking of him, tone and mien were chastened almost to devoutness.

In the fourth year of her widowhood she fell in love for the first time in her life, and became Dr. Wentworth's adoring wife. He was thirty years of age, and a bachelor. She was thirty-five, and the mother of two children. People usually exclaimed upon first seeing them together, "What a splendid couple!" yet I question if my mother had one really fine feature excepting expressive eyes, gray in color and of fair size and shape. Her head was nobly moulded and regal in poise; her mouth, if rather large, showed in speech and smile perfect teeth within mobile lips; every lineament denoted intellect of a high order and a thoroughly sweet nature. Dr. Wentworth's was the most nearly perfect physique I have ever looked upon; his manner was engaging; his voice full and round, with a slightly melancholy cadence at the end of sentences so well put together as to give the effect of elegant language. One had to know him intimately to comprehend how little pith was in the polished periods, how meagre the talent he burnished and held aloft for the dazzlement of beholders. The astute woman of the world, who had lived for twelve years in the closest of earthly relations with a man of learning and refinement, was so far imposed upon by the few shining gifts of his successor as to credit him with all that he claimed to possess.

One month before the quiet wedding which both preferred to a larger gathering, my mother's only brother died suddenly, wifeless and childless, leaving the whole of a large estate to his sister. It is simple justice to Dr. Wentworth to admit the improbability that he had any expectation of this event when he addressed the prospective legatee, but justice also impels criticism of his manner of receiving the goods the gods had unexpectedly bestowed. Before the marriage he settled every stick and stiver of his bride's fortune upon herself, and forthwith entered upon the career of ostentatious independence that distinguished his after-life. Without going into details that would clog the wheels of my narrative and forestall certain unfoldings of the story, I will state, as the general rule of his conduct and language in this regard, that while he got the full benefit of the double lining of down given to his nest by his wife's accession of wealth, he preserved his self-respect and won the admiration of his world by accepting, under proud protest, luxury and such added dignity of position as riches brought. What money he made by the legitimate practice of his profession was his. All else was Mrs. Wentworth's, and thus specified with punctiliousness born of hurt haughtiness that in the eyes of his wife was becoming to him and creditable to human nature. She delighted in heaping gifts upon him, and fancied herself clever in divining what would be the bent of his wishes had pride and an over-nice sense of

honor suffered him to cherish desires for which his own purse could not pay. Then began a system of timid diplomacy on her part, of studied blindness upon his, prefatory to the tactful, tender, and reluctant acceptance of the gift. Women never learn wisdom by such experiences. The memory of former pleadings with him to let her please him by the gift of diamond studs, gold watch, carriage-and-pair, and the riding-horse absolutely necessary for the preservation of his health, left her with no defence against the absolute refusal, the earnest reminder that he married her, not her money; the pain it cost him to repulse the well-meant generosity for which he could not but love her the better, if that were possible. And so on, up—or down—to yielding to her sometimes tearful importunities, with evident pain to himself, and only because he could deny her nothing. The *sequitur* to each such transaction was, on one side, gentle pensiveness, continued for hours, sometimes days, the noble fortitude of one who endures a great hurt lest his beloved should sustain a less, and, upon the other, eager assiduity to prove appreciation of the favor done her by the sacrifice of personal feeling and manly independence. If all this was farcical, ours was not the only home in which the comedy has been a part of daily life.

A branch of the same root was the husbandly dread and wifely horror lest the envious and evil-disposed should rate her intellect and professional skill more highly than his. From the day that made them one, her consistent design to efface herself whenever the act would exalt him was obvious to me,—then a sharp-eyed critic of fifteen,—and, as it irked me to suspect, not a secret to some others.

Dr. Wentworth's inner office was also my mother's sitting-room. Her work-table, the davenport upon which she wrote notes and letters, her flowers and birds in winter, were there, and engaged her attention to the apparent exclusion of pursuits that had engrossed her during Dr. Salisbury's lifetime. She drove much with her husband, and once in a great while entered the chamber of a patient, but always as a friend. She even gave offence, occasionally, by obvious indifference to cases that seemed serious to sufferers and friends. Now and then she made opportunities of proclaiming how rusty she had grown in the theoretical knowledge and practice of her whilom profession, what a home-lover and home-keeper she had become. I knew this to be acting—and over-acting; that she had never studied harder or observed more closely, never so given every power of her fine intellect to the consideration of symptoms and the action of remedies as during the period of her husband's increasing fame and the steady eclipse of her reputation.

The situation was phenomenal to my youthful apprehension, unless I traced a similitude between it and the gorgeously-apparelled automaton chess-player Don took me to see one winter. The majestic figure and his unerring moves had painful fascination for me. Yet I could not say to Don, when he rallied me upon my grave face and obvious absorption in the imposing cheat, that I saw, instead of the gowned and turbaned Turk upon the dais, Dr. Wentworth's front and back offices, his suavely wise reception of patients, and my mother's face bent over fancy-work or flower-pots.

In others' sight he never descended from the dais, and his motive power was never unveiled. I am confident that the deception was maintained in their most private interviews, that she assumed his superior knowledge and skill, and he graciously allowed the assumption. In wholesome disgust at the deception, I could not but recall the plea by which Katherine Parr saved her head. In reading aloud Strickland's "Queens of England" to Mrs. Upton, I could not quite hold my voice steady at the passage describing the diplomacy of the royal and most Christian consort :

"'I have always held it preposterous for a woman to instruct her lord; and if I have ever presumed to differ with your highness on religion, it was partly to obtain information for my own comfort regarding nice points on which I stood in doubt, and sometimes because I perceived that, in talking, you were better able to pass away the pain and weariness of your present infirmity, which encouraged me to this boldness in the hope of profiting withal by your majesty's learned discourse.'

"'And is it so, sweetheart?' replied the king. 'Then are we perfect friends.'"

Raymond Wentworth's wife could have been perfect friends with him upon no other terms.

"The husband is the head of the wife," I heard him reply once, and pointedly, to Don's argument for the equality of the sexes. "If your principle were put into practice, the household would be a double-headed *lusus naturæ*."

And my dear mother applauded the phrase, her fine eyes shining with pride and love upon her superb lord.

He was never cross to her in public, never demitted the least of the graceful attentions due from the chief to an honored lieutenant; yet I think he was never altogether rid of the apprehension that she might penetrate the secret of her power and his weakness. Her loyalty must have surprised him in moments of candid self-communing, if such ever visited him.

Husband and wife stood together this morning, just within the entrance of Mrs. Upton's drawing-room, evidently expectant of a summons to the upper floor. Both were tall. There was hardly the difference of half a head between them; yet, as I perceived from the stairs, he was looking down upon her from the height of one of his loftiest and blandest moods. His well-fitting morning-coat was buttoned below the swell of his broad chest; his shoulders were squared resolutely; one gloved hand holding his silk hat was cast behind him; the other played with a silky chestnut moustache without hiding a politely wearied smile. I knew the mood for one that tried my undisciplined soul more than downright and vulgar abuse would have done. I caught, too, the pleading intonations that sought to dispel it.

Both turned at my footsteps, Dr. Wentworth leisurely, with perfunctory interest in the report I might bring; my mother eagerly, her heart in face and upon tongue.

"How is she this morning?" she asked before I could kiss her.

"Very bright and brave!" I answered, breathlessly. "And quite comfortable. She wishes you to come up."

Dr. Wentworth bowed in stepping back for his wife to pass. Looking around at the stair-foot, she saw that he did not follow, and made an anxious pause.

"Come, Raymond, dear."

"Not without an invitation, love. If our friend desires my presence, she will send for me."

I bit my lip. To strike him I must thrust through my mother's heart.

"The 'you' was plural," I said, with tolerable grace. "Mrs. Upton mentioned you both by name."

"She is very good. Your mother and Dr. Barker have shown themselves so competent to the management of the case that I am, at best, but a supernumerary."

"You are physician-in-chief," returned my mother, emphatically. "without whom we cannot take a step."

"Opinions may differ upon that, as upon other points, my dear." But he condescended to follow her up the stairway.

Left below,—for I, at least, had nothing to do with the consultation,—I stamped rather than walked up and down the floor in a paroxysm of angry mortification. To see such a woman the puppet of such a man would stir any lover of justice to indignation. When the puppet was the woman dearest to me, the object of my exulting adoration, and the man was despised in my eyes, the exhibition drove me to frenzy. I anticipated the prolonged penance my mother must pay for abetting her friend's visit to the city physician, if she had not herself proposed it. Her husband's vanity was made up of nerve-tips, and, as his manner showed, every nerve was smarting. With the intense self-consciousness of one who knows himself to be as weak as vain, he descried with the naked eye intentional slights which greater souls could not have seen with a microscope, and resented them in inverse proportion to his deserts. While the precious life of one whose goodness to him and to his had been beyond computation hung upon the flutter of a breath, he could stand to consider questions of precedence and ceremony, and stab as he best understood how to pierce the soul already racked with anxiety as to the fate of her beloved friend.

They were a long time up-stairs, I began to tell myself, as my impatient fit subsided. It was silly and selfish in me to waste time and temper upon what could not affect her whose interests were now paramount. Whatever might be my private opinion of Dr. Wentworth's mental and moral calibre, the sufferer up-stairs believed in him, and must be sustained in that faith until the great trial was over. He was, beyond doubt, a skilful surgeon. His head and, I could not but add, his heart were cool; his hand was steady and deft. Surgery was his specialty, and several critical operations successfully performed by him had given him more than provincial fame. Only a week ago he had been called into consultation with a corps of celebrated metropolitan doctors upon a case of unusual interest, and, according to his theory, had taken a prominent part in that which resulted in a cure noised

abroad as miraculous. Impartial judgment decided that while he should never give the casting vote as to the need of the knife, he was competent to wield it when wiser men had decreed the use of it. I wondered—as from sudden inspiration—if this were not also my mother's secret persuasion. Beneath the show of absolute trust and admiration that galled me to the quick did the professional side of her rate him at his exact value? Was her apparent endorsement of all he did the mask for a brave, sustained effort to straighten his deflections and ward off the consequences of his erring judgment?

As the meaning of what daily went on under my eyes grew and glowed before my contemplation, my heart stood still. From wondering reverence for the grand creature in whose dual life conscience and heart touched hands across what would have seemed to timid natures a mighty chasm, fancy passed into speculation as to what would or might be the end of the pious fraud. How long would the sensitive vanity of the occupant of the throne brook the whisper of the concealed vizier? Since no mortal is ubiquitous, might not some exigency find him alone and unprepared? A single failure in tact would wreck the wife's influence. A word such as Mrs. Robb had dropped to the effect that he was "firsted, not seconded" by his partner, would infuriate him to the rending of the silken leading-strings so cleverly disguised. And then——

My hands and feet were numb with cold; a viewless wall closed upon me and hindered respiration. When I heard the visitors descending the stairs, I shook off, as it were, a horrible nightmare, and ran into the library. Just then I could not look into my mother's eyes, or support her husband's presence. The long window through which I would have fled into the garden was fast, and the bolt was stiff. There was no time to struggle with it. I must have wrought myself into a state akin to dementia, for I had but the one motive in mind of eluding observation until I could comport myself more decorously than was practicable just now.

I stood close against the frame of the door connecting library and drawing-room, folding the velvet *portière* about me. I never thought of the chance that they might linger in the outer apartment to consult as to the case they had examined together. I marvel still that my mother's fine sense of propriety did not dictate a different course.

The first sentence I overheard put the discovery of myself out of the question:

"If you are bent upon murdering your friend, you must choose some other confederate. Your favorite Dr. Barker may be less scrupulous than your husband."

To my surprise, the reply was in the wife's mildest voice:

"I have not cited Dr. Barker's opinion in opposition to yours, Raymond. I merely questioned if your diagnosis were altogether correct. She has remarkable will-power, and is less nervous than one would believe possible in the circumstances. I think if the truth were told her she would instantly propose——"

"That is your theory. I have mine," broke in Dr. Wentworth, heedless of common courtesy. "If I am to perform the operation, it

is, I submit, somewhat important that my views should have some weight. If you are to run the affair, do not shirk responsibility. That would be—*womanish!*"

I guessed at the sneering smile from his tone. As he grew insulting, my mother became calm. I divined, too, for whose sake she hid the writhings of a wounded heart and continued to argue in support of her position.

"It is because I value your reputation, and because this is no common case, that I urge mature consideration of all possibilities. My confidence in your skill is perfect. But I have heard you say that women are, sometimes, better judges than more learned men of one another's physical idiosyncrasies. The fear I have expressed is not new to me. It is based upon careful study of symptoms that some months ago excited my apprehensions."

"It is strange that you have never alluded to them until lately. Yet not so strange, after all, perhaps. This is not the first instance by many in which I have been kept in the dark until you saw fit to admit me to your counsels. If I have not seemed conscious of this before, it was not that I have not observed and felt every indication of your growing independence of myself and such poor service as I have been able to render one so gifted and distinguished as Dr. Charlotte Salisbury—*Wentworth!*"

I have heard other men say cruelly unjust things to the women they had sworn to cherish,—men of piety and refinement, whom the world at large accredited, likewise, with humanity. No other exhibition of the power to wound, vested by law and gospel in husband or wife, ever appalled me as this unexpected demonstration from the suave, elegant physician. Had the woman he addressed shrieked, or sobbed, or swooned, I should have thought it natural. It was more sadly significant of the frequency of such scenes that the brief pause succeeding the last speech was not broken by so much as a sigh.

"There is the carriage, dear," was the next remark, in a full, gentle tone. "I am afraid we have detained you inconveniently long. I know how full your hands are. There is no need that this matter should be decided to-day. Further developments may make plain the path of duty and expediency. Would you like to have me go home now, or shall I stay with Mrs. Upton a little longer?"

He answered sulkily, evidently but half appeased by her deferential query:

"Stay—if you like. Perhaps you may quiet measurably her intense nervous excitement. Give valerian, red lavender, or bromide of potassium, should it continue. It is of the last importance that she should be kept tranquil. I will look in again in about two hours. Let her suppose that I am to call for you in time to take you home to luncheon. She might be agitated did she suspect my second visit to be professional."

He had grown composed and perfunctory: the kiss without which he never left his wife for an hour was dutifully given: in the hall he raised his voice slightly, that the "*Au revoir*, my darling!" might reach the upper chamber and delude the invalid into belief of his easy mind

with respect to herself. He was not consciously hypocritical, and better men find their tempers sweetened by overflow and gust.

Misled by the silence in the outer room into the idea that it was untenanted, I peered from behind my curtain. Through the front window I saw Dr. Wentworth, erect and stately, march down the walk and step into his carriage, leaning forward, as the horses started, to lift his hat to the wife he had left. She returned the salute with a wave of the hand, turned from her outlook, walked a few steps, paused irresolute and remained standing for a full minute, hands clasped tightly upon one another and head bent. Not daring to stir, I gazed at her whitening face with new agony in my heart,—the anguish of seeing her torn by suffering with which I might not intermeddle. She was hardly a dozen feet from me in body. Death could not have sundered us more completely in spirit. Had the man who wounded her been my father, I could have flown to her and mingled my tears with hers over his injustice and petulance. What I branded, mentally, as the monstrous relation she had assumed to this man cut her off from my sympathy with, or just apprehension of, the nature of that which made her vulnerable, and lent him the art to pierce her through with incommunicable sorrows.

The awful minute during which, all unconscious of my scrutiny, she stood motionless in the middle of the room, paling visage and clinched fingers testifying to the inward battle she must ever wage alone, was ended by her abrupt motion to cast herself upon her knees before a chair. Her face hidden upon her outstretched arms, she lay, rather than crouched there, dumb, still, but shaken by dry sobs more terrible to look upon than excess of weeping. I stole soundlessly to the long window nearest me, wrestled desperately with the bolt, and escaped into the shrubbery.

CHAPTER IV.

HALF an hour elapsed before I dared show my face in Mrs. Upton's room. The scene was peaceful, bright with the sunlight that had crept around to the invalid's feet, and cheerful with the tones of the two friends. My mother had laid aside her hat, and produced from her reticule a purse she was crocheting as a Christmas-gift for her husband. Mignonette scent mingled with the half-bitter odor of a bowl of white chrysanthemums Don had set that morning upon his mother's table. Both ladies turned at the sound of the opening door.

"Here is our truant!" said my hostess.

And my mother as blithely,—

"We were exchanging conjectures as to your hiding-place, my daughter. I thought you might have walked over to see Kitty Wilcox. She called to see you this morning. We are agreed—Mrs. Upton and I—that you should not be kept in suspense any longer. Everything is settled. The operation is simple, and we think will be attended with little danger. It is to be done in a few days, and as quietly as possible. Our dear friend wishes this especially. Not a

creature in the neighborhood is to know it. She can trust her servants, and the nurse to be brought from New York will be received as a visitor."

She had told me everything in half a dozen sentences, with no waste of words and in the matter-of-fact way that might go with the utterance of an unimportant piece of gossip. Her power of quelling nervous disorder was a gift. I thought how useless had been the prescription of a choice of drugs. Her gift had wrought like a charm upon her companion. Mrs. Upton's manner, which had been calm while I read and talked with her, was now almost gay. It was apparrent that a weight had left her heart.

In very shame I struggled to emulate the bravery of the pair of strong women. I stooped to kiss the crown of silvery hair above the serene brow of one, and, sitting down upon her footstool, asked certain questions as to symptoms and the regimen indicated by which the system was to be prepared for the excision. The child of two physicians, and the step-child of a surgeon, was not terrified by the details. The thought of the ordeal was already familiar to me. But I must be instructed in the duties delegated to me as the custodian of the dear patient. I had a talent for nursing, and had often exercised it. I inquired boldly if I might not take the place and office of the professional city nurse. I engaged to obey orders to the letter, and that my nerves would not play me false.

Mrs. Upton took me in her arms impulsively as I said it. I felt her tears upon my face as she spoke :

"Darling daughter! Greater love could no child have than this. It may not be. The burden is not one for your young heart and shoulders. But I shall never forget—nor will Don—that you have begged to have it laid upon you."

My mother's decision was the same, and as prompt. She gave me, as compensation for the disappointment, plenty to do. I was to see that the prescribed diet and rules for daily living received proper attention. We were to take several short drives each day, that Mrs. Upton might, without fatigue, get abundance of fresh air. Betweenwhiles she was to spend much time upon the lounge, and I must see to it that her mind did not dwell upon mournful or agitating themes.

"In short,"—the dictator concluded in the firm, sweet voice that was like elixir to heart and spirit,—" you two girls are to have a 'jolly time' together, build up your nervous systems and freshen your complexions by keeping early hours,—and enough of them,—eating what you ought to eat, and leaving uneaten the things you ought not to eat, writing to Don every day, of course, and never letting him know now, or in days to come, that his mother was ever really ill in her life. That will be a secret worth keeping from him—and from C. A. R.!"

I recollected myself just in time not to tell her that the newspaperwoman, as she gloried in calling herself, had interviewed Don but yesterday as to the visit to Dr. Barker which both of them imagined was known to nobody outside of the two households. To keep back the remark was the first exercise of my new office of guardian. What

I said, carelessly, instead, to hide the trifling awkwardness of the pause, was not well chosen:

"I will write at once to Kate Wilcox and excuse myself from her luncheon-party next week."

"My love! when you have ordered a new gown purposely for the occasion!" expostulated my mother.

"Upon what pretext will you withdraw the acceptance already sent?" said Mrs. Upton.

I answered them in one disdainful breath:

"As if I cared for wearing the new gown that once! Upon *no* pretext at all to her, except that circumstances over which I have no control oblige me to refuse myself the pleasure—and all that, you know. Do you suppose for one moment, dear Mrs. Upton, that I could be so heartless as to leave you for a few hours of so-called pleasure? or that they could be anything but slow agony to me?"

"I know it better than you can tell me. Yet for my sake you will endure them. We cannot afford, at this juncture, to excite suspicion. It is altogether natural that you should spend the first week, or ten days, or even the whole term of Don's absence, with me. It is not natural—or, what amounts in society to the same thing—conventional, that you should retract a promise given to a friend because you cannot leave a woman who has cogent reasons for wishing to be thought well."

A shade of nervous worry, new to my sight, crossed the face. The serene depths of her eyes were ruffled; her hands shook in passing over my hair. She tried to recover her late manner, but ineffectually.

"I should call it whimsical folly if another woman shrank with dread that she could not shape into words from the *ante-mortem* inquest that will sit upon me if the truth should take wind. I am old enough to put away childish horrors. But the fear is a mild edition of Prometheus's lacerated liver. I seem to hear and feel the vultures. Pray God my boy may never know of my weak, silly notions and my real pain!"

I sprang to catch her as she drooped to one side of her chair. The bluish pallor that had overspread her face at the station was there now; her hands plucked at her chest; her breath intermitted alarmingly. My mother loosened her clothing and lowered the adjustable chair to an easy angle; then, bidding me support the lax figure, poured out something from a phial, administered it, and, her fingers on the sufferer's pulse, her lips set hard, her eyes upon Mrs. Upton's face, watched for the effect of the potion.

"The paroxysm is passing," she said, presently and reassuringly.

The patient opened her eyes upon a smile of resolute cheer.

"You are better now," said the sympathetic accents. "The worst is over. It was not a very bad attack."

A wan gleam responded. The weak hand groped for mine, and, feeling it to be icy cold, Mrs. Upton looked anxious.

"Don't let Sydney be frightened. Tell her what it is," she whispered.

My mother arose abruptly, and, going to a closet, took out another

phial. For some moments she was too intent upon counting the drops of a dark liquid into a glass and measuring teaspoonfuls of water to mix with it, to speak. Not until she had held it to lips that were regaining color did she give sign of having heard the request concerning me.

"Sydney has never had an hysterical fit, but she knows that such are more alarming than dangerous. If she would be of use to you she must bear this in mind."

The admonition was upon her lips when her husband's ring was heard. She hastened into the hall and called to him over the balustrade:

"Come up at once, Raymond."

The tone was professional, and in ring authoritative. Some powerful emotion had mastered wifely reverence, or swept it aside for the instant. The summons was not obeyed in haste. In the stillness of expectancy we heard the visitor lay aside his gloves and hat upon the rack in the hall; then—I could hardly credit it of one whose good-breeding was a proverb—he breathed an opera-air between his teeth in the deliberate ascent of the stairs. A shade less of refinement would have converted it into a whistle. Mrs. Upton's eyes were closed again, and she did not appear to notice that anything was amiss. My mother avoided my eye; she paled perceptibly, yet met the laggard upon the threshold of the chamber with collected mien and ready word:

"Mrs. Upton has had one of her faint turns. I wish you had been here in time to ward it off!"

Dr. Wentworth, with the cool grace for which he was renowned,—the happy blending of personal interest in the individual, and conscious mastery of the disease that had brought back more than one almost-frightened-to-death patient from the grave's mouth,—laid his fingers upon Mrs. Upton's wrist. I have not described as it deserves his manner of performing so simple an act, and I despair of conveying an adequate idea of it. It was an art, and inimitable. I am not at all sure that there was not genius in it. I am altogether sure that his income was doubled by the degree of perfection to which he had brought what is considered by most practitioners too slight a matter to receive serious consideration.

"Be calm and confident!" it seemed to say. "Around your quaking form I draw the awful circle, not of the Church, but of MY PERSONALITY. With my touch upon the helm of your life, you may dismiss your forebodings. I could steer my way between rocks, reefs, and sand-bars with my eyes shut."

He usually cast them down and lowered the lids, a flash of fine contempt for the adversary that thought to outwit him touching his well-cut mouth and dilating his nostrils. The flash was an indulgent smile by the time he had counted thirty beats. He let Mrs. Upton's hand down reverently, yet caressingly, upon the arm of her chair,—another touch of genius,—and laughed low and lightly:

"I hope I may always have as good a pulse as yours is at this moment. My dear wife is more learned than I in many—in most—things appertaining to our profession, but her sympathies run away

with her judgment sometimes. Had I not understood this so well, I should have rushed up-stairs just now, expecting to find you *in articulo mortis*, instead of—as you are—likely to outlive all three of us. The seizures which alarm Mrs. Wentworth are symptomatic merely. They represent one of the many phases of hysteria. Their name is legion, and not one of them ever proved fatal."

"You do not think, then,"—her eyes meeting his without a shade of fear,—"that they may indicate organic disease of the heart?"

He laughed again, in amusement that could not have been simulated:

"I gave you credit for too much common sense to nurse that notion. The heart gets a vast deal of blame that should be laid upon other organs which popular sentiment rates as less dignified,—why, I cannot say. Ninety-nine hundredths of the cases diagnosed as affections of the heart are dyspepsia; fifty per cent. of the remainder may be set down to the credit of lungs or spleen. If you stay with us until you die of heart-disease, Dr. Parr will be but an infant of days by comparison."

His manner and smile were engaging to fascination. The patient's eyes gleamed gratefully; she lifted herself as a drooping flower revives in dew-laden air.

"And you believe that, after a week or two, these foolish attacks will be as though they had not been, and this over-tired body as nearly good as new as is compatible with the weight of forty-seven years and the memories of past infirmities?"

"I *know* it!"

Handsome and commanding as one born to rule the realm of disease, he beamed benignly upon her. After all, the secret of his professional success was not so occult as I may have made it appear in the telling. It is the way of the average human being to take a man at his own self-valuation, provided he stands up fiercely to his guns, be they Quaker cannon or veritable munitions of war. It is a truism that anything is bound to succeed and bring wealth to the owner, if advertised long and loudly. Dr. Wentworth's every gesture, tone, and pose advertised him. He was panoplied and placarded by nature and by art with certificates of popular power. His wife regarded him now as the single-minded devotee his enshrined saint. He had, within the hour, hurt and humbled her in her own sight and in the presence of others. He made light of the skill she had spent years in acquiring; he set the foot of masculine supremacy—because masculine—upon her queenly neck; he belittled her before her child, and swept aside, as he might a puff of smoke, that upon which she believed might hang a human life, and she remembered it no more in the pride and joy with which she claimed this august being as her very own. In spirit and in letter she called him "lord." Blind adoration gilded for her the feet which one side of her nature knew to be clay.

I made an opportunity to lure her into my room while physician and patient chatted together. A trunk must be packed and sent to me, since my visit here would be prolonged. I broke right into the middle of our enumeration of the contents of this:

"Mamma, are you and Doctor"—my one name for him—"to have no other assistant than this nurse? Would it not be safer to have Dr. Barker or some one of equal eminence? Is it not customary?"

"Mrs. Upton is unwilling to have more persons present than the state of the case absolutely requires," she answered, readily. "You have seen how sensitive she is on this point. I could have wished for the presence of a third physician; but there is really no need of it, and we have Dr. Barker's opinion as to the feasibility of the operation and her fitness to undergo it. Were she a charity patient, I should not hesitate to do the work myself, with no help except such as a tolerable nurse could render. I have done it, and more than once. In at least five cases your father had no assistant except myself, and the patients recovered. No! there is no risk on that head."

She seemed to say it to herself rather than to me, and I caught at the slight emphasis I thought pressed upon the relative pronoun.

"Where, then, does the peril lie?"

The tremor in my voice recalled to her how much I had at stake in the matter she was trying to weigh with professional dispassionateness.

"My darling!" she said, affectionately, "if I could assure you that in any such case there is no peril, I would gladly relieve your solicitude for one so dear to us all. But you are strong enough to hear the truth. The best that can be said of surgery is that it expels wrong by violence. But where there are no complications, when the subject is healthy and reasonably strong, and the surgeon skilful, as in the present case, the chances for good greatly outnumber those for disaster. Keep up a brave heart, girlie! and hope and pray—as will we all—that the Great Healer will order everything aright, and for our happiness."

She never preached, and seldom talked the religion she lived. The tender solemnity of the last sentence brought me very near to her.

"I wish you were to do it!" I uttered, impulsively. "I think God would not let the knife swerve in your hand."

Her glance was keen, almost cold.

"The knife will not go wrong. Your prejudices are unworthy of your reason, Sydney. Some day, perhaps, you will do justice to one whom you have never read aright. You would better write to Madame Voise to send your gown directly here. As to the things to be packed by your maid, I will make a list of them if you will dictate it."

She sat down at my desk. With a swelling heart I named the articles needed, a mist that stung my eyelids blurring the outlines of the calm face bowed over the paper. Having been born of her body and her soul, nothing I could say or do could alienate her, but I lost ground in her esteem, perhaps in her affection, whenever I intimated an adverse criticism of her husband. No matter how light and indirect might be the stricture, she perceived and repelled it. Praise of herself at his expense was invidious and offensive. I could not say that but for the recollection of her crouching, convulsed figure, beaten down under his unmanly assault, I should never have spoken out the wish whose expression she resented. And in that smarting moment, as ever, I honored her too truly to taunt her with the supremacy of wifely idolatry over maternal affection.

With the vehemence of youth that feels itself to be misapprehended and unjustly condemned, I hated him who had supplanted me. The influence that warped an upright nature and turned mother against daughter could be only evil, and that continually.

Yet

> the sweetest soul
> That ever looked with human eyes

believed in her friend's husband. Over the luncheon to which she could not persuade her physicians to stay, I hearkened with more than passable patience to praises of his rare and radiant gifts, every word binding upon me more tightly the obligation of apparent acquiescence in her estimation of the paragon.

The day left a bad taste in my mouth which not even a note from Don, scribbled on the westward-bound train, could dispel. I had once overheard my step-father regret mildly to my mother my "unhappy temper." I had never been more nearly of his mind than when I found that night that I could not pray down the boiling bitterness of my thoughts of him. He had "feared" aloud to me, upon another occasion, that I was "disposed to vindictiveness." I could not gainsay that, either. Had news been brought me next morning that the popular physician had been found dead in his bed of the malady whose existence he flouted, I should probably have been shocked; I should certainly have felt for my mother's sorrow. Sitting, sorry and sullen, over my fire, after I had risen from my knees, I said, remorselessly, that I should be relieved to know that he was out of my way forever. Through him my ideal of womanhood and motherhood was dimmed; I found it intolerable that my second mother's clear vision should be dazzled by his specious arts, and upon all these points I was muzzled by natural affection and expediency. Not even Don had fathomed the depth of my dislike for my nominal "family-connection." To his mother, with whom I was frank about everything else, I must play the hypocrite, or imperil her vital interests.

Unless a majority of good Christians lie, it ought not to be hard to pray, "*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.*" I went to bed without mocking Omniscience by the petition. The last thing I would have asked of Heavenly mercy was such forgiveness as my soul meted out for him whose trespasses were condoned, so far as I could judge, by everybody but myself.

If I did not grow in all fair and saintly graces during that week, it was not for want of a living example of the choicest of these. But for the one acrid drop at the bottom of my heart, every hour would have been filled with tenderest comfort. For my saint comforted me, while I ostensibly ministered unto her,—comforted me for her son's absence, and for the trial the shadow of which stole closer with the going down of each sun. No outward preparation portended this. Her house, always a model of delicate and dainty "keeping," was in such absolute order as betrayed how long had been her outlooking upon dread possibilities. There was nothing to worry or fatigue her. When she had slipped into my daily letter to Don the note written at her escritoire in the sunny window, with my mignonette-sprays still living

and breathing before her, and issued needful instructions for the day to her perfectly-trained servants, she left herself nothing to do more arduous than a stated number of rounds upon Don's socks, our morning's sacred and secular readings, and the drives that were a part of the physician's ordinance.

Her spirits never flagged; her talk was more vivacious and richer than I had ever known it, and she was always the most delightful conversationalist of her circle; her interest in whatever pertained to me, her constant companion, was evinced in a thousand ways. On the evening before Kitty Wilcox's luncheon she chided me playfully for my indifference to what, she averred, occupied much of her thoughts.

"Am I growing more frivolous?" she queried. "Or are you settling down before your time? That the affair is in honor of pretty Kitty's betrothal should excite your sympathies; that it is to be the 'swellest' event of the opening season should awaken your curiosity. Now, *I* cannot fall asleep conveniently o' nights for speculating as to the probable truth of rumors pointing to liveried footmen by the pair and trio; of fabulous prices paid for chrysanthemums as big as dinner-plates, and peaches as big as cocoanuts, and ices such as the mind of Mapleton never conceived of. Why, I am credibly informed that wines are to be served in glasses blown in Venice a thousand years ago, and that not one favor is more than a week old, each having been manufactured expressly for the guest who will receive it. The chanteliers are to be crystal music-boxes, set to tunes adapted to each course——"

"Beginning with marine airs, out of compliment to the raw oysters, and concluding with 'Araby's Daughter' as coffee is brought in!" interposed I. "None of these things move me, mother mine! I would rather lunch *en tête-à-tête* with you, on cold chicken and bread-and-butter, washed down with a cup of your incomparable tea, than fill my place at this Aladdin-lamp feast. Perhaps I am, as you say, settling down. That implies clearness and calm, doesn't it? Stirring up suggests froth and dregs. I like to be racked off gently, without touching the turbid deposit. And, when we are together,—just we two,—you looking like a blessed white angel, the curtains drawn, the wind singing at the window, lamp and fire at their cheeriest, and I sitting on your foot-cushion,—*thus*,"—suiting action to word,—"my head upon your knee,—*thus*,—I feel the gentle run of the wine of life. There is no joy but calm,—such calm as this."

She sent me to the library-shelves for Tennyson, and made me read "The Lotus-Eaters" aloud, although both of us knew it almost by heart. And after that, still sitting at her feet, the book laid in the lap of a chair, I dipped into the leaves, as a humming-bird into flower-cups, bringing up tiny tastes of honey, reading, I remember, all of the Brook Song, and a line here and there from "In Memoriam," and talking pityingly of the bootless penances of St. Simeon Stylites, and lingering wonderingly over the six strokes of the master-pencil that showed us the eagle clasping the crag with crooked hands, solitary in the ring of the azure world, watching the wrinkled sea crawling

beneath him. Memory recalls with especial vividness the scene, as I have sketched it, during the interval of musing quiet that succeeded my reading of what is scarcely more than a fragment:

O sad *No More!* O sweet *No More!*
O strange *No More!*
By a mossed brook-bank on a stone
I smelt a wildweed flower alone:
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
Low-buried fathom-deep beneath with thee,
NO MORE!

My companion spoke first:

"It is an echo, faint and weird, of the mood that brought forth 'Break! break! break!' Wordsworth found the same chord in his 'meanest flower that blows.'"

Lying back in her chair, her hands crossed upon her white gown, dreamy eyes looking out upon empty air, she resumed, presently:

"I am trying to analyze the sad sweetness of the response given by human hearts to the sublime simplicity of such lines. Is it genius or feeling that finds the way so surely to the Innermost which only our dearest ones are suffered to enter, and they but seldom?"

I quote her words to show how impersonal was our chat that night, how placid were our spirits, and how natural it was that we should part happily and sleep soundly.

CHAPTER V.

THE yellow light of an October morning, reflected from my chamber-walls, awoke me to the recollection that it was a *fête*-day. Between them, my mother and Mrs. Upton had awakened my but lately indifferent self into a girlish desire to be one of the favored party selected to congratulate the belle of the village upon her engagement to a city lawyer. I was fond of society, and Kitty and I were fond of one another. She had been in several times during the past week to "talk over things." If the monster fruits and flowers and musical glasses of Mrs. Upton's merry catalogue were apocryphal, there remained enough charming novelties to astonish our quiet town, and the company to be collected about these promised to be charming. My gown had come home two days ago, and fitted me to perfection. Mrs. Upton and I had chosen it together. The fabric was camel's-hair cloth, exquisitely fine and soft; in color pearl-gray, and wrought upon skirt, sleeves, and vest with silk of a darker shade into a pattern of daisies and grasses. The flowers were centred with knots of silver thread and the leaves veined with the same. My bonnet of crêpe de Chine matched the ground-color of the gown, and was trimmed with French marguerites and silver grasses. Mrs. Upton had given me a handkerchief edged with point-lace daisies, and I found beside my plate at breakfast a casket, tiny and tempting, with Tiffany's stamp upon it,

and Don's card by it. Within, upon a velvet bed of palest sea-green, was a brooch of frosted silver. The design was one full-blown marguerite, one half opened, a bud, and a stalk of bearded wheat. The heart of the open flower was of seed-pearls; each kernel of the ripe grain was a pearl, and an opal dew-drop clung to the half-closed bud.

I broke down at sight of the surprise-gift, crying and laughing together in a wild, childish way that called forth Mrs. Upton's playful remonstrance:

"Dear child! have some regard for your eyes and complexion! It will be a poor compliment to Don's choice of a trinket to look your worst when you wear it for the first time."

I checked the tears, but my heart was so large with the consciousness of being beloved and spoiled out of all proportion to my worthiness, that a happy sob trembled up through my talk from time to time; and when my mother, who was to see me dress and to remain with Mrs. Upton until I got back, arrived at eleven o'clock, I was in danger of a hopeless relapse. I enjoyed every moment of that morning. The subdued bustle of preparation pervading the household was such cordial sympathy in my concerns as might attend upon the bridal festivities of a daughter of the home. Rosalie, Mrs. Upton's own maid, laid out each article in which I was to be endued upon my bed; my mother dressed my hair; Rosalie put on my silk stockings and the boots of Suède leather of the precise tint of my robe and bonnet. Mrs. Upton, resting among the pillows of my lounge, superintended the process from the first to the last stroke. In her every glance and intonation, as in my mother's touch, was the caressing assurance that love and pride and hope were, for them, bound up in my unworthy self, that what they had done to make my attire elegant and tasteful and becoming was the tangible manifestation of fond desire to forward my happiness by every conceivable means. And Don, in his flight toward the Golden Gate, was picturing the scene to himself, and idealizing the figure that finally stood before the cheval glass, full-toiletted, and blushing with delight to behold the by-so-much-handsomer-than-every-day reflection of her slim self that she questioned the mirror's honesty or the fidelity of her eyesight. Was another girl in the land so generously endowed with the real goods of existence, so royally dowered with love?

My mother averted the threatening shower by a new diversion. David, the butler, brought into the apartment and deposited upon the floor in front of me, as he might a gun-carriage designed for my destruction, Don's tripod and camera. In consigning his gift for me to his mother's care, he had added the injunction that, upon a plate chosen by himself, I was to be photographed in my daisied raiment. The picture was to be developed and mounted, and put into his room to await his return. It was one of the quaint, romantic fancies that helped make him the nonpareil of lovers.

My mother, a deft amateur photographer, posed me, arranged the lights, and "caught" the picture without the loss of a minute, and the whole incident occupied less time than I have taken in the telling. It was, nevertheless, one more element of excitement in the happy agita-

tion of the forenoon, and, the carriage being announced immediately, I caught up my fan and carriage-cloak, and was actually at the door before the thought smote me that I had neither thanked nor said "Good-by" to my benefactors.

"I am clean daft, I believe!" I cried, running back to the sofa, and, neglectful of my fine feathers, sinking upon the carpet in a tumultuous huddle to embrace the occupant. "You have turned my head, every one of you! converted a well-behaved girl into a conceited, inhuman, graceless *wretch!* But I do love you, and if I don't tell you how glad and grateful I am, it is because I haven't command of the whole dictionary!"

She held me to her heart,—a fervent strain I can feel about me now.

"Don's darling!" she whispered. "And mine! My dear, true-hearted daughter! God bless you both!"

Aloud she said, "We or somebody else has taught you how to fib glibly. Run away, now, and be as happy as you deserve to be for your loving-kindness for a creaking old machine like myself."

Rosalie followed me down-stairs to summon the coachman, who, by mistake, had driven to the side-door. She came back to me as I waited upon the piazza, put my cloak about me, and shook out the folds of my skirt with a sort of officious flurry unlike her usual manner, but this I did not remark at the time as peculiar. I had always been a pet with her, and what more natural than that she should mix herself up with my affairs?

"You'll outshine them all, Miss Sydney!" she twittered, with a nervous giggle. "Don't worry about Mrs. Upton, but enjoy yourself as much as any of them. We'll take the best of care of her."

"I know it, Rosalie. Otherwise, I should not leave her," I answered sincerely.

She attended me to the carriage, and saw to it that my draperies were protected from the dust. As I thanked her, I glanced at the upper window,—the wide bay that swept so much sunshine into Mrs. Upton's sitting-room. She stood within it, bathed and glorified by the flood of rays, smiling down at me. My mother's taller head appeared above that encircled by a radiant nimbus where the rays shone through and glittered upon her hair.

I fairly gasped with admiration.

"She is like a saint upon a church-window, only far more beautiful! Tell her I said so, Rosalie, and that it was all I could do to keep from jumping out of the carriage and running up-stairs to say my prayers to her," was my parting message.

Fortunate, thrice-blessed woman that I was that bland, rich autumnal noon, which, I imagined, took me to its heart as had she whose birth-month and type this was.

This was the *motif* of the music played by reason and feeling all the way down the elm-bordered street, across railway and past station, up the modern boulevard to the Wilcox mansion. Even the glimpse I had of Dr. Wentworth sitting in his *coupé* at the station, chatting in his most agreeable manner to a rich New-Yorker who was waiting for

a train, could not dash the glow thrilling through my veins, the melody that filled heart and brain. If I had made the effort then and there, I think that I could have said that difficult clause of the Great Prayer I had found impossible some nights agone. I preferred to put the thought of my step-parent out of my mind with convenient speed, and accept as a good omen the circumstance that he had not seen me.

It is not in self-contempt that I record how easy I found compliance with Rosalie's parting admonition, or that I relished heartily approving looks and kindly comments such as warm-hearted women who like one another will pass upon personal appearance, in defiance of Social Usage manuals. When Kitty whispered that I was "perfectly lovely, and that she wished Don could see me," I thought complacently of the negative perhaps already on the way to New York for development. I had heard Mrs. Upton say that it should go to-day, not to lose time. When Mrs. Robb impaled me across the table with the interviewer's eye, I sat a trifle taller, and bore the operation without blenching. She could find no blemish in the *chef-d'œuvre* of the two mothers, who were, I felt sure, chatting of me over knitting and crocheting, for whom I stored each incident and feature of the gay occasion. The best part of the day would be the rehearsal of the affair over the cosey evening meal I was confident we could coax my mother into sharing. The anticipation blunted the temporary annoyance of Mrs. Robb's proximity. Kitty could not have foreseen that among her one-and-twenty guests she could have picked out no less acceptable *vis-à-vis* for me than the newspaper-woman, who must, when I came to consider the case, sit opposite to somebody.

She was in great force to-day, soaring superior to the shabby gentility of an imitation black-lace gown, and a hat of the same net, with a bunch of red-and-purple flowers set perkily on top of it.

"Scrabbled together by myself," she informed a group of us. "Look at it!" revolving upon one heel like a show-window dummy. "Wouldn't you swear that a French modiste had 'done' me to the tune of thirty dollars for the rubbishy construction? It cost me exactly thirty cents for the frame. The rest of the materials I had by me in the house. I have been writing up 'Millinery as a Fashionable Swindle,' in *The Ladies' Corner Cupboard*, and have so incensed the craft from Nova Scotia to California against me that I don't suppose one of them would set a stitch for me upon any terms."

"More enemies?" said a saucy auditor, in demure distress. "By and by you will be boycotted into starvation and nudity."

"I rather enjoy it!" retorted the newspaper-woman in all sincerity. "Anything is preferable to the dead calm of respectability in which most women are content to exist. I stirred up my sister-in-law and other New York fashionables to pious profanity at a lunch last week by proving that if every woman in the Presbyterian Church, of which they are props and pillars, would deny herself one hat a year for five years to come, and give what it would have cost to the Foreign Missionary Board, the world would be converted in that time. I sent a sketch of my plan, entitled 'One Bonnet Less,' to the *New York Observer*, but it would not publish it. The editor wrote that he considered it 'flippant

and frivolous, and suspected it to be a hoax.' These ultra-religious papers never print the other side of a question. The whole churchly system is lop-sided. It *cants* in a double sense."

She amused most of those present, and she was aware of it, but others like myself grew grave and slipped out of her neighborhood when she began to scoff at sacred things. Her sharp eyes noted our defection, and I paid the penalty for my offence when we were seated at the table. As a social fixture I could not budge, let her say what she would.

She began with the first *entrée*,—creamed lobster served *au gratin* in silver scallop-shells. I was eating mine in gladness and singleness of heart when she opened fire:

"I saw that you resented my onslaught upon the Presbyterians, Miss Salisbury. I forgot when I spoke that your mother affected that persuasion during your own father's lifetime, or I should have withheld my thrust until you were out of earshot. She has so fully identified herself with her present spouse's views and principles upon all subjects that the inadvertence is pardonable. His Episcopacy is, as we all know, pronounced and pervasive. I am told that his unction in responses and his obeisances to the high altar at certain passages in Creed, Gospels, and Gloria are a study in themselves, and have raised the price of the adjoining pews—or do you call them stalls? The High-Church jargon smacks of the stable."

"You can hardly classify them as '*dumb*, driven cattle,'" returned I, carelessly, turning to my right-hand neighbor and beginning to speak of other things.

I did not know Mrs. Tommy Robb if I hoped to shake her off by civil device.

"H'm! that is rather patly said!" never removing the stare of her black eyes, and bearing perceptibly upon the first adverb. "But your wit will never be as caustic as your mother's. I have repeated the *bon mot* of the car off the track, with effect, at least a dozen times since you told me of it."

"Don't make a baker's dozen of the repetitions, I beg, Mrs. Robb!" entreated I, penitently. "I was heartily ashamed of my rudeness by the time the silly thing was said. Forgive and forget it!"

She tossed her head with a dry laugh:

"Bless your unsophisticated soul! Do you imagine that a veteran newspaper-woman, the heroine of a hundred type- and tongue-battles, minds a pea from a child's pop-gun,—and a ricochet shot at that? You are the dutiful echo of your mother, and she is Dr. Wentworth's: so what you gave me was only the shadow of a shade. Your superb step-parent grows superber every day. I saw him at the station to-day, helping a pious-looking woman in black into his carriage. A country-cousin with a big bank-account, I suppose?"

"Probably," I returned. "Such are plentiful in all climates."

"He ordered the coachman to drive to Mrs. Upton's," continued the ubiquitous Terror, in the same clear, high key. "You are staying there, I believe?"

"Not at this moment," I was foolish enough to say.

"Why do you try to bluff an old stager, infant? All Mapleton is cognizant of the fact that you are Mr. Donald Upton's deputy, and in charge of his invalid mother. All Mapleton, too,—or so much of it as saw your progress through our streets to-day and is gathered about this festive board,—appreciates the compliment paid to your absent *fiancé* by the demi-semi-douleur of your costume. You are, while he is away, a shadow-maiden, a symphony in gray and silver, the silver typifying hope of a speedy return. I never saw anything more chastely symbolical. I shall work it into a paragraph for the *Springfield Sunflower*, to which I contribute a weekly society-article."

"Come, come, Carry!" said Mrs. Wilcox from the head of the board. "This is not fair or kind! I told you that we would have no 'chiel amang us takin' notes' to-day."

"I know that you *said* it. But you meant it as little as the rest of the world. Everybody understands that I represent The Press, and everybody would be disappointed if she did not see the luncheon, or dinner, or reception to which she invites me properly set forth in print within a reasonable time after it takes place. Kate never would forgive me if I left out one course, or overlooked such a *recherché* toilette as that of her bosomest friend. If the truth were told, that is why you and I, Miss Salisbury, are set opposite to one another. To return to our muttons,—it must have been imperative business that called a model son like Mr. Donald three thousand miles away when his mother is, I hear, liable to die at any minute."

I felt my features pale and stiffen; my hands dropped nervelessly into my lap.

"Shame on you, Carry Robb!" cried Kate, in generous anger. "Why do you manufacture sensational stories? You have terrified the poor child out of her wits. I detest practical jokes, especially when they are utterly witless and without foundation. Don't mind her, Sydney! She is a pessimist of the blackest dye, and must growl over something."

"I beg your pardon, I am sure, if I have touched a tender nerve," resumed the newspaper-woman, her unwinking eyes riddling me through. "I hardly believed the rumor until now. That is one of the cleverest reportorial tricks I know,—to pretend to knowledge of something you are doubtful of. You all must recollect how I got a confession out of that wife-murderer at Jones's Cross-Cut three years ago, when every other newspaper representative had failed. I sat down in front of him with tears in my eyes, and began talking with him of his old mother, without letting him suspect that I had ever so much as read a newspaper——"

Returning strength enabled me to shut my ears to the rest. Upon reflection, I was more provoked with my weakness than with her disregard of social decency. My emotion had nearly betrayed what I was pledged to conceal. While it was not possible that she should know the exact truth, I had given her almost positive proof that there was something worth her knowing. I rallied my wits to engage in the talk going on on our side of the table when the revolting details of the confession were over. Helen Norris, who sat at my left, helped me by telling a funny story and appealing to me for confirmation; I plucked

up spirit to cap it by another which was received with general applause. My heart softened and warmed toward the acquaintances and intimates of years whose sympathies were manifestly with me. I was altogether at my best self by the time Roman punch was served in chased silver swans, which Mrs. Wilcox let us know, without any parade, were favors to be taken home with us. It was discovered, next, that upon the breast of each bird was a small scroll inscribed with the name of one of the party. They could be used for *bonbonnières*, or to hold flowers. I was looking at the engraved "*Sydney Salisbury*" upon mine, and thinking how I would fill the cup let into the back of the swan with mignonette and set it upon Mrs. Upton's table, when a servant paused behind me and accosted me by name:

"Miss Salisbury, excuse me, ma'am, but there is somebody in the hall who would like to see you."

I was not alarmed; I was scarcely startled; but, with the feeling that a summons sufficiently important to be brought to me in the middle of a ceremonious feast was not to be slighted, I looked at Mrs. Wilcox. She was speaking to some one else, her head slightly turned aside, and I could not instantly win her attention. Mrs. Robb attracted it and the observation of the whole company by a ringing call.

"Mrs. Wilcox! Miss Salisbury wants to be excused. She has been sent for."

"Not sent for," I retorted distinctly, and smiling without effort. "But there is a message for me. Have I your permission to speak with the messenger?"

"Certainly, my love. But do not let anything call you away," I heard in leaving the room by the nearest door.

Mrs. Upton's confidential maid was just without it, my carriage-cloak in hand. She threw it about me.

"You are to come home, Miss Sydney. Mrs. Upton has been taken very ill."

As I sprang into the waiting carriage, I saw, as in the whirling fog of a dream, Mrs. Robb run down the walk to the gate and throw up her hand to a railway-hack that was rumbling along the street.

"What is it, Rosalie?" I got breath and strength to ask as our fleet horses, urged to the top of their speed, sent houses and trees flying behind us.

The hard red of her cheeks was changed to tawny gray, and she had not spoken beyond those first hurried words. She answered without looking at me:

"Some sort of a fainting-fit, I believe, Miss Sydney."

"Ah—h!" Flutter of pulse and spirits was quelled. I knew so much better than she how little real peril lay in the seizure that had scared her. "I have seen her in such, more than once. They are only hysterical. Very distressing, but not dangerous. Nobody dies from hysteria. But I am glad you came for me. My mother sent you, I suppose?"

"No, Miss Sydney: it was Dr. Wentworth," in the same queer, muffled voice, her eyes turned out of the window on her side of the carriage.

That was singular. Dr. Wentworth understood the nature of the attack; and even if it were more serious than common, he and my mother ought to be competent to the management of it.

I should know all in another half-minute. We were turning the last corner. Two physicians' carriages—neither of them Dr. Wentworth's—were at the door. An awful constriction of the heart, such as I had never felt, seized me. Before the horses stood still I dashed open the carriage door and flew into the house. The front door was shut, and I ran around to the long window of the library. It was not fastened. As I threw it wide, the powerful scent of chloroform smote me. In the hall, and on the back-stairs up which I sped as the nearest way to that upper chamber, it was almost suffocating. Two men blocked the narrow passage connecting the back and front halls. Their backs were toward me, their heads close together. They were talking in suppressed tones. What they said chained my flying feet to the floor.

"Wentworth declares that he took upon trust the opinion of his wife, backed by Barker; that he never examined her heart for himself, although his wife had made more than one auscultation and pronounced it all right. To one in Mrs. Upton's condition, chloroform was sure death, as even Dr. Wentworth might have known, if——"

I grasped his arm with both hands, and shook it in the frenzied endeavor to articulate. It was Dr. Gibney, the oldest physician in Mapleton. His companion was Dr. Marvin, a much younger man.

"My dear young lady, compose yourself," said the latter.

Dr. Gibney detained me, as I tried to rush by him to see for myself what my voice refused to inquire into.

"Let me take you to your room, Sydney, child. It is best that you should not go into that one. Wait, my dear, until——"

I tore myself loose from his hold. The forbidden door was locked on the inside. I beat upon it with my fists, and a woman, a stranger to me, opened it, interposing her person to bar my entrance. I pushed her aside.

The horrible odor of chloroform was strongest here in her bedchamber. A lounge I had never seen before was in the middle of the floor. Half kneeling, half prostrate beside it, was my mother, her face buried in the counterpane. Upon the other side stood Dr. Wentworth, ghastly white. Between them was a motionless figure. The head drooped toward the right shoulder, bringing the face full into view.

It was Don's mother, and these three people had killed her!

CHAPTER VI.

THE merciful numbness of insensibility was denied me in that supreme hour of agony. It was also decreed that to my brain should be given preternatural steadiness, to every sense acuteness that let not one detail of the calamity pass without note. Not for one second was I permitted to imagine the horrors hemming me in, vagaries of a wandering mind, or parts of a nightmare from which I must awaken

presently, or go mad. I had no hope of insanity. Science from all her stores offered nothing that could blunt memory or purchase immunity from anguished anticipation.

The sight of the marbled face, as white now as the hair above it, the fixed sweetness of a smile that could never be for me again, the veiled eyes, beamless for all time, turned me to breathing stone. The mind was alert under the frozen mask, and the heart conned ceaselessly the lesson of what humanity can endure.

Nor has time made misty the keen outlines or confused the sequence of what followed my impetuous burst into the silent room. My mother shuddered at my one sharp cry, but did not rise or lift her head. Dr. Wentworth came around the foot of the lounge toward me, hands outspread to catch me should I swoon. My gesture stopped him.

"Don't come near me!" I said. "You"—to the strange woman—"are the nurse, I suppose? How was this thing done? Oh,"—as she glanced inquiringly at my step-father,—"I know *who* did it. I must hear just *how* it happened. If you cannot speak here, come to my room."

"My dear girl——" began Dr. Wentworth.

"Not a word!" I interposed.

With my eye upon him, he could not so much as give his tool a mute signal. I put her out of the chamber before me, drove her straight to my room. Both doctors followed me out of the back hall. Having seen the nurse inside of my door, I faced them.

"What is it?"

Dr. Gibney stepped forward.

"Your father was my friend, my child. For his sake, let me entreat you to take care of yourself. You are in a highly-excited state——"

"Abnormal and irresponsible," murmured Dr. Marvin.

"Let me prepare something for you," pursued Dr. Gibney. "By and by, when you are well and calm——"

"I am perfectly well and perfectly calm," I rejoined. "Should I need sedatives, I will apply to you."

I shut them out. The professional nurse, in whom I recognized the "country cousin in black" Mrs. Robb had seen Dr. Wentworth handing into his carriage, stood upright a little way within the room, rather nervous, and disposed to be offended. I turned the key in the lock and set a chair for her. Her cold, hard eyes did not release me while she took it. She had the air of one who had managed maniacs before to-day.

"Now," I said, "tell me what has been done in this house from the moment you entered it until now."

She demurred, but I would not let her off. Finally, either because she was afraid of me, or because she pitied me, she told a tolerably coherent story.

Dr. Wentworth had engaged her a week ago to be on hand to-day. She was aware what services would be expected of her, and that "the affair" was to be conducted with the utmost secrecy. She had known Dr. Wentworth for years, and been with him in other surgical cases,

like and unlike this. On the way from the station he told her that everything was ready for the operation ; that he and his wife (of whom she had heard as Dr. Charlotte Salisbury) were, by the earnest wish of the subject, to be unassisted except by herself; that Mrs. Wentworth's daughter was engaged to Mrs. Upton's son, and staying in the house during his absence. She—the young lady—was easily excited and had very little self-control——

"You asked me to tell you everything, Miss Salisbury," she interrupted herself to say here.

"Go on," I replied.

"So, Mrs. Upton and the young lady's mother had managed to send her off to a luncheon to keep her out of the way while the operation was going on. The subject had set her heart upon sparing her young friend as far as she could. Mrs. Upton said almost the same thing in my hearing. 'How surprised and relieved the dear child will be when she gets back to find that it is all over!' she said to Mrs. Dr. Wentworth when we were getting her ready.

"I never saw a calmer patient. She chatted cheerfully up to the last. Mrs. Dr. Wentworth was a great deal more agitated. Dr. Wentworth spoke to her privately, out of the subject's hearing, about her want of self-control.

"'You'll bring on the very thing you are afraid of,' says he, 'if you don't get yourself better in hand.'

"I'm sure, as I told the other doctors, if I'd had the least idea that there was any heart-complication I'd have lifted up my voice against the chloroform. As it was, I supposed they two knew what they were about. In fact, 'twas irregular their giving it while I was out of the room, having just stepped across the hall to get a clean handkerchief out of my valise, and not being able to lay my hand at once upon one, my sister having packed my bag."

"You were not with her at the last, then?"

"Well, I was and I wasn't, as you may say. I'd asked Dr. Wentworth on the way from the station if he meant to give chloroform, and he said there had been some doubt on the subject. The patient was willing to be operated upon without it if 'twas thought advisable, but he didn't see the use of subjecting her to an unnecessary nervous shock. In his opinion, when a subject had to bear such intense pain without the help of anæsthetics, 'twas more likely to prove fatal than the effect of chloroform, to say nothing of making the surgeon's work harder. He had thought sometimes that he'd always refuse to undertake an operation in such circumstances, and he mentioned a case where the subject's screams were heard all over the neighborhood. He hadn't such faith in the stories scary people tell of the evil effects of chloroform in certain cases. If it was properly administered, the danger was nothing. In unskilful hands 'twas different, of course. And I said how I'd stood over many a one by the hour, holding a sponge or napkin to the nose, and taking it away as the doctors motioned me to do, and never a bit of harm done. And what was the matter in giving it in this case? So he said I had expressed his views exactly, and that Mrs. Upton was sound enough in her general health,

but had been subject to hysterical fainting-fits lately, as was only natural in the circumstances, I am sure.

"So, I can't say that I was surprised when I began to smell chloroform while I was still a-rummaging for the handkerchief. And, thinks I, 'they've decided upon it, and to lose no time,' thinks I, 'and I'd better be getting back in a hurry,' though it did seem to me 'twasn't quite respectful to me as a trained nurse, nor customary with the profession, to administer while I was out of the room. But they'd spoken of the need of promptness, and I will say for myself that I'm not apt to take offence. Some trained ones I could speak of, and whose references ain't near so good as mine, would have shouldered their bag and marched out of the house in the circumstances. But, finding the handkerchiefs, I grabbed one and ran back. When I got to the door I heard a kind of bustle inside, and Mrs. Dr. Wentworth she called out sharp-like, 'My God, Raymond! see what I've done!' or something like that. Before I'd gone out we'd fixed the patient on an operating-lounge, you know, drawn into the middle of the room. 'Twas brought from the attic after I came. As soon as I laid eyes upon her now, I saw that something had gone wrong. The bottle of chloroform had been thrown or dropped on the floor, and was broken. Mrs. Dr. Wentworth had raised the poor lady's head upon her arm and was fanning her, and the doctor was running about the room, throwing up the windows like a distracted man. And the poor thing was dying!

"At first none of us could believe it. We got two other doctors in next to no time. The coachman happened to see their carriages at another house up the street, and rushed right out for them. Everything was done to bring her to, but 'twas no use. She was gone in fifteen minutes after the doctors got here. All of us agree that there was heart-disease, and she was far gone in it, but it's unaccountable that Dr. Wentworth shouldn't have guessed that she had it. From what I can make out, he'd great confidence in his wife's judgment, and she'd auscultated, and couldn't seem to find anything out of the way. I never saw anybody worse cut up than Dr. Wentworth, and I overheard the other doctors going over him hot and heavy in the other room about being so secret about it and 'depending upon a woman's diagnosis.' 'Twas Dr. Marvin said that. Dr. Gibney spoke up for her, and Dr. Wentworth told how Dr. Barker had backed her opinion, and then they changed their tone and said there'd be no trouble about giving a certificate of cause of death, and all that.

"After all, it must have been the will of Providence——"

I raised my hand.

"That will do. You have nothing more to tell me? Did Mrs. Upton speak after taking the chloroform?"

"Not a word that I heard. She must have sunk into a stupor before she had inhaled a dozen whiffs."

The final question pulled hard upon my factitious strength, but I put it unfalteringly:

"Who gave the chloroform?"

"Mrs. Dr. Wentworth."

"Are you positive of that?"

In her zeal for her chief's interests, she seemed to forget that the other party to the transaction was my mother.

"Positive! didn't I see it all with my own eyes, as they told you? The soaked handkerchief dropped out of her lap after I got in. And I told you what she said. Dr. Wentworth wasn't near enough to the patient to have done it. Oh, there's no doubt as to who gave it. But that's neither here nor there. If I hadn't happened to be out of the way at the minute, I should have been ordered to administer, most likely, but the responsibility wouldn't have been mine. I hope, my dear Miss Salisbury, that you won't lay this dispensation to heart. Let me bring you something composing, and undress you and put you to bed, and try not to think of what can't be helped now,—there's a dear."

"You can go now," I said, coldly. "I do not need you, and others may."

She hesitated, looking curiously at me.

"I shall not need you again," I added. "And there is probably something to do elsewhere. Go to Dr. Wentworth for orders. He is your employer."

I unlocked the door and held it ajar for her to pass out, which she did with a toss of her head and fling of her whole body. I shot the bolt again, and sat down in the chair she had occupied. Right before me was the lounge upon which Don's mother had lain scarcely three hours ago, watching my toilette. The slumber-robe then cast about her was huddled into a heap upon the foot of the lounge, as she had left it on rising hastily to go into the front room and wave a farewell to me from the bay-window.

She was in the conspiracy to deceive me. No one had joined more cordially in the plot, entered more zestfully into the details of what I saw had been preconcerted from the beginning. She may have acquiesced in my step-father's dictum that I lacked the power of controlling myself and was therefore best out of the way. I did not believe it. Her loving wiles for my delusion were of the same strain with those that were to keep her son in ignorance of her condition. Her thought and design were to avoid inflicting a single pang that could be warded off. Her last thought was of this pious purpose. She had died as she had lived. Not for the fraction of a second did I harbor one emotion of resentment toward one who had exchanged earthly for heavenly angelhood.

And between them they had murdered her!

I had not needed to put the question it cost me an effort to articulate. I knew for myself who was the more culpable of the pair to whom she owed a violent death. Whatever may have been Dr. Wentworth's opinion as to the presence of cardiac disease in his patient, his wife was fully aware of it. This fact was the key to the dialogue I had overheard from the library. Although not the tender-hearted man his clients reported him, he was physically and morally a coward. I had heard him deplore, times without number, the sensitive, sympathetic organization that made him a participant in whatever suffering he saw. He had declared to his wife that he would have nothing to do

with the projected operation unless he were allowed to conduct it in his own way.

"If you are bent upon murdering your friend, you must choose some other confederate. Dr. Barker may not be so scrupulous as your husband," were words that bore fell significance in the light of the catastrophe consequent upon indulgence of his will. The confederate protested vainly. The imperative summons to the scene of what he diagnosed as an hysterical seizure was argument in visible form. As such he understood and resented it. Her keener senses had detected indications he could not or would not perceive; as the abler physician of the two, she had set before him in formidable array facts he must dispute or respect. Without startling Mrs. Upton by betraying the trend of her fears, she had brought her to express a willingness to submit to the knife unsupported by anæsthetics, if it were deemed necessary that this should be. Professional conscience had fought a good fight; friendship had made a worthy stand; humanity had endured valiantly. Wifehood had prevailed over them all. Cognizant of the risk she ran, as her weaker colleague was not, she had taken it. The infatuation that dominated her being did not stop at passive obedience to the tyrant's will. With her own hand she had carried his design into effect. She knew his taunt of her intent to murder her friend, by imposing upon her nervous system a heavier strain than it could support, to be as empty as the breath that bore it. Rather than receive another wound in her own breast, she had stultified herself, been false to her womanhood and her professional vows, and made the implied accusation positive and true.

I reasoned it all out, without the omission of a step in the process, proving each position, over and over, resolute will warring against heart and nature. The end was ever the same. The early twilight descended upon me seated opposite the empty lounge, with the slumber-robe heaped together upon the foot, and before my mental vision a verdict stamped in letters of blood.

Don Upton's mother had met her death at the hands of my mother. No plea of ignorance or haste on the part of the criminal recommended her to mercy.

I measured the horror as I might a belching volcano suddenly upheaved out of a smiling plain. This, my first great grief, was such as had never befallen another woman. Yet the sense of orphanage, and by such means, was subordinated for the time by indignation and pity that seemed infinite. In the course of time I should bethink myself of what the personal bereavement comprehended. Now, imagination was busy with such contrasts as the animated face that had laughed at me from the lounge that noon, and the clay mould left by the spirit upon that other lounge across the hall; the vision of Don as he had kissed his mother "Good-by" at the station, and commended her anew to me, and the wild agony of the eyes that would, ere long, demand account of my stewardship.

Into the awful solitude of hours that robbed me of my youth had come interruptions from without.

First it was the acidulated whine of the hired nurse:

"Miss Salisbury, here is a cup of tea for you. It will do you good."

"I do not want it."

"Your mamma is very ill, Miss Salisbury. She's going from one faint into another. The doctors are uneasy about her, and think it may do her good to see you. Will you come, please, right away?"

"No," I said, as dryly and dispassionately as before. "You will oblige me by not disturbing me again."

I had heard another tread with hers in the hall, one that I knew. If my place were at the side of his suffering wife, surely Dr. Wentworth should not absent himself.

A while later he trod boldly down the hall; struck with his august knuckles upon the panels.

"Sydney!" in persuasive accents, "I must speak with you, my child. It is not right for you to seclude yourself in this season of our common sorrow. Will you come to your mother? She needs you, my dear."

The Sydney Salisbury into which he and his confederate had converted a warm-hearted, trustful girl neither moved nor spoke. If heavier bolts and bars had been at hand, they would have shut him out yet more effectually.

"I hope," he resumed, after a pregnant pause, and judicially, "that you will not compel us at a time like this to break open the door in order to induce you to listen to reason."

"You dare not!" I said, without stirring.

The hall was silent again.

He had, of course, telegraphed to Don. Doubtless, too, he had performed the friendly duty in conventionally Christian fashion, sending one despatch to say that his mother was extremely ill, and half an hour later a second announcing the truth. Don would travel night and day to reach home. There would be none to welcome him with tearful embrace. We were his nearest and dearest, now that his mother was gone. He could never touch hand or lip of ours again.

His mother had died by my mother's hand.

I was back at that again. Reasoning around in a circle, I must find my way to that one point. It was strange that I did not weep, when I knew it all so well. My heart was a hot stone that burned and did not crumble, a heavy coal I must carry about with me for evermore. Since I had sat there the mantel-clock had chimed three, four, five o'clock. Out of the window, which was in line with me, I could see the white steeple, the tapering point melting into the sky. It was a faint pink line against a darkening background in the reflected glow of the west, and my miserable eyes watched listlessly to see it merge into twilight dusks, when my ear caught a sound like a stifled sob outside of the door. A minute later I heard another, and then another. Broken and low as was the weeping, I divined who waited without, and drew back the bolts. My little sister drifted, rather than fell, into my arms. The fading light from the windows revealed a visage so changed and wild that I could not restrain an exclamation of dismay.

"Elsie, darling! You ought not to be here."

She clung to me convulsively, shivering and sobbing, unable to speak. Raising her as if she were a baby, I laid her upon my bed. With the pressure of her heaving breast against mine, the thought thrilled through me that was to become but too sadly familiar in the days to come. This fairy-like creature, smaller and wiser than her years warranted, was all Fate had left to me, who at the rising of the sun that had just set reckoned myself the happiest and richest of women. Elsie was flesh of my flesh, vein of my vein. They should not rob me of her. I would die first.

I held her closer, as unchildish moans told of violence done to the tender heart and sensitive nerves.

"My baby! who was so thoughtless as to let you come to this house just at this time?"

She seized the hand that stroked her tear-stained face, and covered it with passionate caresses. The racking sobs shook her in every limb.

"Poor Sydney!" she said, between them. "And poor, *poor* Don! Oh, sister! how can God let such things happen?"

I buried my dry, aching eyes in her pillow. The shower of tears and kisses upon my face, neck, and hands was like spring rains upon arid sand. Fire had fallen upon me out of heaven and dried up the fountain of weeping. I sat up and looked drearily into the wet, loving eyes.

"I wish I could cry!" I said. "It might ease this terrible pain at my heart. I shall never cry again, I think."

The child nestled herself into my bosom, her hands meeting behind my neck.

"If mamma were not so ill, I would go for her. She helps everybody. But she is not to be disturbed. We must love her better than ever, now, Sydney. Next to you and Don she will suffer most. Dear mamma!"

Involuntarily I drew away from the artless pleader. She need never know what had broken my heart and made the thought of meeting my mother and her husband intolerable. I could not echo her fond plaint, but that this was impossible was horrible in itself. "*As one whom his mother comforteth*" must henceforward be a mockery of something once inexpressibly dear and beautiful.

Elsie did not observe, or she misinterpreted, my gesture, for she got hold of one of my hands, and, fitting her cheek into the palm, lay, seemingly content, her great eyes deepening and calming under the sense of loving companionship.

"It has been dreadful all the afternoon," she said, at last. "I could not get to you or mamma; I could not bear to leave both of you here. I tried not to be in the way, yet it was fearful to be alone. A great many people called. I was in the library when you ran through and up the back stairs, but you did not see me. When I was a little over my fright I would have run after you, but Mrs. Robb stopped me. She wanted to see papa, or mamma, or the nurse, or one of the doctors, directly, she said. So I told Dr. Gibney, and he went down to her. She stayed a long time, and talked to almost everybody, but I kept out of her way. Papa wouldn't see her, and mamma was

too ill, of course. Mrs. Robb told the nurse that she was 'taking on airs' when she wouldn't let her go into Mrs. Upton's room and said that you would not see any one. Mrs. Robb is a very singular person, Sydney. Dr. Marvin said to Dr. Gibney, after she had gone, that she was the cleverest woman in town, and full of newspaper enterprise. And Dr. Gibney said she was a meddling magpie. She asked the servants all sorts of questions, and I am afraid she thought Rosalie impertinent because she answered her shortly. It was a great relief when she went away."

It was such a solace to the child to unbosom herself to me that I could not check her, although my heart bled, drop by drop, as I listened.

"You are not angry because I came to you, are you?" she queried timidly, at my continued silence.

"No, love! It is a comfort to me to have you here."

She turned her lips to the pillowing palm.

"Papa said I'd better not go near you; that you wanted to be alone. But I got so anxious that I couldn't stay away. I feel safer where you are. If I could only help you ever so little, Sydney! I know nothing can put things back where they were this morning."

Her voice trembled, but she struggled bravely with the returning wave. I was used to caring for her. I must do it now.

"Elsie," I said, kindly yet firmly, "we must never again speak —even to one another—of what has happened here to-day. Talking it over can do nobody any good, and may do harm. Nothing any human being can say or do will lighten the load I must carry for the rest of my life. Love me all the same, little one,—more, if you can! You are the only thing that really belongs to me, and you won't make this awful trouble heavier by forcing me to speak of it."

She obeyed me to the letter, as I was sure she would. While the innocent gravity of face and tone testified to her sympathy with my grief, she forbore, thenceforward, to comment or to question.

Rosalie, without waiting for orders, brought up a supper-tray and lighted the gas. Elsie slipped away while the maid was arranging on a stand what she had prepared for our meal. I surmised correctly that the child had gone to see how our mother was, and, in her absence, asked Rosalie who was in the house.

"Nobody, Miss Sydney, but you, Miss Elsie, the nurse, Miss West, and the servants. Mrs. Wentworth thought it best that the house should be cleared and quiet, and I am sure that would have been my dear mistress's wish. Dr. and Mrs. Wentworth went away about six o'clock. She told me that Miss Elsie could stay all night, if you wished it. Her things will be sent over before bedtime. Mrs. Wentworth was quite calm, but she looked like one struck by death herself, and no wonder."

She folded up the slumber-robe while she talked, and I could not but note that she handled it reverently and laid it away in a drawer as precious. My silence did not restrain the overflow of the full heart.

"I can't bring myself to realize it all, Miss Sydney. And I have been driven crazy all the afternoon by the run of visitors and questions.

Everybody insisted upon seeing Dr. Wentworth, and some were angry at his excusing himself. What else could the poor, dear gentleman do in the circumstances? The hardest heart would have melted to see his face and hear him speak, and how he stayed by Mrs. Wentworth, and did everything for her with his own hands. No woman could have been gentler. It's plain to be seen he's fairly crushed by what's happened. Yet, as I made bold to say to Mrs. Robb, who wouldn't be put off for ever so long, and said some disagreeable things, the like has happened over and over before, and nobody blamed. Why, a lady I knew of died (and the doctor holding her pulse) in a dentist's chair. And everybody who knows Dr. and Mrs. Wentworth understands that either of them would have laid down their own lives sooner than harm a hair of the head of such a friend as Mrs. Upton. 'Twas just one of the terrible things that nothing could have prevented. It's lost me a good place and the best friend I had in the world."

It annoyed me that she wiped her eyes—which were really wet—with her starched apron, and that while rehearsing the particulars of her loss she looked at a blur upon a spoon and polished it away with a napkin. I ought not to notice these trifles, but they obtruded themselves upon me with fretting pertinacity.

Elsie said nothing of the arrangements made for the night when she returned. She was probably at a loss what subjects were safe, for she was silent during the supper each pretended, for the other's sake, to eat. Taken all in all, the evening was the dreariest I ever passed. There was literally nothing for us to do when Rosalie was dismissed for the night. I have understood ever since why it is the accepted fashion with women of a certain stamp to go to bed when "in affliction," and even receive calls of condolence there. Too wretched to speak, yet overrun by trooping fancies that kept my nerves tense, I sat in the arm-chair Elsie wheeled forward for me, eyes so sore and dry by now that the lids would not move over them, gazing at nothing, but thinking! thinking! thinking!—always around in the same circle of lurid fire. Elsie, crouched upon a cushion at my feet, her head on my knee, was so still and for so long that I believed her asleep until at the stroke of nine she raised herself.

"That is my bedtime, Sydney."

"Yes, dear. I was about to speak of it. You would be better off in bed, even if you do not sleep."

"I do not like to leave you alone,"—all the premature womanliness in her eloquent through her wistful regards.

I reminded her that she would not leave the room, and watched her idly while she made ready for slumber. As she brushed out her hair, reddish lights ran over the chestnut waves, and her feet peeped out, small and white, beneath her gown. I told her to slip them into my bedside slippers, hers having been forgotten by the maid who brought her bag. Mine were too large for her, and she lost first one, then the other, in crossing the floor. She smiled the second time this happened.

Ah, well! she was but eleven years old. A child's horror and distressful sympathy are but ephemeral. I wondered how it would

feel for me to smile again spontaneously and gleefully. The inclination would be stranger than the act.

Elsie took a longer time than usual for her prayers. The certainty that she remembered me at length in her guileless petitions irked me. The sense of the uselessness of suing heaven to console one for whom all means of consolation were lost tempted me to rank atheism. She probably had no difficulty in repeating from the heart the petition I would not say seven nights ago. What had I to forgive at her age? I knew not so much as the meaning of "trespasses."

"Your lips are cold, and your hands!" ventured Elsie, in tender solicitude, after kissing me. "Won't you come to bed soon?"

"By and by, darling,—when I feel sleepy."

She lingered beside me, her head on my shoulder. The tips of her fingers glided lightly over the embroidery of my corsage.

"What a lovely, *lovely* gown!" escaped her involuntarily.

Until that instant I had not thought of it since I arose from the lunch-table. I glanced down at it loathingly, and Mrs. Robb's cynical jest returned to me:

"Demi-semi-douleur. A symphony in gray and silver."

I started up, setting the child aside, almost roughly; raised the window, and leaned out, that the cool breath of the night might blow upon my burning head. From a desolated earth I looked up into the vast dumb hollow of the heavens. Somewhere in illimitable space floated the disembodied spirit. Even in heaven she must pity me. But heaven was too far away to be reached by my torn and trailing thoughts.

Somewhere, thousands of miles away, the son to whom the mother had, from his babyhood up, been the first of created things, mused fondly and hopefully of speedy reunion, or, horror-stricken, was hastening homeward to get, if possible, one last look at her dead face.

The chasm dividing me from the bodiless friend was no wider or deeper than the gulf which must ever part me from my living lover.

CHAPTER VII.

THE professional nurse, Miss West, met me next morning with the official hope that I "had had a refreshing night's rest."

Elsie had refrained from asking me how I had passed the dark hours. The child's tact was like cooling lint upon a raw surface. I was up and dressed when she awoke, and she remarked neither upon this nor upon my expressed intention of going down to breakfast with her. But for the grave taciturnity that had superseded her accustomed cheerful chat, she might have seemed forgetful of yesterday's tragedy. I learned long afterward that she had gone down-stairs to the breakfast-room and suggested to the butler that no chair be set at the head of the table, and that the usual arrangement of the tea-equipage be modified so as to make the significant gap less obvious.

Tray and urn were at the side of the board, and Miss West sat behind them, an open newspaper spread over cups and saucers. Her

eyes were dilated and eager; she stayed not to hear the answer to her perfunctory query, had I meditated one.

"It will be a shock, of course, my dear Miss Salisbury, and you in no condition to receive any more shocks; but since you must see it,—— and some evil-tempered person will be sure to rush up to you with it——"

"Let me have it!" I held out my hand.

"You won't let it prey upon your spirits, will you, now? It's awful the influence newspapers have, and how it is abused——"

I was beyond her moralizings, having carried off the paper to a window.

The story of yesterday was told three times. First, and briefly, in head-lines of varying and seductive proportions, to whet the appetite. Not an element of the tragic was omitted; nothing that could shock sensibility and set at naught every delicate instinct, violate the innermost privacy of home and heart, and pander to the pruriency of vulgar curiosity, was forgotten by the social scavenger bracketed as "our special correspondent."

I—any person of clean tastes and self-respect—ought to have despised the garbage garnished into a dainty dish to set before the kings and queens of the breakfast-table. There are those who claim to be proof against the vitriolic *douche*. In the abstract their boast might have been mine, particularly as the identity of "our special correspondent" with our venomous neighbor was fully known to me before I had read a word. In reality every head-line and sub-title raised a blister; the effect of the whole which I was drawn on to read to the last word was the action of caustic acid upon flayed flesh. After the lapse of the years that give perspective to my autobiographical sketch, I cringe and cower in recalling the strange and harrowing sensation of seeing that which I could not have divulged to any creature of mortal mould paraded in bald type; the guarded chambers of imagery unroofed and gutted, and the spoils thereof vended in the market-place.

I cannot write the tale as the newspaper-woman set it forth. But the worst was there, and made doubly superlative by the supple pen.

The cowardly technicalities "it is said" and "we are told" were the shields for such declarations as that the "cardiac affection under which the unfortunate lady had labored was no secret to many of her acquaintances. That the Drs. Wentworth acted as if ignorant of the fatal complication is a criminal mystery which an enlightened and humane public will not condone without other explanation than that which the wedded pair are disposed to supply. Shrewd residents of Mapleton already couple with this latest action of the masculine member of the firm another as rash, which nearly resulted fatally for his youngest step-daughter a few days ago."

A highly-colored account of the incident at the station followed, in which was introduced the circumstance of my separate fortune and Elsie's dependence upon her mother.

"In the event of the child's death, the handsome doctor would

become sole heir of the wife whose devotion to him approximates, if it does not exceed, infatuation that is notorious. She is his senior by perhaps fifteen years, and, although his superior in intellect and education, invariably defers to his judgment. Herein, say the initiated, is the cause of the tragedy that has shocked the community. It is an established fact that Mrs. Dr. Wentworth—or Dr. Salisbury-Wentworth, as she prefers to be styled in reminiscence of the deserved eminence of her first husband—made more than one auscultation in Mrs. Upton's case. It is as certain, unless the fame of her skill be a lie, that she must have been fully aware of what the autopsy that should be demanded by public opinion will show,—*i.e.*, that the hapless lady was not a fit subject for the administration of ether or chloroform. The evidence of the professional nurse in attendance proves that the saturated napkin held to mouth and nostrils by Dr. Salisbury-Wentworth killed the patient as surely and well-nigh as quickly as if it had been a loaded pistol with a finger upon the trigger."

My betrothal to the son of the deceased was made a telling feature of the article; my presence at the "splendid luncheon (of which a detailed account appears in our society columns) given by Mrs. Rossiter Wilcox in honor of her daughter's engagement" was treated dramatically and unsparingly. "It was expedient, no doubt, that a young lady whose excitable temperament is well known to her intimates should be banished from an operating-room; but that she should select the hour of supremest anguish and peril to the mother of her betrothed, and go straight from the house over which the death-shadow was impending to a scene of revelry, her face shaded by no graver emotion than anxiety to keep her *recherché* costume unspotted from cream, wine, and gravy, is, to say the least, a remarkable development of the girl of the period. The news of the terrible casualty was conveyed to the fair and philosophic reveller between the sixth and seventh courses of the feast. With the perfect *aplomb* that characterizes the true American patrician, she requested permission from the hostess to absent herself 'for a little while,' and departed in such good form that the entertainment was not marred by uneasiness on the part of those who remained.

"Her relations to Mr. Donald Upton, who is now absent in California, threaten, in the mysterious circumstances connected with his mother's death, to assume a romantic aspect of more than melodramatic intensity."

Cuts purporting to be portraits of all the parties concerned in the "shocking affair" illustrated the three columns given up by the editorial staff to "an event of importance in society and scientific circles." I may add here that the originals, which had been abstracted from an album in Mrs. Upton's library, were returned in good order some days thereafter, accompanied by Mrs. Thomas Robb's card.

In those three columns of nonpareil type, *The Clarion*, mighty, impersonal, and irresponsible, cited, testified, argued, convicted and sentenced a household that, up to yesterday noon, had maintained a reputation for respectability and benevolence. In the hour of a woe that seemed to lack no element of anguish, the denial to the tormented ones

of the sad, sweet drops of human sympathy that might have wetted their parched tongues was ostentatious and gratuitous. To the outside world, until now ignorant of our existence, we were held up as monsters of ingratitude and cruelty. Whatever of moderate palliation of the enormity of our sin might be admitted to the incorruptible pages in days to come, journalistic policy and precedent would exclude from *The Clarion* refutal of the charges printed upon the evidence of a single flippant, bad-tempered woman.

I folded the paper and put it, in mechanical and unconscious satire, under the family Bible that lay upon a table near by.

"Your coffee is getting cold, my dear," said the nurse, who, as "quite the lady," made herself at home at every family board, and "my-deared" everybody except her inferiors.

What a ghastly, tedious farce was the outward observance of times, seasons, and trite ceremonies, when the foundations of our life and world were destroyed! Yet, with Miss West behind the urn, what other common ground was there?

Something in my face, or the studious reserve I maintained with regard to the newspaper-story, warned her to discretion, and Elsie betrayed no curiosity by glance or word.

We were still at the table when a telegram was brought in. It was directed to me, and from Don:

"*Will be with you Wednesday night. Take care of yourself.*"

Don's tastes and feeling were fine. He would never have written "God bless you!" upon a postal card, or sentimentalized at two cents per word upon a telegraphic form; so that second sentence was fraught with a volume of sorrow, of longing and of love, to my comprehension. It meant that the thought of me and the hope of our meeting were all that stood between him and despair. It purported, furthermore, that his heart was overflowing with tenderest compassion for me, suddenly bereft of my second mother.

"Take care of yourself—*for me*," I read between the lines. "Now that she is gone, to whom else can I turn for consolation? For God's sake, care watchfully for my most precious treasure!

"Take care of yourself—until I can be with you, to cherish and comfort and protect you from all that love can avert of pain or loss.

"Take care of yourself—for she is no longer with you to brood over and guide her daughter."

I locked the despatch up in my jewel-chest; I have it still; I shall keep it always. The daily letter from Don was received by the morning mail, but I left the seal unbroken. I had no right to read what he had written in ignorance of the events of yesterday. The same mail brought a letter for his mother. I eluded Miss West's watchfulness, and made my way, unseen by Elsie or the watchful Rosalie, to the chamber of which nobody spoke, yet which was the fixed centre of every thought. The key was on the outside of the door. I withdrew it from the lock and shut myself in. The room was so dark that it was a moment before I could make out the outline of the odious lounge still standing in the middle of the floor. Bowls of roses and chrysanthemums were upon table and mantel, but the blended perfume did not

overcome, to my diseased fancy, the smell that had been strongest here yesterday. I knelt by the couch and drew aside the linen sheet.

Could death wear so fair a guise? The quick, gentle touch of the black-browed angel had smoothed away the few lines graven by time and care upon the lovely face. There was even something like archness in the smile that almost parted the lips.

In our bedtime Bible-reading a few nights before, she had talked with me of one of the beautiful new truths that were continually drifting to her by a sort of spiritual gravitation, and which she was always eager to share with others. To give was ever to double a joy for her. The words at which she had arrested the reading were these:

"*To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.*"

She explained that the text in the original held a subtle intimation of a glorious surprise-gift kept by the Father against the home-coming of each of His children.

"A gift so well worth the waiting for that He cannot help giving us a hint of it to keep us in good heart when the day is dark and the way rough," she said, with the same happy smile I now looked upon. "Yet something that cannot be told while we are 'in the body pent.' We could not comprehend it, and be content to live. As an earthly parent might let a line slip into a letter to his absent boy or girl,—'I will not tell you what it is, for I am hoarding it as a joyful surprise for you. Imagine what you please. The reality is sure to transcend in beauty and value the anticipation.' Why, girlie! I lived upon that one 'finding' for days after it came to me. I am afraid I was almost impatient for the hour when the beautiful reserved portion shall be revealed to me."

The secret and the exceeding joy of it were hers now.

For a brief space the peace of the thought, like a placid river, went over my soul. I remembered no more the anguish of total bereavement, in sympathy with the unutterable blessedness of her entrance upon the changeless Now and Forevermore. Gazing upon the mysterious radiance of the smile, the sweet significance of which was but an intimation of the "to be revealed," I felt, presently, warm dimness steal over my aching eyes; then a rush of weeping hid her from me.

It was a fitting close to her earthly ministry that I should leave at her feet the fierce, bitter nature she would have reckoned alien to that of the girl she knew, and arise from my knees when the paroxysm had spent itself, still sorrowful as unto death in spirit, but no longer rebellious and vindictive. I kissed the sealed letters I had brought with me, and hid them beneath the still folds covering her heart.

"*You* understand why neither of them belongs to me!" I whispered. In the act I felt that I gathered up in my trembling hands what poor remains of my life were left, acknowledging in contrition that, since God had given it, it were sin to despise it, even in ruins. I had reached the door and taken hold of the key, when an impulse, a guardian angel—why not she?—must have awakened, turned me back. I knelt again, and, laying my arm over my darling, repeated without

omission the Master's Prayer-Lesson to His own. I added, reciting still as from the prompter's dictation,—

"*For if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses.*"

As it passed my lips I became conscious of a light, unequal tread lingering in the hall, passing the room, halting and returning, pausing at the door, then going on. It was, as I suspected, Elsie. She wore hat and jacket; her face was colorless, her great eyes anxious.

"Ah, Sydney!" catching her breath at my appearance. "I did not like to disturb you. Papa has sent the carriage for us. Mamma is worse again."

She hesitated before passing to me a note directed to her, not to me. It was written in pencil, and the uneven characters bore but a general resemblance to Dr. Wentworth's clerkly script:

"*Your mother is dangerously ill. Cannot one of her daughters come to her? R. W.*"

"We will both go, and at once," I said. "We can do no good here now."

Dr. Gibney was coming out of the front door when we reached home, and turned back to tell us the story of the night and morning. The rally of our mother's forces to arrange, as she believed we would wish, that we should spend the night under Mrs. Upton's roof, sustained her during the homeward drive. She did not speak on the road, but sat erect and apparently composed in her corner of the carriage. When it stopped she alighted and walked steadily into the house. At the foot of the stairs she sank, helpless, speechless, almost lifeless. She was carried to her bed, and had not moved or spoken since.

"It is nervous prostration of the most serious type," pronounced the old doctor. "What will be the result I dare not predict, but it is my duty to tell you, Sydney, that reason and life are threatened. The shock of yesterday, supervening upon what may have been a prolonged mental strain, is responsible for her condition. One thing more,"—dropping his voice and beckoning me into the drawing-room out of hearing of Elsie, and of possible listeners above-stairs,—"it is safe to confide to you, my dear child, my impression that Dr. Wentworth's presence is not salutary at this juncture: I should say decidedly the reverse of soothing. Her eyes assume what I might characterize as a certain troubled wildness at sight of him. Her pulse fluctuates dangerously when he enters the room or approaches her. I have intimated something of this to him, and he did not receive it as I could have desired, I regret to say. In fact, he was palpably disposed to resent the communication, which, I assured him, was professional, not friendly; unequivocally professional, and as indubitably not friendly or personal. Mrs. Wentworth turned her eyes toward me when I spoke of summoning you. I received it, I believe, with reason, as an indication of a natural desire to have you with her. I am equally confident that Miss West's attendance would not be sedative. Are you sufficiently composed to undertake the charge of your mother at this crisis? If so, I will leave my orders with you."

He sank his voice to a whisper when I had assured him that I would allow nobody else to perform the sacred duty.

"Above all things, and before everything, keep away from her so much as the rustle of a newspaper! One hint of what appeared in to-day's *Clarion* would be fatal to her. And I may say the same of the creak of a reporter's shoes,—let it be Mrs. Robb or any other interviewer. The printer's font and the assassin's bullet are cast from the same material, and—God forgive me!—I had nearly said that both are sometimes run in the fires of hell! The traditional bird-of-the-air was a blind snail by comparison with the gentry that nose out all we are least willing to have other people know. Now that you breathe naturally and your color has come back, we will go up-stairs. Let Midget come, too!" holding out a kindly hand to Elsie, hovering about the stair-foot. "She is too much like a shadow to disturb anybody."

My mother's eyes moved slightly when we stood beside her; and in holding her hand, as I kissed it, I fancied that I felt a tremor in the middle of the palm. Aside from these tokens of life, and the faint, slow respiration we had to stoop to hear, she lay motionless and irresponsive for nine days and ten nights.

After the plain hint of his brother-physician, Dr. Wentworth kept obtrusively out of the way. The scrupulousness of his self-imposed quarantine would have driven me frantic had not my thoughts been absorbed by weightier matters. He even avoided the second story, lest his step should be recognized. A folding-bed was set up for him in the library, but the gas-glare that was not so much as shaded all night proclaimed to passers-by, as to the inmates of the house, how little use he had for sleeping-accommodations. By day he walked the length of the two parlors and the dining-room in the rear, until his beat was perceptible upon the nap of the velvet carpets. He received visitors while he thus strode back and forth, and, having the field of narrative to himself, said what he liked and as he pleased to say it. He was a born *poseur*, and Fate was generous in granting him opportunities for the practice of his specialty.

On the fourth morning after my return he waylaid me on my way from the breakfast-room to the patient's chamber. I wore felt shoes and a gown that did not rustle, but he drew his brows together at the slight sound I made in passing along the hall.

"If *I* were in charge of your patient, I should recommend precaution that would insure more than nominal quiet," he said, plaintively. "I have known a person suffering from nervous prostration to go into spasms at the tread of a fly upon her pillow. I beg your pardon and that of Dr. Gibney and his colleague for the presumption of the suggestion. I should also apologize for detaining you now. How is your mother this morning?"

I made respectful reply, and he hearkened hungrily to each detail, sighing profoundly at the conclusion. With ostentation of reticence he bit back something he had nearly spoken, and turned with difficulty to the cause of the detention.

"It is but right that you should know what is the natural and

inevitable result of the *régime* established in the house of which I have never been the master except by courtesy. I allude to the transfer into other hands of the care of her who, were she conscious, would rise in indignant protest against my exile. And this is but a part of the consequences of Dr. Gibney's autocracy and your blind submission to it, if, indeed, it *be* blind. *Read that!*"

My eye followed the dramatic stroke of his forefinger upon a paragraph in the newspaper he handed me:

"The mystery in the Wentworth-Upton case thickens. Friends are still rigorously excluded from Mrs. Dr. Salisbury-Wentworth's apartment. Her daughters (by a former marriage) are her custodians, and, with the alleged connivance of local practitioners, forbid the entrance of everybody else. The husband, Dr. Raymond Wentworth, is no exception to this law of banishment, and is reported to be greatly afflicted by the extraordinary measure. A rumor was current last evening that Dr. Salisbury-Wentworth was dead. It was afterward contradicted by Dr. Gibney, who, with provincial obstinacy, refuses to give the public any satisfactory account of his patient's condition. His reserve lends color to the story that the principal actor in the calamitous experiment that has deprived the community of its brightest ornament lies at the point of dissolution, in consequence of an unsuccessful attempt at self-destruction. Her apologists suggest that remorse drove her to this extreme step. Cooler heads are nodded over the possibilities of a criminal prosecution——"

I dropped the paper and put my hands over my eyes. The dry ache in my throat made my ears roar and my brain swim.

Dr. Wentworth picked up the journal.

"Read on! There is worse to come!"

I pushed it away.

"That cannot be! Oh, I never dreamed that anybody could be so causelessly—so wantonly cruel! Why does not some one—why do not *you*—insist that these horrible slanders shall be retracted?"

"What could I say?"

His tone was low and hard, so singular that I looked at him inquiringly. One hand crumpled the newspaper into close folds; the other was thrown behind him. His fine eyes were contracted and bright; his pose was picturesque.

"What would you have me say?" altering the phraseology of the query, but not the cutting emphasis.

"That the fault was less hers than yours!" My courage rose into audacity. "That your decision and her action were against her better judgment; that she yielded through fear of wounding and displeasing you. Other physicians have waived their opinions in deference to a colleague. Assume a share of the blame. Think how smitten and helpless she is, how her life hangs upon a hair! She may never be able to plead her own cause against this wicked injustice. You are her husband. She has no other protector. Oh, if *I* were but a man!"

I wrung my hands in impotent distress.

My step-father's visage changed oddly while I talked, from pallor to purple, and then to the color of dead ashes. Pale muscles stood

out tense about the well-cut mouth; the light in his eyes was not pleasant to see; but the strangest thing was a strangled hiss in the thorax at the close of each sentence.

"I have not to learn for the first time your sentiments with regard to the man honored in your mother's choice of a partner for the life of one of the contracting parties. I believe, however, that you have not, up to this hour, essayed to school me as to my duty as a man and a husband. Were you more familiar with the circumstances of Mrs. Upton's decease, you might abate your zeal for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If you wish, I—or Miss West—can put you into possession of the facts of the case. Should you, after hearing these, persist in your demand that I should take the public into confidence, I will accede to it. Whether or not such obedience will prove me a man will depend upon the tastes of my readers."

He tore the paper twice across, rolled each half into a ball, and tossed them into the waste-basket.

"When you are older and wiser you will comprehend how much easier it is to rush into print than to rush out. It is barely possible, also, that you may scrape a bowing acquaintance with the practical wisdom of letting sleeping dogs lie. Barely possible, I say, because your sex as a body is intent upon pursuing the contrary course. You look amazed at this plainness of speech. I have been tempted to it before, again and again, but a feeling with which you do not credit me —regard for your mother—has restrained me. Without going into particulars, let me close this dialogue by advising you to ask few questions concerning what has occurred within the past week. Should Mr. Donald Upton push his inquiries to the length of a civil or criminal suit, I shall be so unmanly as to defend myself and the male members of the profession. Unless forced to speak openly, I shall act upon the practical hint given you just now, and not stir up an ugly cur."

He made me a magnificent bow and went over to his promenade in the drawing-room opposite.

He had never liked me. He was now my open enemy.

CHAPTER VIII.

DONALD would be at home ("*with you*," the despatch had said) on Wednesday night.

Ah me! that any conjunction of evils could make me dread that home-coming as the condemned criminal the fatal chair and the electric current!

He would expect to see me upon his arrival. He had pictured to himself how I would receive him—no one else—in the hall of the desolated house; would stay his breaking heart with loving word and caress.

Mrs. Wilcox—my mother's friend, as she had been Mrs. Upton's—consented to meet him at the station and tell him the particulars of the

fearful event on the way home. The telegram had stated baldly that his mother had "died suddenly." The kind neighbor would not intimate to him what the papers he had had no opportunity to see in his hurried journey had bruited to gentle and simple, in the disinterested spirit of journalistic enterprise.

In time, the whole revolting story must be made known to him, and he would be prepared by the horror it inspired for what I could not defer much longer,—the announcement that we must be strangers hereafter. When Miss West, who remained in charge of the house until the funeral, had had her say, and a dozen other tongues had confirmed her statement, he would understand my absence. I wrote a brief note and sent it off in season to Rosalie's care, with instructions to her to give it to Mr. Upton as soon as he was alone. Every word had been conned and weighed a hundred times, yet it read like a hurried scrawl. It began without date or address:

"My mother is ill,—perhaps dying. I cannot leave her for one minute. God pity and help us all! *S. S."*

After Elsie went to bed that night, I sat down in the shaded room beside the moveless figure on the bed, and waited.

For what? I persuaded myself it was only to hearken for the distant shriek of the engine which would leave Don at the station. The street and sidewalks in front of the house were muffled with tan-bark; the whole neighborhood was unusually still. I caught the far-off rumble of the train among the hills before the whistle signalled the approach to Mapleton. Then, with an owlish screech, a jingle of the bell, and the "puff! puff!" with which it began to climb the steeper grade beyond our plateau, it was away.

In five minutes the traveller would be at the door in which imagination would always frame the figure that had awaited his coming as child, boy, and man. In fancy I saw him glance quickly in that direction upon alighting from the carriage, so strong would be the habit of five-and-twenty years.

I held my hand over my mouth to suppress a groan. And less than a fortnight ago mother and betrothed had planned the home-festival that was to celebrate this very return! If it be true that

> Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,

the weight of rosemary and rue bowed my young forehead low to the dust that evening.

The vigil was dreesome at best, after the voices in the street and the subdued movement of shutting up the house subsided. It was more like the watch beside a corpse than nursely guard upon the living. Not a clock in the house was suffered to strike; even the ticking of a watch caused the patient's pulse to waver wildly. I could only guess at the time told off by the bell of the white spire I had watched so often from my window in the Upton homestead. Don's train was in at ten o'clock. My note was purposely worded so as to keep him from breaking upon the dead quiet of the anxious household, and he might

refrain from sending a letter lest the ringing of the door-bell should be a disturbance. Had a note arrived, I should not dare to open it in the chamber, or venture to leave my mother long enough to read it.

Yet I listened and waited, and longed and sickened, minute after minute, until a faint, single stroke from the church-spire tore fond, foolish hope from my heart. I had thought myself prepared for separation and silence. I had fainted and fallen in the earliest and briefest stage of the solitary pilgrimage. To know that he was in the same town with me, sitting where we had sat together times without number, yet that he made no effort to see or communicate with me, was bitterer than death. All the night long, in the compulsory inaction of my office, I tortured myself by sketching him as likewise a watcher over a still shape, and that shape a mother's. My spirit flung viewless arms about him; kissed the grief-swollen eyes and pale lips; mingled my tears with his. It was unnatural and violent that he should suffer and I not comfort him. Thus dreaming and thus reasoning, I would resign myself to the sweet agony of the imaginary interview, until a hand on which was blood seemed to start into sight and push us apart.

My mother's maid relieved my watch at three o'clock. I breakfasted at seven, alone, and, after giving orders for the day, was ready to return to my post, when a note was handed me. There was but one word in it.

That was "*Amen!*"

"God pity and help us all!" I had said.

He could make no response but this. It told me all that was needed. Having heard the terrible story, his conclusion was the same as mine. Our union would be an insult to his mother's memory. In the dead of the night preceding her funeral he had set pen to paper as he would have laid a stone above the grave of buried love and hope. Neither of us had sinned against the other, but the rupture was complete and decisive. Our only hope was in the boundless compassion and sustaining grace of the Father who must pity us in our extremity. Even He could not undo the irrevocable. Elsie had said truly that nothing could put things back where they were.

In stoniest calm I sat me down again in the ghostly stillness of that upper chamber. At stated intervals we administered nourishment and stimulants; the doctors crept in on soundless feet and questioned me with eyes, not lips. My answer was as mute. There was no change in her. They asked me nothing of myself, or I could have made the same reply, unless that suspense was over, and certain sorrow, distinct in every black outline, had entire mastery of my spirit.

The monotony of gloom and silence lasted throughout the day in the which my dead, as well as Don's, was buried out of sight. In my outward world the day was like unto the five that had preceded it. Beyond the four walls of the vault that shut me in with the motionless form upon the bed, the only difference to me in all the realm of nature was that one more fresh grave scarred the breast of the earth.

The night-taper had been burning for an hour when Elsie glided in like a shadow. In her hand was a sheet of paper on which she had written in large characters, easily decipherable in the half-light,—

"Don is down-stairs. I will stay with mamma."

In the thrill that tingled through me I half arose. Then I set my lips and shook my head. At her look of consternation I motioned that she must send him away, that I could not and would not see him. Imperatively, even angrily, I signed her to go and deliver my message as I had given it, and without delay. Tears were in her eyes as she obeyed and left me to my misery.

Not until the change of my watch at three o'clock did I write the letter that was to prevent a recurrence of the crucial trial of visit and denial. I was unstrung in mind and body, and poured my soul out in the pages that grew fast under my pen. I told him of my love and my certainty of his, and how precious was the recollection of the unbroken brightness of that mutual affection in the blessed years forever overpast. I told him that his death or mine could not dig a deeper pit or build a higher wall than the event with which neither of us had to do had put between our lives. I prayed that strength might be given us to bear ourselves, when parted, bravely as God-fearing man and woman; that we might be kept from bitterness and despair. I begged him to believe that I should ever be thankful that I had known him, always proud that he had loved me and sought me for his wife.

He called that forenoon, not losing one minute after reading my letter. When I refused to see him, he sat down in the library—Dr. Wentworth being absent for an hour—and wrote a passionate protest. I have it now. I shall keep it while I live. When I die it shall be buried with me. I had utterly misconstrued the "Amen" which was all he had nerve or heart to pen in the prostration induced by his rapid journey and the overwhelming grief of his return. Had my mother murdered his in cold blood, instead of having hastened her death by lack of judgment, the shock of the disaster should have drawn us more nearly together, not parted us. Only his death or mine could do that. Grievous as was his need of my companionship and sympathy in his loneliness and sorrow, he would wait without murmuring until my mind was more free to weigh what he had put forward than while under the stress of present circumstance. He would never give me up, unless I should assure him by word of mouth and in a calm and less distressful day that I had ceased to love him.

I have said that I treasured the letter as a dear and sacred thing. I did not answer it, and he wrote no more, divining, perhaps, that I would not trust myself to open and read further appeals. He adopted another method of keeping himself in my thoughts and of letting me know how continually I was in his. Every evening, between five and six o'clock, there came to me, enveloped in tissue-paper and tied with narrow ribbon of the same color as the flower, a single immense chrysanthemum, unaccompanied by card or message. Sometimes it was a great fluffy ball of golden fringe; again what looked like a ragged cluster of crimped white floss; then an almost perfect sphere of tenderest pink petals or of glowing carnation; now a globe of delicate mauve, shading into snow, or a hemisphere with a base of red-brown, clarified into a heart of orange-flame. Each flower was without a flaw, and none was like the rest. I could not return them to a

nameless donor; to refuse to receive them would excite curious comment; to leave them below-stairs would evoke a smile or covert taunt from Dr. Wentworth. So, when Elsie had brought the first to my room in the rest-hour the maid insisted upon allotting to me, I suffered the child to do the like each evening,—to put the beauty into water, exclaim softly upon its loveliness, and retire on tiptoe, unspoken to and unrebuked.

God only knew how I needed, during the suspenseful dreads of that protracted watch, all the silent comforters heavenly and earthly love could supply.

I could have told how the strain had told upon my physique by the growing ethereality of Elsie's never-robust frame. She did not complain, and the sweet gravity of her face was not a cloud; but I met her eyes, at times, fixed upon me, when she did not expect me to look at her, and interpreted their shadowed depths by the growing forebodings I would not voice. Even Dr. Wentworth's handsome, complacent visage grew haggard with the phenomenal continuance of the mysterious stillness which was not coma. "Nervous prostration," Dr. Gibney had named it. The younger physician talked of a "failure of co-ordination." To my untechnical apprehension her state was the lashing of a tortured sea against icy bars. I was confident that she heard every sound and took in the sense of every movement; that her mind was abnormally active. Sitting where I could see the immobile outline of her features in the dim glow of the night-lamp, I used to wonder what went on behind the mask,—what conflict of love that had risked so much, and of remorse over irremediable wrong. In confronting the King whose shadow hung almost visibly above her bed, did she repent the infatuation that had dragged down death upon her friend and destruction to her daughter's happiness? In the honest hour, was all well lost for what she had striven to gain and hold,—the affections of her superb spouse?

On the tenth night, as I have reason to recall, the thought came to me by degrees,—could my love for Don so far confound my perceptions of right and wrong, or combine so successfully against conscience, as to tempt me to actual sin? Had I been in her place, would the fear of angering him have made me an accomplice in the experiment involving another's chances of life? The answer was ready. Involuntarily I reared my head proudly, a stir of genuine gladness at my heart.

"Don would not have asked it of me! Who follows *his* lead will climb, never fall."

My mother had turned her face never so slightly and was gazing straight at me. Checking the impulse to spring to her side, I held myself still and returned the gaze in smiling composure.

"What is it, mamma dear?" I asked, softly and without eagerness.

The agonized entreaty of the hollow eyes compelled me nearer.

Moving with such caution as one employs in the capture of a frightened bird that may take fright ere the loving hand can close upon it, I moistened the dried lips stirring vainly to shape a word. When it came, hoarse and faint, it was a question, reiterated by the imploring eyes:

"Don?"

"He is at home, mamma, and well."

Another struggle, and she articulated three words, troubled shadows driving over the depths into which I still tried to smile;

"Will he forgive?"

"Truly and freely!" Did not her life depend upon my tongue? "When you are well, he will tell you so."

She looked upward in a fervor of gratitude.

"Thank God!"

In another moment she had turned her face to the pillow; the dark lashes fell prone upon the wan cheeks; her respiration was full and regular.

Afraid to prevent the blessed slumber by word or motion, I sat and watched her until Thekla, the devoted maid, entered and would have relieved me. I would not quit the room, but lay upon a lounge, feverishly wakeful and alert for signs of further change. If what had saved her life were a lie, I was glad that I had told it. But I could answer for Don. I *had* answered for him. Before he could see her I must tell him this. I could think how he would enter her room with the light, swift step whose fall upon the floor and stair of the old home was strengthful music. He would bow his noble young head over her wasted hand and verify my pledge for him, in his mother's name as in his own. Then, he must go! Come health, come death, nothing could shake me from that stand. The bloody line could not be crossed in our lifetime.

The test and the final wrench came frightfully soon. Awakening from a sound slumber of seven hours, my mother asked for Elsie, in a voice weak but natural. When the child approached, pallid and excited, yet exerting the marvellous self-control developed in so many ways of late, the feeble arms were raised to embrace her. She would have us both sit beside her; her regards went from one to the other in mournful intensity of affection. She said little, and yielded gratefully to all we proposed for her nourishment and comfort. Her grand constitution had battled hard; it rallied fast. Yet that day and night went by, and her husband's name was not mentioned by her, by the doctors, or by ourselves. That she expressed no desire to see him was warrant for our omission. Dr. Gibney shook his head at my reply to his catechism on this head.

"Take your cue from her. Insist upon nothing and oppose her in nothing. Nature has her in hand, and we must not intermeddle."

With the injunction fresh in my mind, I yet blenched and trembled at the request following the first attempt to remove her from the bed to the sofa. She had borne the change surprisingly well, had taken her luncheon with some semblance of relish, and, in calling me to her side, used a tone normal in pitch and volume.

"I must see Don, my daughter."

"Dear mamma! surely a day or two later would be more prudent."

"I can wait no longer. While I could not speak the thought was with me constantly. Send for him."

Elsie's face was all alight; rosy flushes warmed and faded in her cheeks:

"He was here awhile ago, to know how you were, mamma. He cannot have gone far. Shall I go for him?"

I interposed. By a flash of womanly intuition I comprehended that he and Elsie had been in daily communication; that, informed as to the miraculous change in the patient's state, he had come to the house, resolved not to leave it until he had seen me. No one but myself could prepare him for an interview he had not sought, yet which could not be avoided. From nobody else could he hear what I had engaged he should say and how it must be said.

"I will see to that," I said, disregarding Elsie's offer.

I made no haste in the little arrangements nurses consider necessary for the reception of a visitor to the most daintily ordered sick-chamber. A blind must be closed; the slumber-robe readjusted; a chair set near the sofa; a glass of fresh water put within reach of the invalid's hand. Then I walked, still without haste, down the staircase. I was sure of finding Don there. I believed that I was braced and armed for the interview.

One glimpse of the familiar outlines of the figure that hurried toward me, his back to the strong light of the drawing-room windows, overthrew the reserves of factitious fortitude. As the light from the door in which I paused fell upon him, another surprise overtook me.

He was changed as by the lapse of years since our parting, and sorrow had refined his features into a likeness to his mother that was new and startling. A deluge of memories, of longing, of love despairing, yet unutterable, dashed over me.

"Sydney! darling!" said the remembered voice, deepened by emotion.

"Don! Oh, Don!"

I was in his arms, pressed close to the great true heart, and for some minutes our tears said what speech could not. He had been mine for so long and so entirely, our common grief was so poignant, and each stood in such need of the other, that the sternest censor may forgive my culpable weakness. It passed quickly. Before I could stay my tears I released myself and began my remonstrance:

"This is all wrong, Don! And if it were not, we have no time for thoughts of ourselves. Mamma wants to see you. Your name was the first word she spoke when she regained her speech and senses. She will not be put off, weak as she is and great as is the risk of excitement. And I have promised that you will forgive her," hurrying on with what must be uttered. "If I had not, she might—I think she would—have died. If you can find it in your heart to tell her the same, it would be a great kindness. She has been terribly punished, Don."

I could get no further, yet not one sentence of my premeditated appeal had been spoken.

He had both of my hands, and drew them together in his as he replied:

"My poor love! how wildly you talk! Do you know so little of

my mother's son as to imagine that all this pleading is necessary to make me tell your mother a little of the sorrowful pity that is in my heart for her? When she is well, and your nerves have recovered their tone, I must reason out the matter with you. Shall we go up now, dear?"

He put his arm about me, took my handkerchief from my hand, and wiped my eyes as I might Elsie's, gave me one gentle, tender kiss, and, keeping me in the bend of his arm, led me up the staircase, and so into the presence of her whose fault had orphaned him.

A sterner nature than his might have relented at the anguished prayer of the eyes bent upon the door as we entered. The thin hands were raised and clasped in a passion of supplication at his approach. He dropped upon one knee to bring his face near the level of hers, folding the wasted, shaking fingers in his strong clasp.

"Do not try to speak," he said, gently. "I know all, I understand all. There can be no question of forgiveness between you and me. What was done was in the full persuasion that it was best. I have never doubted that. As her dear friend and as Sydney's mother, you can never be less than dear to me. Help me to say, 'The will of the Lord be done!'"

Did ever God make a nobler man than this one whom my own hand must put away from me? Did ever minister to one ready to perish bring a more blessed gospel than that which the full, manly tones recited in the eager ears?

I stood motionless in body. In spirit I had fallen to the ground to kiss the feet of my darling who was also my mother's saviour.

She drew a long, shuddering sigh. Such must Christian have heaved in losing his burden. A faint smile lit the mournful eyes.

"Sydney will thank you. I never can. God will bless you. I am not worthy. I would have saved your mother's life at the expense of my own if I could."

"I believe it!" interposed Don, soothingly. "Do not weary yourself by repeating it. When I next see you, you will be stronger and better able to talk. Good-by."

He raised her hand to his lips,—the hand that had held the accursed handkerchief to his mother's face. Could the purest and loftiest ideal of Christian charity go further with this remorseful soul? I wondered that my mother could accost me with a semblance of tranquillity:

"My daughter, take him down-stairs and call Elsie. She must bring my husband to me. He must hear what Don has said. Then I can rest—and try to live."

In the solemn excitement of the scene it yet occurred to me to wonder if she had denied herself the solace of her husband's society until she was absolved of the sin that had cost her so dear. Was the penance of like strain with that which made a hermit of Prince Guy within sight of his castle-towers, and a black-veiled nun of the repentant La Vallière?

Then—for the love of the young is ever selfish—I forgot all else in apprehension of the interview I could not now avert or postpone.

Having met face to face, Don and I must come to a full understanding as to our future relations. As we turned into the drawing-room, Elsie came flying down the stairs and tapped at the closed door of the library. There was a low colloquy; the child's tones were happy and agitated, the husband's equable and complacent, as of one to whom justice had been rendered after many days. Don and I looked at one another as the firm tread mounted the stairway. Sudden crimson rushed over the young man's face; he clinched his fist.

"Heaven forgive me if I misjudge him! but I have conceived an aversion for that man which may be as unreasonable as it is deadly. I am thankful I was not asked to pardon *him*. Are you sure, Sydney, that the whole fault was not his? I would give my right hand to clear that poor sufferer up-stairs of participation in his blunder. *I* may not —I do not blame her, but self-reproach is killing her by inches."

In his presence the spring of tears could not be bound.

"Oh, Don!" I sobbed, "would my heart be broken if it were not true? It is this that is killing me. She was never dearer than at this moment when I cannot defend her to you. She loves that man blindly—madly—*wickedly!* Her infatuation has cursed her life and ours. Is it to be wondered at that I rave when I think of it?"

He held me fast when I would have rushed away to hide my transport of grief and despair.

"Hush, dear," he said, solemnly. "Nothing but our own wrong-doing can curse our lives. Unhappy we may and must be. Such wounds as ours do not heal in a week or a year. But love, and time, and divine grace for daily needs do heal, or none of us would outlive a first sorrow. And by and by—my mother would have it to be soon, I know—you will come to me, and let me help carry your load."

I made him see (or so I thought) that this could never be. I went over the ground my thoughts had trampled for the past fortnight until I knew every turn and outlook. I refused to hear counter-statements; I was deaf to argument. A resolute spirit—whether holy or unholy I cannot say (God knows!)—carried me onward until I saw him, baffled and sorrow-stricken, leave the house, and walk slowly, never looking back in the direction of the home I had refused ever to enter again.

I had the rest of the day for triumph in my victory, or mourning over the beaten sods hiding my slain hopes. Dr. Wentworth was in his wife's room, and she required no other attendant.

CHAPTER IX.

My step-father's behavior during my mother's tedious convalescence was more than exemplary. It neared sublimity in devotion and magnanimity. His patience was illimitable; his devices for enlivening the monotony of the guarded chamber were ingenious and inexhaustible. He contrived dainty and delicious meals; fed her with his own hands; brought flowers and fruits to her side; read aloud by the hour in the rich voice whose intonations were a charm against weariness, and in

every glance and word and action gave evidence of profound gratitude at her return to the right self that awarded him the highest place in her heart and esteem. One might have sneered at the assiduity of this second wooing, had the effect of his policy upon the patient been less obvious. If she had loved him before, she seemed now to adore him, drawing in animation and vigor from his abundant vitality; deferring to his will in matters great and small, with what struck me sometimes as eager servility.

To her children she was affectionate, appreciative of the trifling services we were permitted to offer her, and solicitous lest our long confinement in her room might be responsible for the change she could not but observe in our looks. Yet, even while she remarked upon this, or talked of winter plans for the household, she would break off in the middle of a sentence with a flush of almost painful pleasure at the sound of her husband's step or voice, and, after his appearance, had eyes, ears, and thoughts for him alone. She never appeared quite content unless he were by her, her head upon his bosom, or her hand locked in his.

For what was she trying to atone to him? I vexed myself uselessly with the problem, as with the mystery of his exclusion from her chamber until after she had implored and obtained Don's forgiveness. She never named Don in her husband's presence, or seemed to think of him. Occasionally and casually she asked me if he were well and what he was doing. I replied as if I saw him daily. I had not spoken with him since the day he came to see her.

Knowing me as she did, and the strength of convictions founded upon principles learned from herself, could she imagine that the exchange of words between the son of the murdered woman and herself could affect the damning fact that severed the victim's child from hers? In her anxiety to make up to her wedded lord for possible damage done his reputation by dutiful acquiescence in his decree, to win him to forgetfulness of their joint and disastrous blunder, had she no thought for two lives that acquiescence and that blunder had wrecked?

I had no one with whom to discuss the haunting problems. To no one could I have propounded them except to the man with whom I dared not allow myself to confer. He had not protested against what I had assured him was my ultimatum, nor had he called upon my mother or myself. Not that he furnished food for gossip by shunning the house. In defiance of popular opinion as formulated in "Our Society Column," he took Elsie to walk or drive every fine day.

I made but one stipulation when he wrote a note to me asking permission "to perform this brotherly office to the child, whose languor and growing thinness had excited his uneasiness, as he was sure they must mine." I thanked him in my reply for his solicitude, and gratefully accepted the offer of what would delight Elsie and soon bring back her lost bloom. I begged, however, that no reference should be made to the changed relations between him and myself. She must know everything before long, but I would not grieve her while she was so far from well. To carry out the pious concealment, I used to go to

the drawing-room window to see her off, receiving Don's bow with the kiss she tossed back to me as they drove or walked away.

My heart had no other sustenance than these chance glimpses, beyond my little sister's affection. I stood forlorn and almost forgotten on the outside of the fenced garden of my mother's heart. Since what "our special correspondent" still alluded to once in a while as the "late scandal in our best circles," I held myself haughtily aloof from village intimates. Mrs. Wilcox and Kate had gone to a New York hotel for a couple of months, and in their absence calls of friendliness and ceremony became fewer and fewer. Mrs. Robb had forced her way in twice, and seen no one except Dr. Wentworth. At the third visit, paid after his installation as nurse, she was civilly informed at the door that "all the family were engaged." It was an impolitic measure, but what mattered that? We were a marked household. We had been "talked about;" our private affairs had "got into the papers." The Mapleton *élite* had always had stifled scruples concerning the reception into full and regular fellowship in their order of a woman who could write "M.D." after her name and had actually practised her profession to maintain herself and younger child. It was odd, if "all was right" in her first marriage, that Dr. Salisbury's will should have settled a considerable and specific sum upon his first-born and left the widow and baby unprovided for. Under the shield of Dr. Wentworth's name and character, his wife could have lived down unpleasant rumors had she been content to deport herself as a gentlewoman should. By overruling her husband's better judgment in her thirst for unfeminine pursuits, she had ruined herself and injured him. "C. A. R." led a lively crusade against women-doctors, in which half the papers in the country took part. Thanks to this agitation, the nine-days' wonder was debated for twenty-seven—and more. People looked up at our house in passing, and a sketch of Donald Upton at his mother's grave illustrated one of a series of newspaper letters upon "our suburban cemeteries."

These were the circumstances under which Don chose to advertise his continued connection with us by the only means left to him. He rarely showed himself in our streets unaccompanied by Elsie. She had not returned to school. Without consulting my mother, I assumed the responsibility of keeping her at home. She should not be ostracized or baited by supercilious and inquisitive classmates. I gave up most of the forenoon to teaching her. The afternoons she spent with Don. The evenings after her early bedtime were passed by me in solitude made heavier by those "happier things."

As Elsie regained her former looks, I lost strength, appetite, and interest in existence. So apathetic did I become that nothing hurt me much or long. There was dull satisfaction in the belief that I had lost susceptibility to pain.

From this delusion I was aroused as by an earthquake. One November afternoon, so raw that I had doubted for a time the propriety of allowing Elsie to go walking with her usual escort, and wound my own fur boa about her throat, I lingered at the window through which I had watched the pedestrians until they were lost to sight at a remote turn of their route. Elsie had danced down the walk to the gate to

meet Don, having been on the lookout for him. Her small face and head seemed to move with difficulty in the gray fluffiness from which they arose when she waved her farewell. The sparkle of eyes and smile reminded me of a planet twinkling out of a cloud. A fair and winsome thing was this one possession of mine, and I was never so entirely satisfied as to her safe-keeping and happiness as when she was thus accompanied. A hard pain assailed my heart, a tightness my throat, at the anticipation of her distress when the truth should be unfolded to her. It was singular that she remained so long utterly unsuspicious of a rupture that involved much to her and much more to me whom she ardently loved.

"I beg your pardon," said my step-father's voice at my elbow. He smiled slightly and not agreeably at my start; there was exaggerated respect in the inclination of his Antinöus head before me,—lorn, and esteemed by few, and by none less than by himself.

"Can you spare me a few minutes?" he inquired, ceremoniously.

I had nothing to do, and nobody knew *this* better than he.

I sat down, and waited for him to begin. Ours were elegant parlors, and they used to be cosily home-like. The arrangement of the furniture was not altered, yet as I glanced listlessly around me they had the look of a body out of which the spirit had fled. Chairs and sofas were stiffer for my knowledge that they had not been sat in for days; the walls were dead because it had been so long since they threw back merry sounds.

It might have been an accidental choice of positions that brought Dr. Wentworth's back to the light while I faced the windows looking down the street. The row of elms massed along the vista were like clumps of dun mist, so fine and thick was the lace-work of naked twigs. The highway was black with wet, and fitful passions of wind carried hurrying flocks of dead leaves before them. The clouds were not heavy, but they were a continuous curtain, and drawn closely down behind the hills. The scene was lightless; the room felt chilly when Dr. Wentworth began to speak:

"You may anticipate the tenor of my communication; so I need not waste time in prefatory remarks. As matters stand, you must see that it would not be expedient or pleasant that we should continue to live in Mapleton. Did not your mother's health require a change of residence, the attitude of the community with regard to her demands it, and imperatively. We—she and I—have therefore decided to sail for Europe early in January, even before then, should she be strong enough for the voyage. Elsie would naturally accompany us. You, being of age and mistress of a sufficient fortune, must use your own pleasure as to going or staying. Should you prefer to go, there will be no difficulty in letting this house furnished. If, as your mother inclines to believe, you should object to becoming one of the party, she suggests that Mr. Donald Upton's wish would probably be to hasten your marriage. *I* offer no advice, or even opinion, on the subject."

He had not thrown away a word. The dilemma, so nonchalantly stated, so horrible to me, was before me. Mapleton of late had been dreary and inclement to our shorn fold, but it was *home*, and Don was

in it. I might never speak to him again, or touch his hand, but we breathed the same air; there were blessed whiles in which our paths crossed one another, when the sight of him was vouchsafed to my weary eyes, and Elsie's prattle of him kept my heart from starvation. And the alternative,—brutally set forth if my tormentor suspected the truth, brought forth in indifference as brutal if he were ignorant,—how was I to exclude it from the discussion? how break off here and now all talk of hastening what was never to be?

My lips were stiff and cold; my voice died in my throat in the first effort to articulate.

"I beg your pardon," said my step-father again, in dry civility.

"How long will you probably remain abroad?"

He shrugged his shapely shoulders.

"That will depend upon health and inclination. We shall not revisit Mapleton for several years, and may decide to spend those years on the other side. Your mother remarked this afternoon that if you were already married and settled here, and desired particularly to have your sister with you, she might be prevailed upon to leave her in your charge. Unless placed in a foreign boarding-school, a child of that age gets little good from going abroad. That is a matter that can be settled later. It is contingent, of course, upon your action and Mr. Upton's."

For an instant fancy slipped the leash of reason, and leaped forward joyously toward the picture conjured up by his last utterances. A house and home of my own,—Don's house and mine,—with Elsie to have and to hold, and the ocean between us and the man who had robbed me of everything else of worth! The clouds opened above my head and let heaven's boundless glory through.

Gloom and chill had wrapped me close before I attempted reply.

"You have taken me so entirely by surprise that I must have time for deliberation," rising to end what I could not have endured for another instant. "I will think the matter over, and give you my answer to-morrow."

He, too, had arisen.

"As you wish," coldly. "I must, however, stipulate that you do not force discussion of an agitating topic upon your mother. She is unequal to it."

"I had not thought of it," I said, in even more freezing brevity.

"That is well. I am relieved that you show her thus much consideration."

He looked out of the window, evidently with a single eye to the chances of storm, breathing an air of Schubert between lips pursed for whistling, and betook himself leisurely to his wife's sitting-room. She was sufficiently recovered to leave her bed-chamber during the day.

It did not occur to me then, nor for long afterward, that he had used her name unjustifiably in the communication which he implied she had empowered him to make. To this hour I am ignorant how much falsehood was woven into the web of fact, but sober reflection suggests doubts that would then have been balm to my wounded spirit.

I was afraid of myself; afraid of the desperation of loneliness that

enveloped and suffocated me; afraid of the wild impulses surging upon one another, icy waves, bitter as brine, stinging like hail. Hardly knowing what I did, or why, except that the air of the house bought with my father's money, the house in which Elsie had been born, and from which this man, my mother's husband, had the right to thrust me into the street, was intolerable, I snatched from the hall-rack a shawl, and got myself from the shelter of the roof that covered him and the mother who had forsaken her first-born. Like one pursued, I paced up one garden-alley and down another, unmindful that the fall of night brought with it fine, cold rain, until I saw Elsie's shadow moving restlessly about my room, appearing upon and passing from the drawn curtains of the illuminated windows.

"I have been looking everywhere for you!" she cried, when I had dragged myself up to her. "I thought you were lost. Fie! fie! what a naughty girl to stay out of doors until she is wet to the skin and all the curl out of her pretty hair! Oh, I had the loveliest walk! Sit down, and I'll tell you all about it."

She pulled off my wet swathings, rubbed my damp cheeks with her warm hands, and, pushing me into a chair, perched herself upon my knee. Her eyes shone; dimples danced about her mouth. How much good Don had done her! God bless him! oh, God bless him! for the most loyal friend, the most gallant champion, oppressed innocence ever found.

I caught my darling to my heart, and kissed her over and over. I had to tell her, sometime. It could no longer be kept, now that we were going away forever. For this was the resolution I had taken in my restless tramp in the dripping shrubbery. My mother did not care what became of either of us, so long as her husband accompanied her, but, for all that, we ought to go with her. There was nothing else to do. Separation would stir up further scandal compromising her, and we had no other protector,—Elsie and I. My heart bled slow drops as I summoned strength to say what would bring back the old, unchildlike worry to the dear face, the piteous anxiety to her eyes. Yet, if I let pass this opportunity, Dr. Wentworth might consider it obligatory upon him to break to her the news of our banishment, and her artless questioning would precipitate the rest of the revelation.

I began in assumed carelessness, winding and burnishing upon my finger a stray tress of her hair, which was the color of a chestnut fully grown and ripened in the sunshine.

"I have heard something this afternoon, dear,—something that surprised and shocked me,"—quickening speech as the remembered shadow stole into place. "Doctor says mamma must go abroad. She may not come back for a long time."

She laid her arms about my neck and her face upon my shoulder.

"Will it cure her, Sydney?" in a low, awed tone.

"Oh, yes, I think so, little one. She is out of danger now, and the change will probably restore her entirely."

Elsie was silent. I feared she was weeping, and when she spoke the cheerful tone took me by surprise:

"I can't leave you, you know, sister. You can't do without me

since our great trouble came. And you ought not to leave Don. He never needed you half so badly before. You are all he has. So I've been thinking that you had better marry him and we three will go on living here. Or, would you go to Don's house?"

A needle pierced my soul with each naïve sentence. I could not temporize longer.

"Elsie! listen to me. Maybe I ought to have told you before, but I dreaded to undeceive you. Don and I will never be married. Don't ask me why. And don't make it harder for me than it is now. And don't let this make you unhappy if you can help it."

She did not cry out, or tremble; only sat bolt upright, eyes shining out of a clear face from which every drop of blood had retreated. For perhaps two minutes she was perfectly still; then the great, luminous eyes came around to rest upon mine. Her mind was made up. Her accents were resolute. When "the midget" looked and spoke in that fashion, fire and water could not stay her.

"I *must* ask you, Sydney! Don loves you so that it would be wicked not to marry him. Why, sister! he has nobody but you that belongs to him, now that his mother is dead."

Her mouth worked, but she would not give in until her protest was ended. "I've noticed that you didn't see much of him lately, but I supposed you wrote to one another every day, and 'twasn't strange that it should make papa feel bad to meet him just now. I thought he stayed away on that account, and that when mamma came downstairs Don would be here again, just as usual."

She was feeling her way, inch by inch. The perception of this and her glance over her shoulder at the door gave me the idea that she longed to say something confidential, yet which she fancied I might not approve. She must not learn to be afraid of me. We were, hereafter, to be all in all to one another.

"What is it, love?" I queried. "Speak out all that is in your wise little head."

She shook it soberly, and put a hand to each temple.

"It isn't wise, but there is so much in it that it aches sometimes, especially since you told me never to speak again of what I can't help thinking of all the time."

"After this, say what you please," said I, mournfully. "Nothing can hurt me. And if it did, this dear head must not be left to ache if I can help it. It isn't good for my baby to think of things she can't talk out to me."

The soberness was not lightened, but she was encouraged. Her voice was little more than a whisper; she glanced again at the door.

"I have known all the time what made mamma ill, and why it excited her to have papa in the room until she could see Don and explain all about it and ask him to forgive papa. For it was a fearful thing, Sydney, that *it* should have been given when she was sure it ought not to be."

I had nearly silenced her peremptorily at that. The torture was like the fall of hot lead upon ear and heart. I held back the passionate impulse, and let her go on. I would keep my word to her.

She must not learn to fear my impetuous moods and quick tongue. After all, she was only what I had called her,—my baby, thinking and speaking with childish inconsequence.

"You see, I was right there when it happened. A telegram had come for mamma, and I took it to Mrs. Upton's, and Rosalie called mamma out of Mrs. Upton's bedroom to get it. I picked up the telegram afterward from the floor where she had thrown it. It was from Dr. Barker, and this was what it said: '*Letter received. Don't run the risk.*' I tore it up into little pieces. Mamma was unconscious, and I thought nobody else had a right to it. When she read it she pressed her lips together tight. You know how she looks when she is very determined. Then she sat down at Mrs. Upton's desk and began to fill up a telegraph-blank. It didn't seem to suit her, and she tore it up and began another. She looked very pale and serious, and I was wondering what had happened to worry her, when all of a sudden I smelled chloroform. You know there is no mistaking the smell. Mamma must have noticed it, too, for she jumped up and dashed right past me through the hall to Mrs. Upton's bedroom. I ran after her, —I was so frightened,—and I suppose she forgot all about me. Mrs. Upton was lying on the lounge, and papa was holding a handkerchief to her face. He had a bottle in his other hand. Mamma flew right at him, and snatched the bottle, and threw it across the room. Then she fell on her knees by the lounge and began to fan Mrs. Upton, and said, as I never heard her speak before, 'My God, Raymond! what have you done?' Then Miss West came running in from the other room, and I felt I ought not to stay. And the next thing I heard— you know the rest, Sydney!"

My head was so light and the room spun so rapidly about me that I could summon no words. The frozen quietude deceived the narrator. It was not for nothing that the wise head had been thinking all these weeks. The low, steady tone resumed the tale, when I did not reply:

"I would have told you everything that day, you recollect, but you said, 'We must never speak to one another again of what has happened.' And I thought that you must understand how mamma felt. She loved Mrs. Upton so dearly, and she just worships papa. And, although what was done was an accident, he must have known that she was opposed to it, or he wouldn't have given the chloroform when she was not in the room. I think the reason it made her worse to see him when she was so ill was that it brought everything back to her. And, afterward, when she was better, she was very sorry for him, and sorry she had seemed angry. She is trying to make up to him for it, now, all the time, and to comfort him. He must suffer dreadfully when he thinks of what he did."

"Suffer!" ejaculation burst forth with impassioned energy that alarmed her. "Suffer! when he has let everybody think that *she* did it,—not he! Oh, the hypocrite! the double-dyed, heartless, cruel hypocrite! And all this time I, like a fool——"

I tore at my throat, where something choked the words and strangled me to blindness.

"Sydney!" the great gray eyes wide with horrified amazement,

"did you think—could you, or anybody, believe that *our* mother had killed Don's mother? Oh, my poor dear! what you have had to bear, and nobody to help you or tell you anything better!"

She wrapped my head in her arms, patting and stroking it, sobbing and cooing as over something grievously hurt. Suddenly she let me go, and jumped up, face and figure alive with excitement.

"And *that* was why you said you never could marry Don? Did you tell him?"

The change to sternness would have amused me at another time. It actually cowed me instead. The mistake that had been so disastrous seemed now culpably inexcusable.

"Don't blame me, Elsie!" I pleaded, humbly. "Miss West told me how it had happened, and everything helped me to believe her. I have been very, very unhappy!"

She compressed her lips, marched across the floor and put out her hand to the bell-knob, arrested the motion, and turned to me.

"May I have your phaeton, Sydney? and may John drive me? I must see Don to-night, or I couldn't sleep a wink. He mustn't be left to believe this one minute longer."

"Do what you please, dear."

I was crying outright now, with the soft abundance of a spring shower. Rocks and ice were gone; there were the awakening of life and the stirring of growth under the warmed waters. She did not ring, and my tears melted her sternness. She came over to me, and again took my head into her embrace.

"I didn't mean to be unkind, Sydney. I was just thinking of Don, and how he didn't get comfort when he needed it most, and how he loves you, and all that. Don't you suppose I understand why he is so good to me? Just because I am your sister. He is very lonely, Sydney."

I had no answer.

"If you had seen him in his home, as I have,—alone and sad,—missing his mother everywhere, and with your picture—the one taken in your gray-and-silver luncheon-gown—on his table, side by side with hers, and sighing as he looks at them, you'd feel just as I do, only more, don't you know, Sydney!" with a tremendous muster of courage. "Won't you let me order the close carriage—it's raining, you see—and go with me, this minute, to see him?"

CHAPTER X.

THE rain fell in straight sheets as we alighted at the door I had not expected to enter again. The pour upon the roof drowned the noise of our arrival to the solitary occupant of the library. With the delicacy that never failed, Elsie said she would go up-stairs with Rosalie and dry her shoes, the soles of which were damp, she was sure. I tapped at the library door, and it swung a little on the hinges, the bolt not having caught in the socket. My knock was unheard or unheeded.

Through the crack made by the moving door I saw the figure sitting before the fire. A lamp was on the table beside him, and he seemed to be reading a paper or book held in the right hand. His head was supported by the left. I stepped within the room, my footfall muffled by the rugs, and stole, still unheard, up behind him. Over his shoulder I saw that he was studying a panel-photograph of myself,—the one Elsie had described,—the picture that was to have welcomed him in his own room upon his return from his three weeks' absence.

The photograph was singularly distinct and fine. The laughing-eyed girl looked saucily up in the sad eyes above it; the alert pose of the figure, the minutest detail of her costume, even to the marguerites of the brooch, had come out well; the velvet frame he had selected for it was powdered with silver daisies.

After all our years of loving and trusting and hoping, this dumb semblance of what I had been was the one solace left to him in his desolated home.

As he raised it to his lips with a murmur of inarticulate fondness, I flung myself upon the floor before him, the carefully-prepared address I had thought over as we drove through the rainy night forgotten with everything else, save that which uttered itself in the wild cry,—

"Oh, Don! it was *not* mamma who did it! Will you take me back?"

* * * * * * *

"How did you get here?" asked Don, by and by.

We were quite composed, and had begun to chat in the old way, he in the big chair that had been his father's, and I——

Well, it was Mrs. Upton herself who put it into our heads, by telling us how her husband and she used to sit thus on the evenings when they had no visitors, from the day of their marriage to their separation by death.

"John drove us over," I said. "And that reminds me that he must be well soaked by now. How careless in me!"

"How *divine* in you!" ringing the bell. "David," to the butler who answered it, "Miss Salisbury's coachman is exercising his horses in front of the house. Tell him to put them into the stable, and do you take him into the kitchen."

"That is not worth while," interposed I. "We must be going at once."

A gesture checked me. He went on to the man in the same tone of pleasant authority:

"You will see that this is done, David?"

"Yes, sir. But if you please, Mr. Upton, the horses have been under cover and John by the kitchen fire this hour or more. Rosalie thought those would be your wishes, sir."

"Rosalie was right. David, these young ladies will dine with me this evening. See if there is anything in the house good enough for them. What is it?" as the respectful servitor, the pink and impersonation of propriety, gave sign of further communication.

"Yes, sir. I was only about to say, sir, that dinner will be served whenever you give the order, sir, and preparations have been made

for visitors. Rosalie was sure you would be wishful to have them stay."

"Rosalie was right, again. Before dinner is served, send Thomas with my compliments to Mrs. Wentworth, and say that the young ladies are safe and will be at home later. Or—stay! I will write a note."

"Yes, sir. If you please, Mr. Upton, I think Miss Elsie sent a note to Mrs. Wentworth half an hour ago by Thomas. Miss Elsie and Rosalie took the liberty of sending Thomas without consulting you, seeing you were engaged."

The half-smile upon the young master's face expanded into a half-laugh at the final word; his eyes flashed in my direction.

"Right in all but one respect, David. Miss Elsie Salisbury could not take a liberty in a house that is soon to be her home. I am to be married in a fortnight. Did Rosalie know what my wishes in *that* regard would be?"

David bowed low to me, then to his master, and a third bow took in both of us.

"We've all understood that, this great while, Mr. Upton, sir, and all of our wishes haven't been anyways different in that respect. And if I may be so bold, sir, considering I'm fifteen year and more in the family, I should say the sooner the better, sir; and hearty good wishes from us all."

He backed out, and Elsie's gentle rap followed soon upon his disappearance. Don's eyes glistened as she sprang into the arms he extended. He kissed her again and again with moved fondness very beautiful and touching.

"Would you like to have the half of my kingdom, little sister? Ask for it, and it is yours. You can have anything that is mine, except Sydney. I am so much richer than she by this transaction that I am anxious to equalize things,—to strike a balance in some way."

I had told him that I came to him a refugee whom nobody else wanted. It was like him to vaunt his own gains, to lift me forthwith into the queen's place in his home. Happy as we all were, and light-hearted beyond what we could have reckoned as a possibility three hours before, a solemn hush fell upon us when Don led me up to his mother's place at table and put me into her chair. In doing this he stooped and kissed me, before Elsie, David, and Rosalie,—this last had lingered in the door to see me installed,—a grave, sweet kiss, under which I did not blush. I took it as he meant it, as from *her*.

Anything prettier than Elsie's modest ecstasy of delight throughout the meal and the rest of the evening could not be imagined, unless it were Don's serene enjoyment of our companionship after the dreary stretch of solitary meals and evenings that divided him from the idyllic home-life his mother made for him.

Dinner over, Elsie vanished upon another errand to Rosalie, and at his earnest prayer I prolonged our visit until he had consumed a post-prandial cigar in the library.

"Is that what they call a long nine?" I asked, at length, demurely, "or a modern edition of the brand quenched and locked up in a chest

by a princess who, the wicked fairy said, would live until it was burned up? I have been watching for the tiniest puff of smoke for at least fifteen minutes, and seen none. I *must* go, now, Don. Elsie ought to have been asleep an hour ago."

He laughed in tossing the dead and cold fragment of the cigar into the grate.

"Caught! Ah, well! the need of such artifices will soon be over. I yield more readily in this instance because I must see Dr. Wentworth to-night and spare you the trouble of giving him an answer to-morrow. Heaven send me patience and the grace of forgiveness!"

His countenance darkened so ominously that I laid my hand upon his arm and implored him to bear in mind what we had agreed upon in the talk that preceded dinner. It was the story I had read every day for ten years,—the impracticability of meting out the recompense of the wrong-doer without flinging the heavier stone upon a guiltless soul to whom the sinner was dear. This man had violated a sacred trust and sacrificed his wife's peace of mind and reputation to the demon of his self-love. To clear his skirts of blame, he had suffered public reprobation to rest upon her, if he had not actually directed it toward her. Of this depth of infamy she did not dream. Devoted wife as she was, she would not, I tried to believe, have let me immolate my happiness for a groundless suspicion. I affirmed this boldly to Don. "Neither of them so much as suspected our altered relations," I assured him. "Mamma is too fond a mother—as a woman, she is too just—not to have revealed the truth to me, rather than see me miserable."

He gathered me to him, raised my chin, and gazed into my flushed face.

"I am not prepared to assert the contrary in this case," he said, slowly. "I am still less ready to say what a woman will *not* do who loves her husband with the intense, anxious adoration your mother displays for hers. It is abnormal,—an excrescence, rather than natural growth. It cripples me wofully, as you say. Were I to tell him all I know,—not revealing, of course, Elsie's agency in setting things right,—he would visit his spleen and chagrin and humiliation upon his wife in some ingenious way. This sort of vicarious revenge is a favorite with men of his stripe."

"Don!" I interrupted, "was there *ever* another like him?"

"Few have his opportunities, dear, fortunately. Hush! stand back, and keep quiet."

To my bewilderment, he broke off abruptly, with three hasty strides crossed the floor, and passed the *portière* separating library and drawing-room, letting it close behind him. Then I heard Mrs. Robb's incisive tones in the outer apartment:

"Ah, Donald! David would have kept me out, like a sick dog, upon your veranda, this beastly night, had I not pushed by him. What is going on, that he has orders not to admit callers? Such things don't go down with newspaper-people, you know. And you don't look overjoyed to see me, now I am in."

I surmised from the change in her voice that she sat down as she spoke, and when Don replied, that he remained standing.

"What has purchased for me the honor of your visit, Mrs. Robb?" The accent was curtly civil, totally dissimilar to his accustomed tone. Her laugh was a sniff.

"*That* isn't over-polite, either! See here, Don Upton! you don't mean that you are not man enough and haven't *savoir-faire* enough to rise superior to the provincial trick of resenting newspaper methods of dealing with private history? Why, man! how would big or little papers live if we didn't cater to the taste of our readers? Whatever will sell must go into print. And write it down that the paper that is boycotted by subscribers is *not* the goody-goody sheet that won't have domestic scandals written up for its columns."

"We have hardly time to enter upon the discussion of the subject," rejoined Don, with no abatement of formality. "If, as I imagine, you think that I can serve you in some way, kindly indicate it."

"That is *cold* business with a vengeance!" Yet I fancied that she respected him none the less for the dignified rebuff. "As you suppose, I don't traverse the streets in November storms to converse with nice young men upon unimportant topics. I heard this evening that Dr. and Mrs. Wentworth are fairly hunted out of Mapleton by public sentiment, and go abroad almost immediately. I made Tom drive me to their house directly, but, as usual, was met by the message, 'Engaged, and unable to see anybody.' So I had no alternative but to hunt you out and get at the truth. You needn't look non-committal. Something on that subject goes into *The Clarion* to-morrow morning. I shall send my Jim down to the city with my 'story' in half an hour. If you don't deny that the whole Wentworth family are off to Europe next month because Mapleton is too hot to hold them, I shall send what I have heard. You are young and hot-headed, so I'll give you another crumb of counsel. *Never quarrel with a newspaper-man or woman.* You'll pay for it six times over if you do. *Now!* what am I to say?"

Mental vision showed her to me as plainly as if the velvet *portière* had been sheerest muslin,—blotting-pad and blue pencil in hand, her head turned sideways in impudent confidence of gaining her end.

"Your husband is my friend, Mrs. Robb," returned Don, in admirable temper. "You are in my house. These are considerations that stay proceedings I should undoubtedly institute were my interviewer of my own sex and near my age. As neither Dr. nor Mrs. Wentworth has ever intimated to me by word of mouth, or otherwise, the intention of going abroad next month, next year, or ever, I cannot give a categorical answer to your question. One thing, however, I can and do cheerfully affirm of my individual will and knowledge: the entire family will not take flight from Mapleton, since I am to marry Miss Salisbury and bring her to my own house week after next. I court publicity for this fact, now that the time is definitely settled. Is that your carriage out there in the rain? Did I understand you to say that Tom is in it? He must be wet through. May I not bring him in?"

"By no means!" cried the newspaper-woman, briskly. "I must hurry home. He doesn't mind a wetting in a good cause, or ought

not——" scribbling for dear life. "The marriage will be private, of course? Any details you care to furnish?"

"There are none in so quiet an affair," rejoined Don, with commendable gravity. "I really must insist upon calling poor old Tom. Hear the rain! A glass of whiskey-and-water—*hot*, now—would keep him from taking cold."

Mrs. Robb never brought Tommy to the front if she could avoid it. He had little to say, gauged by ideas, but he made that little long. I heard Mrs. Robb once define the unpardonable sin to be "boring one's neighbor." Presumably her mental attitude toward her husband was vindictive, for a more amiably tiresome man never took in deprecatingly the breath of life.

Seeing the host start toward the door, she pursued him, overtaking him in the hall.

"Thank you for a juicy item!" mingled with the patter of the flood as the front door was opened,—and Don was back in the library, shaking himself free of clinging drops from the umbrella he had held over her to the gate.

He affected not to see my troubled face.

"Unhappy Tommy!" he ran on, holding up one foot, then the other, to the grate. "After all, the best turn I could do him would be to let him catch his death outside. What must existence be to a man who is tied to such a woman? She has the exhaustive pertinacity of a leech, the rattle and sting of a snake."

"Yet none dare set foot upon her head," returned I, drearily. "Don! think twice before allying yourself with a family whose evil name you cannot defend. The trail of the serpent is over us. The worst of it is that even so brave a champion as you could not defy her to tell a story so frightfully near the truth. Somebody says that reportorial mud rubs off if allowed to dry. That is, I fancy, when it is *only* mud, and made from clean soil. A mixture such as this woman compounds sticks and stains. Will you never be ashamed of us?"

"Of Raymond Wentworth? Yes! But he is not *us*, thank heaven! The rest of the question will be answered two weeks from to-day. Would it were to-morrow!"

After drawing that final line I glanced up from my paper. I have written this story at odd hours in my corner of the library, which is the nookiest in the room. Much of it has been penned while Don taught Elsie chess. The two are upon the other side of the hearth, with the chess-table between them. The tall girl of fifteen is stigmatized by her instructor as an "ungrateful adept" in the fascinating game. The silent hour occupied by an unusually hard-fought battle was ended just now by a gush of happy laughter, telling of another victory. The large gray eyes have still the tender look of the child as she looks over to me with the instant apprehension that she may have disturbed me. Her slightest act is always judged by her conscience according to the effect it has upon others. She is fragile no longer, and her smile is of sunniest content.

Don is a goodly man to-night in the black velvet smoking-jacket I gave him at Christmas ten days ago. The resemblance to his mother, never traceable until after her death, is more marked now than then, I think because she is so much the theme of thoughts and speech with us. Her portrait hangs behind him; a vase of mignonette is beneath it. I compare the two faces until—his attention attracted, perhaps, by the cessation of the pen-scratch over the paper—he raises eyes very like hers in their loving light, as they meet mine.

"Can I do anything for you, love?" he asks.

"Nothing that you are not doing for me all the time!"

He gives me a longer, more earnest look, and asks no further questions. Raising a finger to his lips, he throws me a silent kiss, and in the same gesture bids me cease from praising him.

Did I speak my mind I might retort, and strongly, that were I to keep silence, the very stones of his ancestral abode would cry out for justice to the noblest of a line of honorable, God-fearing, home-loving gentlemen.

My mother is on the sea, and we congratulate ourselves that the weather is bland for January. She brings her husband's remains with her for burial in Mapleton. We have begged her to live with us, but she prefers to take up her abode in her old home. Elsie will divide her time between the two households, and our boy and baby-girl will, we hope, do much toward cheering her second and sadder widowhood.

Don and I wonder together, sometimes, if she ever knew of the stigma cast upon her by the circumstantial evidence which her husband, the only person, as he supposed, who could controvert it, took no pains to cast aside. We hope that the truth was never revealed to her. We are certain that she would have borne the onus dumbly, so long as the welfare of her children would not be prejudiced by her submission to this one more injustice dealt by the hand she let sway her life. Neither of the wedded pair ever resumed the practice of medicine, and, from flying rumors borne to us over the sea, we learn that the general impression in the foreign circles of which he was an ornament was that Dr. Wentworth yielded his own preferences for an active life in America to his wife's taste for elegant ease abroad. His sentimental homesickness is reported to have been infinitely interesting to travellers and American residents in the storied lands the partner of his exile loved too well to leave.

"His indulgence of her every taste and whim was the loveliest thing imaginable," said a travelled friend in the visit of condolence paid me after the news of his death was received, "and inimitable by the average husband."

I let the eulogium pass unchallenged; forbearance for which Don commended me on hearing of the interview.

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," quoth he, thoughtfully.

I answered in Shakespearian (or Baconian) English,—

"The evil that men do lives after them."

In partial proof of which I offer this simple tale. It is not in rebuttal of my principle that there is, humanly speaking, an imperishable element in evil, that I cite the circumstance of the honorable

mention made of "our late distinguished and popular citizen" by the Mapleton papers. We have two, now, one a daily with society items that would do credit to a metropolitan journal. "Big" city sheets gave three or four lines apiece to what *The Clarion* styled "a beneficent and blameless life." Several stated that he had remained abroad on account of Mrs. Wentworth's health.

Four years and three-quarters is two generations in newspaperdom.

"C. A. R." is not here to exhume and exhibit the "subject." Tommy Robb, in spite of a vigorous constitution, entered into much-needed rest two years ago, and his widow at once removed to the metropolis, with intent—as Don put it—"to go into scavengering as a profession." Her four boys are clerks in as many offices and shops, and do a generous part toward her maintenance. Don has learned from various sources of her weariful ploddings from one newspaper office to another with wares more or less sensational. Sometimes they are accepted; oftener they are rejected. At long intervals we receive a paper in which an article scored with the editorial blue pencil is signed "C. A. R." She sows beside all waters (at so much per furrow and hill), and a column of a religious weekly was read aloud to-night before the game of chess and Chapter X. were begun. In terms impartially scriptural and slangy, the writer inveighs against tale-bearing, back-biting, scandal-mongering, and lying. The diatribe bears the caption "THE POISON OF ASPS."

THE END.

THE SPORTING EDITOR.

[JOURNALIST SERIES.]

THE sporting editor has become a very important factor in daily journalism in the past decade. Previous to that time only a few important metropolitan dailies made any attempt to chronicle sporting events and gossip in departments separate from their local and general news. Except in the cases of racing or base-ball, no special knowledge was thought to be needed to enable an ordinary reporter to write up a sporting event like a yacht-race, a prize-fight, or a billiard-match. The often results were reports which were ludicrous in their inaccuracies and blunders.

Now even the most conservative of the great dailies employs a corps of trained specialists to describe and write of sporting events, and places them under the direction of a capable sporting editor. The New York *Tribune* has a deservedly high reputation for its racing reports. The *Evening Post* finds it profitable to devote a good deal of its space to comments on racing and field games, while the *Mail and Express*, the most religious of metropolitan dailies, makes a great feature of tipping would-be winners on the leading race-tracks. Even the Philadelphia *Ledger* has fallen into line, and it now has a very valuable sporting department. In fact, no daily paper of consequence is now without expert sporting talent. It is no unusual thing for the New York *Sun* or the *Herald* to give up a page and more to reports of sporting events. Twenty-five years ago, no paper except the *Herald* would publish as much in a week. It is the same in the West and South; and some of the brightest sporting writers in America are to be found in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, New Orleans, and San Francisco. Much of the wonderful success of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* is due to its exceptionally full and accurate reports of sporting matters. I had the honor of starting this department and of nurturing it for years. In the early days it was thought to be the proper thing to apologize editorially for an extended report of a prize-fight with a paragraph like this: "As will be seen by reference to our news columns, another disgraceful exhibition known as a prize-fight has taken place. We call the attention of the authorities to this matter, and we earnestly hope they will do their duty; and if they do, the fighters will hereafter, for a while at least, do the State good service, breaking stone, if their surplus muscular energy cannot be utilized in another way." This was the regulation editorial antidote for the news bane. Nowadays, prize-fights have become well-nigh obsolete, and "boxing-contests," which have taken their place, do not call forth such animadversions.

Forty years ago the average American was a far less perfect specimen of physical manhood than he is to-day. If college-bred, he ran to mentality at the expense of muscle, and men with sound minds in sound bodies were the exceptions rather than the rule. The Brother

Jonathan type of man, hollow-cheeked and hollow-chested, round-shouldered, long-armed, and spindle-shanked, abounded.

In those days there were very few gymnasiums outside of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and New Orleans, and these were mainly conducted by men who were retired professional or semi-professional boxers, and to be known as an athlete was to be tainted with something of the reputation of a rough.

A few years later this state of affairs began to change for the better. Out of the games of rounders and three old cat developed that of base-ball. Then came the civil war, which took a million of men from all parts of the land and put them into the field. A large proportion of them were city- and town-bred, used to the comforts and luxuries of life rather than its hardships. All had to yield to discipline, and those who had been reared in the lap of luxury had, equally with those fairly well-to-do, to share with the poorest recruit the dangers, the privations, and the exposures of the camp, the march, and the battle-field. More died of hardship than perished by the sword or the bullet, but the great mass of those who went through the war unscathed returned to their homes, when gentle Peace had again spread her white wings over the land, far more rugged in body and mind than when they donned the blue or the gray. They had, too, unconsciously imbibed a love for physical strife and out-door exercise which, very fortunately, found a peaceful vent in athletics.

What middle-aged man does not feel the blood tingle in his veins when he remembers the triumphal tour of the famous "Red Stockings," who went through the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific without losing a game during the entire season? To base-ball more than to any other game is due the present love for sport which is almost universal in the United States, and to base-ball is primarily due not only much of the improvement in the physical condition of the American man and woman, but also the Sporting Editor.

To be competent to be at the head of the sporting department of a great daily newspaper, nowadays, a man must be thoroughly acquainted with a great variety of games and sports. In aquatics he must be familiar with yachts and yachting, from the establishment of the Water Club of Cork, the oldest yachting-club in the world, down to the latest performance of Gossoon or of Vamoose and Norwood.

He must be well informed on rowing, and be able to write interestingly on the introduction of the outrigger and the sliding seat, as well as of the styles and performances of Hanlan, of Courtney, of Renfrew, or of Kemp. Of canoeing and swimming he must be equally intelligent.

Ball games he must know thoroughly, and base-ball, cricket, lawn tennis, la crosse, hand-ball, foot-ball, polo, billiards, and bowling, claim much of his attention. Of these base-ball is the most important. It is the "national game," and its politics is as intricate, as subtle, and often as difficult of comprehension as is the policy of either of the great national parties. He must either personally or through his subordinates know the "magnates," the managers, and the players of the game, intimately, if he would not be left behind in the race for news,

for personal gossip of the doings of the diamond has as much interest for the average base-ball crank as has gossip of society or of the stage for the average reader. Thousands of men who never spoke a word to big Captain Anson and never expect to are fully aware of his peculiarities and of his shrewdness in business as well as in his chosen profession ; and they are equally intimate with King Kelley, Buck Ewing, and Johnny Ward, thanks to the persistent paragrapher. As a matter of fact, half of the interest in base-ball is due to the descriptive work of the talented men who write of it and of those who play it as a means of livelihood.

It is the same with turf matters. Thanks to the ubiquitous race-writer, the public is kept pretty thoroughly informed not only as to the doings of the kings and queens of the course, their work and their performances, their outgoings and incomings, but also of the personal appearance and peculiarities of the men who breed, own, train, and run them. They know exactly what manner of "boy" rides them, and often a great deal about those who bet on them as well. Much of this information is obtained with great difficulty ; for horse-owners, especially the more aristocratic of them, like Fred Gebhard, Pierre Lorillard, A. J. Cassatt, and John Hunter, have an idea, derived from the English most probably, that their horses are their private property and that the public has no right to ask for information about them. The late August Belmont, who was one of the shining lights of the American turf, once told a man, in my hearing, who rashly asked him if a colt he had in a race "had a chance," "Sir, you have no right to ask me such a question. When you see a horse of mine named as a starter on a race-card, your only presumption should be that I think he has a chance of winning or I would not permit him to go to the post, that all has been done that is possible to prepare him for his task, and that every effort will be made to land him a winner. Any other inference, sir, is an insult, whether intended or not." Unfortunately for the turf, all owners of horses are not as high-minded and as honorable as was Mr. Belmont. More's the pity.

The opportunities for cheating on a race-track are so many and the rewards are so large and immediate that it is a wonder that there is not more of it than there is. There would be, but for the sporting writer. He prowls around the stables, the saddling-paddock, the betting-ring, and the judges' stand. He circulates freely through the grand stand and the club-house. He has a large and valuable acquaintance with owners, trainers, rubbers, jockeys, betters, and book-makers. He can tell at a glance whether a horse looks fit or not, and by the aid of the most powerful field-glasses he follows every movement in a race from start to finish. Almost as good a judge of pace as Jimmy McLaughlin or Isaac Murphy, many times he can foretell the winner, with wonderful accuracy, before half the distance has been covered. He often does even better than this, and "tips" him in the morning issue of his paper. A glance suffices to tell him if a horse has been "stiffened," and clever indeed must that jockey be who can pull or misride a horse without his eager eye detecting him.

The capable turf reporter is wonderfully well informed in his

specialty. He knows race-horses as thoroughly as an ordinary man knows his friends and acquaintances, and can recognize them at a glance as readily. I know at least six young men, connected with the sporting departments of New York dailies, who can name at sight almost any ordinarily well-known horse at work, even though he be hooded and blanketed from nose to tail. Every horse has his peculiarity of stride, just as every man has his own peculiar method of walking, and in some mysterious way this peculiarity impresses itself on the brain of the observant writer.

By the way, few people have a correct idea of the manner in which a horse-race is reported. "No man can chew meal and whistle at the same time," and no reporter, no matter how competent, can watch a field of six or more horses through a race and then from memory write a correct account of it. He might give the main features; but he does not trust to his memory, but summons to his aid an assistant, who is known as a "caller." This gentleman watches the contest from start to finish through the aid of a powerful field-glass, meanwhile describing it to the reporter at his side, who "places" the horses at the start and at every important intermediate point of the contest to the finish, between-times keeping his eyes on the contestents. From the data thus procured the report of the race is written. Ninety times out of a hundred, if printed verbatim it would be much more interesting than its substitute.

Here is about the way a caller describes a race. The horses are at the starting-post, and he is watching them intently. They are marshalled into line. Suddenly three or four of them shoot out in front as if fired from catapults, while the others stand still or wheel around. "No go!" he remarks, disgustedly, as he takes his glasses from his eyes, which he wipes tenderly and carefully, for it is a great strain on the optics to use field-glasses steadily, day by day, week in and month out. Back canter the horses, and again, often with great difficulty, something like a line is formed. The caller is alert. Suddenly they move forward as if impelled by one common impulse. "They're off," he cries, and as the words leave his lips the starter's flag falls. "It was rather a ragged send-off, too," he adds, "for Sumatra wasn't up with her company, and Hamlet balked. Rosarium leads, with Baking Powder and Pearl River next. The favorite's in the ruck, running easy." For a few moments he is silent, but he has his eyes strained on the swiftly-speeding horses, and as they reach the first quarter-pole he gives tongue again, calling out, "Baking Powder first by a neck, Rosarium half a length, Ginger Blue, Mandolin, Thomas Scott, Pearl River, Hamlet, Desdemona, and Sumatra." These positions of the contestants are duly recorded by the reporter, who between writing and listening watches the race. As the horses move up to the half-mile post the caller exclaims, as he sees a bit of bad jockeyship, "That monkey Bambelton, on Hamlet, can't ride a goat. He's choking the tongue out of the horse." Some eager better who has got into the line eagerly asks, "Where's Ginger Blue?" "He's third now," is the answer, "and he's running well. He's not been touched yet, and his mouth's open." Now they're passing the half-mile post, and he calls

out, "Mandolin ahead before Baking Powder, who is a neck in front of Ginger Blue, who is heading the ruck." Into the upper turn they round, and now the "boys" prepare to hustle. "There goes Thomas Scott," warns the caller, as the horse moves up towards the leaders. "Bennett better watch out. He's making his run too soon." A second later he cries, "Into the stretch, it's Ginger Blue, Pearl River, and Baking Powder. Hamlet swung very wide making the turn." Now the horses are thundering down to their goal, and the caller is all eyes. Half-way home, the reporter says, "Gimme the first three." "Ginger Blue, Rosarium, and Baking Powder," is his response. Then he adds, "Here comes Sumatra." The next second he gleefully exclaims, "Why, she wins in a walk." As he lays his glasses down to watch the finish, Sumatra comes away from the others with ease, and Hamlet and Thomas Scott dash after her. The race has now settled down into a contest between these three. The jockey of Sumatra rides as though he is oblivious of the existence of any other horse in the world except the one he is bestriding. His supporters yell at him franticly, but he takes no heed of them. Nearer and nearer draw Hamlet and Scott, who are now nose and nose. Just when it looks as though Sumatra surely must be overtaken, her jockey slyly digs his steel-pointed heels into the sides of his filly. She darts forward as though electrified, and the next second the caller announces, "Sumatra wins by a neck, Scott second, a head before Hamlet third. Ginger Blue, Rosarium, Mandolin, Desdemona, Baking Powder next, and Pearl River last." As the numbers of the horses which ran first, second, and third, and the names of their jockeys, are hoisted on the telegraph-boards, the caller sagely observes, "Bennett is a good jockey, but I don't like his grand-stand finishes. He held that filly in 'most too long. I thought they were going to nip him right under wire."

"If man were constant he were perfect," says some old philosopher whose name has slipped my memory. If turf writers would not bet on the races they report, they would be not only much richer in pocket at the end of a season, but much more valuable to their journals and the public which buys and reads their papers, than they are. In saying this I do not wish to have it inferred for a moment that any racing writer that I know is willingly influenced by his winnings or his losings in writing his reports; I know that in many cases men who have lost fifty or a hundred dollars on a race write very fairly of it; but this I do say, and it is the result of twenty years of observation, that men who bet on events that they have to chronicle are unintentionally influenced by their profits or losses, and their reports ultimately show it. A man may lose fifty dollars on a horse and write a fairly truthful account of the race for the next issue of his paper. Then he will hear some story of crookedness on the part of some one who had to do with the horse either as jockey, trainer, owner, or backer, and it will make a deeper impression on him than it would if he had let the animal, in the parlance of the betting ring, "run loose,"—that is, unbacked. The next time the horse runs, or it may be for a number of times subsequently, he watches him, and those he has heard the evil stories of, most critically, and should the horse win he is sure to feel that his

suspicions have been corroborated and that the horse was pulled or otherwise prevented from winning when he backed him. Then he opens up the vials of his wrath, and just as often without due cause as with, for the horse may have been short of work, or may have been pocketed, or may have been thrown out of his stride by stepping on a stone or into a little rut in the track, or his jockey may have misjudged the way to ride him and may have called on him too soon or too late, or in some other of the hundred possible ways the horse may have lost the race the reporter bet on honestly, for even the Scriptures tell us that "the race is not always to the swift;" but the man who backs horses upon his own judgment or upon information furnished him from inside sources is very prone to believe stories which absolve his vanity or his belief from the discredit of being incorrect. In like manner a man who has won money on a horse will feel disinclined to believe stories about crookedness in a race. He has profited by the result, and is thus to a certain extent *particeps criminis*. Of course if the evidence is indisputable or is from a source so high or reputable that it cannot be overlooked, he will write of it, but, even if he does, not with the vigor or force which would characterize his utterances were he a loser instead of a gainer by the race.

In stating these unpleasant truths I do not want to be hard on my fellow-scribes, but I will remind them that no judge of a court is permitted to sit in a case in which he has the slightest pecuniary interest, nor is a juror allowed to pass his judgment in a case of the kind. Certainly, if it is thought wise to keep judges and jurors, in ordinary cases, free from temptation, the same rule should apply to reporters, who are the eyes of the great mass of the public and see things for it. I remember a lecture I once heard Amos J. Cummings give a fledgling reporter whom he was sending on an important assignment. Said he, "I want you to bring me back the facts, and nothing but the facts. If your orthography or syntax is defective it can be corrected here in the office, but you must bear in mind that a hundred thousand patrons of the *Sun* will have to see this thing through your eyes: therefore I want your report of it to be a pen photograph of what occurs, and not a distorted one either. Focus on facts, and you will be all right." So in kindness, not in anger or in malice, I say to all sporting writers, "Never bet a cent on an event you have to write about." The fact that men who are members of Boards of Control or racing stewards and even race judges bet on races should not influence you to follow their bad example. Then you can point out to them that they should set a better example, and be, like Cæsar's wife, "above suspicion." Besides, you will have more money at the end of the season, and you will not be under obligations for tips to jockeys, trainers, owners, or stablemen.

The sporting editor and reporter meet many strange characters and see many strange sights while in pursuit of news. I know of three who have circumnavigated the globe while reporting base-ball games. Of the many strange things I have seen in my time, two were particularly interesting. Back in the seventies I reported the last fight between Billy Edwards and Sam Collier. It was an old-style prize-

fight, and the rendezvous was Pittsburg. The tip was given that the place of departure would be from the levee of Hardscrabble, a short distance above the point where the Monongahela and Allegheny join and form the Ohio. In order to avoid police interference, we were to slip away about midnight. On arriving at the place indicated I found that our conveyance was to be an open sand-barge, a very frail species of boat, about a hundred and twenty feet long, twenty feet wide, and probably four feet deep. She had no deck, and her bow was almost high and dry against the shore. Two stalwart fighters kept the gate, or rather the gang-plank, and took the tickets of the intending passengers. The night was dark, but there was plenty of light from the flames which issued from a hundred glass-works, rolling-mills, and blast-furnaces along each side of the river. The late James Parton said that Pittsburg at night reminded him of "hell with the lid taken off." Had he been with me that night, no doubt he would have secretly congratulated himself on the felicity of his description.

Those who have attended a prize-fight or a boxing-match know that there are always a large number of the impecunious on hand who are anxious to see the sport without paying for the privilege. There were many such that night, but few of them were able to effect their purpose. The ticket-takers gave them but short conference. The plank leading to the barge was only wide enough for a single line of men; and if the applicant for passage had neither ticket, its price, nor great influence, he was unceremoniously knocked into the water, which was at that point about knee-deep. Many were the curses evoked by these involuntary baths. The levee was torn up, as it was about to be repaired, and a short distance from the boat were a number of piles of cobble-stones, or boulders, as they are called in the West. When a thousand or more people had been crowded on the boat, and her "gunnel" at the stern was almost level with the surface of the water, a stern-wheel tug came along, fastened a rope to her, and pulled her out into the stream. As we left the shore there was a scene of terror which I shall never forget if I live to be as old as Methuselah. The rejected would-be passengers ran to the cobble-stones, and in an instant discharged a volley of a hundred or more of them at our boat. Nearly every stone took effect, and the air was rent with cries of pain, of terror, and of rage. From boat and shore angry curses rang out, and the sand-boat would have been sunk through the attempt of her occupants to get out of reach of the missiles had not several men on the vessel discharged their pistols at the mob on shore and driven it helter-skelter up the bank. As it was, a number of people on the boat were severely wounded, one so badly hurt that he died of his injuries within three days. We hardly escaped one danger before another confronted us. The barge was so overloaded that her upper seams began leaking, and every time the tug came near us, for the purpose of taking off some of our passengers, there was such an attempt to crowd towards her as made it evident that we would founder if she came alongside. Her captain therefore kept away for twenty or thirty feet until ten or twenty of the most determined and able fighters on the boat had been arrayed on her bow and instructed to make every one

keep his place until the tug could fasten to us and take off enough people to lighten up the barge out of danger. By the time this had been done, we had drifted down to Glass-House Riffle, several miles below the city. Then we proceeded on our voyage more comfortably and without any fear of immediate death; but I must say that most of the company were of a character one would not care to invite to a tea-party. They made the night hideous with their carousing.

It was midsummer, and the middle, too, of the heated term. When daylight broke and the sun arose it was one of the hottest days of the year. A place to fight was not obtained until afternoon. Then a glen was found right on the boundary-line of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and the ring was pitched in it about a mile back from the river. One thoughtful reporter from a Pittsburg paper had a thermometer with him, which he fastened to the shady side of a tree. My remembrance is that it indicated 107° Fahrenheit. At all events, it was so hot that of the fifteen hundred spectators all but the principals, seconds, officials, and reporters took refuge under the trees on the side of the hill a hundred or more feet away from the ring. Shortly after the men began fighting, a sport who had but one match was about to strike it to light his cigar. Another sport ran to him, twisting, as he did so, a large piece of newspaper in order that he might get some fire for himself and his friends. When he and his companions had lit their cigars he threw the burning paper away from him, and it fell over a fissure in the ground some ten or twelve feet distant. Instantly there was a report which startled every one, and a sheet of flame shot up in the air for a height of at least thirty feet. It continued to blaze and roar all through the fight, much to the discomfiture of the pugilists, and it was blazing when we left the ground. Few, except a dozen or so Pittsburgers, knew that we were in the natural-gas territory and that we had inadvertently set a gas-well ablaze. In those days there was only one place in America, East Liverpool, where natural gas was utilized to do the work of man. I could have bought the farm on which this fight took place for a few dollars an acre. I have often since regretted my lack of foresight.

About five years ago there was a notable prize-fight between Jack Dempsey and Johnny Reagan, which began on a tongue of land running out into Huntington Bay, Long Island. The ring was pitched about five o'clock in the morning, but through unnecessary delay the men did not enter it until nearly seven. Meanwhile, the tide was steadily rising, and by the time the men began to fight it was only a foot or two from the ring-stakes. Steadily and quickly it arose, and, as the beach was low and flat, it soon invaded one end of the ring. The men battled on its highest part for another round, when it, too, was covered with water. As Dempsey walked to the scratch, or where the scratch was supposed to be, for the third round, he wittily remarked, "No one ever accused me of taking water before, but I have to now." Higher and higher rose the flood, until spectators as well as fighters were more than ankle-deep in the water. As I looked around, Jean Ingelow's line came to me, "And all the world was in the sea." The men fought until the water was shin-deep, and Reagan was in danger

of being drowned each time they clinched, as he was invariably thrown. Then the referee called a halt, and ordered the men to the tug, and the ring to be pulled up, which was done with great difficulty, and soon we sped away in search of higher ground. We found it in the shape of a picnic grove, and there this most picturesque of prize-battles was terminated.

I know an old sport, formerly a sexton of a prominent high-steepled New York church, who was wont, in his days of church-connection, occasionally to regale parties of his sporting friends with cock-fights in its belfry. He has laughingly told me of many a main he brought off there without the slightest fear of police interruption. This certainly was a case of "the nearer the church the farther from God." I am glad to say that nowadays no self-respecting sporting reporter would countenance by his presence or his silence any such desecration of a holy edifice.

J. B. McCormick ("*Macon*").

THE HOMELESS THOUGHTS.

UNDER the wild November sky
Black birds in eddying circles fly;
The woods their glittering robes throw by
And plain to heaven unceasingly.

Dark to the hill-top stoops the cloud;
Bold is the blast that shakes the proud;
Now loud, now low, now low, now loud,
The wanderers' call comes down to me.

Like these wild squadrons tossed on high,
Scattered, confused, they know not why,
My thoughts, a homeless myriad, fly,
And beat the winds continually.

All that of nature's stamp she wore
Whose bosom housed their wings of yore,
Rotting in earth, is mine no more:
May Heaven restore her soul to me!

Dora Read Goodale.

TO ISABEL.

YES, salt tears for the bitter truth,
'Tis hard, dear heart, so very hard,
I sought thee in my early youth,
And now I find thee locked and barred.

IN A GONDOLA

"PRÉMI-È! ah, premí!" our gondolier cries, raising his dripping oar from the forcola and waiting.

"Stáli-è! ah, stalí!" comes a voice from the narrow canal into which we are about to turn. We are meeting a gondola. In another instant the two shining prows rear like serpents as they almost encounter at the angle, then smoothly and adroitly slip by each other. For these cries, sad, musical, rhythmical, are the Venetian boatmen's plain directions "To the right" and "To the left" as they pause and hearken at the corners of the narrow and intricate canals. The gondola which glides past us with its graceful swan-like movement belongs evidently to some private family. There are two gondoliers, dressed in spotless jackets and trousers of white duck, with long yellow sashes wound round their waists, richly fringed, as are the silken scarfs of the same color on their broad-brimmed hats. The pale creamy curtains of the awnings are parted just far enough to grant us a single glimpse of a clearly-cut, youthful, but melancholy face with eyes like night. This summer-fashion of replacing the heavy black "felze" (the "little house" covered with black cloth which is usually set above the seats of the gondola) by a light-colored canopy called a "tenda" is one of the many innovations creeping into Venice, and was at first left exclusively to the public gondolas patronized by foreigners and tourists. But it greatly enhances the charm of life on the water in pleasant summer weather, permitting more light and air. It is, in general, no difficult matter to recognize a private gondola from the superior nicety of its equipment and the staid demeanor of the boatman or boatmen. Our own Achille, hired by the day or the hour, and who runs to meet us whenever we issue from our hotel on the Riva dei Schiavoni with an artless, seductive, and hopeful air, is a fairly typical example of the professional gondolier, and would not be mistaken for a sober family retainer. He takes great pride in the neatness of his gondola: the ferro (that is, the great steel prow cut like a key) is always shining; the brass sea-horses which decorate the arm-rests are well rubbed, the floors scrubbed clean, the carpets and cushions well shaken and adjusted, and the awning fresh

and trim. No New England housekeeper could have a tenderer conscience for her possessions than has Achille, and certainly no more frugal thrift than he displays, particularly in the matter of his carpets. I have discovered that he has three sets: the first, superfine, brand-new Brussels, white, scarlet, and gold, which graced our first triumphal entry into his gondola, and indeed lent splendor to two or three early days of his engagement. Then they gave way to tapestries a trifle faded and worn, which themselves yielded in turn to still shabbier ones, which were brought on at the faintest sign of bad weather. But unless a gondolier were frugal, how could he live, when his highest possible wages come to a little over a dollar a day? I respect Achille's economies. He himself is a picturesque figure; not tall, but sinewy and slender, his body elastic and supple, as a trained gondolier is almost certain to be, with an easy play of the hips and limbs. His eyes shine out like turquoises from his bronzed face, which is decorated with long moustaches. His white linen suit (occasionally fresh) is set off by a jaunty crimson sash, and his best hat has also a red ribbon with streamers; but he reserves his best hat, like his best rugs, for stately occasions. One sometimes sees an awkward gondolier,—probably one who did not learn the trick of his trade in childhood,—and one then becomes conscious of being so habituated to the graceful rhythmical movement that to have it disturbed affects the fastidious sense like false time in music. For the whole body of a good gondolier is instinct with the motion. He stands poised like a Mercury "new lighted," and his every muscle bends at every stroke. One constantly observes boys of seven or eight practising at the oar, resting on the forcola (as the hollowed rest is called), while the father or some boatman looks on, giving directions, occasionally beating time as he calls out, "Uno, due, tre." An unpractised hand would soon find difficulties and dangers in winding through the narrow tortuous canals, but with a trained gondolier the art is delightfully invisible, the boat is so absolutely pliant to the master's hand; it obeys the least turn of the wrist, and moves on as easily and as silently as the waters which ebb and flow. The gondolier stands out of sight; the view of palace after palace with its wealth of sculptured frieze or its foliated arches, or across the shimmering distances of the lagoons, is wholly unimpeded. Nothing disturbs the comfort, the harmony, the sense of ease, pleasantness, and charm. As we near the marble steps of our landing-place, all danger of even a jar is warded off, for some lounger on the riva, eager for one or two sous, runs towards us with a boat-hook and carefully draws the gondola to the stairs. People with fragile hearts ought to live in Venice, away from the daily hairbreadth escapes and shocks to nerves which beset one in places where the prowling cab haunts, waylays, and pursues. By a delightful paradox, the brazen horses of St. Mark's preside over the one city where there are no horses.

A gondola is at once so original in its design, so peculiar and in a way so beautiful, that one ponders the mystery of its invention, or perhaps more properly its evolution, for old pictures show that it has put on many different fashions in different centuries. Its form never ceases to suggest to me that of a swan, as does also its graceful, high-bred move-

ment. Certainly the idea of such a boat could only have been developed among born lovers of the exotic, the rare, who possessed a distinct artistic faculty for assimilating and making practical use of all that could enhance the beauty and stateliness of daily life. In spite of the suggestion of a highly-wrought almost romantic ideal of patrician seclusion and luxury in the gondola, each detail of its construction might be said to have some practical purpose, except that its history shows that it has been modified in each generation. For example, it seems as if the lofty prow, invariably an inch or two above the body of the gondola, might be for the object of measuring the height of the many bridges, enabling the gondolier to tell at a glance whether his boat can pass beneath. But then in Carpaccio's and Gentile Bellini's exact transcriptions of Venetian life in the fifteenth century

there are two of these steel ferri, one at the prow and the other at the stern. And this fact makes it also doubtful whether the original intention of the heavy steel ferro was to have it act as a balance, which now appears to be its purpose. One thing is, however, certain, that the gondola is as felicitous an evolution out of conditions and environment as is the light canoe which Adirondack guides pick up at the shore of the lake they have crossed and carry on to the next sheet of water. And the gondola is something essential, permanent, which belongs to Venice and must belong while Venice lasts, not something which supersedes other inventions and must in time be superseded.

The little steamers which ply between landings on the Grand Canal and the Lido in warm weather, taking multitudes of people across to bathe in the sea and to dine and sup at the great restaurant, have, it is true, injured the trade of the gondoliers, but it was inevitable that some of the ugly but practically useful inventions of the nineteenth century should invade Venice. And, prosaic as such means of transit may be compared with gliding about in a gondola, the little trip to the Lido by steamboat is very pleasant, whether or not one bathes in the

Adriatic. For those who swim—and all Venetians do—the Lido offers an ideal bathing-place. The water is comparatively shallow, but full of life and motion and of a delicious temperature. The bathing-costume is not so elaborated as to hide the well-knit proportions of the men and youth, whose dignity and repose even in violent action suggest sculpture. While they plunge, dive, swing on the trapeze, swim and float in the foreground, it is pleasant—sitting on the broad open gallery of the great restaurant—to look beyond them off to sea, where fishing-boats and larger craft, like a flock of birds of gorgeous plumage, cross

and re-cross each other against the line where the blue waters meet the iridescent opal vapors of the far horizon. The variegated sails of the Adriatic boats, orange, saffron, and crimson, at first take the eye with the charm of the unexpected, then seem to satisfy a real need for bright color which insensibly grows on one in Venice. Sometimes the sails show a whole field of pure tint, again they are checkered like a chess-board, and often a circle or an angle is painted in a contrasting hue, and this is adorned with a picture of the Madonna or of some patron saint. Like a flock of flamingoes, a flotilla from Eastern ports will bear down on Venice with the rising tide, and when once moored the variety of different-colored rags the sailors hang out to dry on the rigging or the sides of the sloops and barques is beyond enumeration, while their possible use defies the imagination. They help, however, to give picturesqueness to the wharves, each of which is a study, with its tangle of masts and bowsprits, with here and there a drooping half-furled crimson- or saffron-colored sail.

Many as go to the Lido to bathe, it is but a small proportion of the Venetians who feel it necessary to be at such expense when they are in

the mood for a plunge. The narrow water-ways often swarm with bathers. It might seem as if the boys are at least amphibious, if they do not in summer live altogether in the water. An infant is taught to swim as it is taught to walk. The merest babies are carefully secured with bands and ropes, and dipped into the canal and drawn backward and forward by father or mother, who stands on the lowest stair, ready to repress rising terrors with smiles and words of encouragement, and occasionally drawing the little creature up for a caress, then relentlessly putting it back into the water to enforce the lesson. As soon as the child gains familiarity with the new element, the next step is to give it a plank to hold to and float by.

But as one glides through these narrow "water-ways" by which the gondolier likes to make many a "short cut," it is clear that in Venice, as elsewhere, it is only the few who have leisure to be idle. Boats full of garden- and orchard-produce are drawn up here and there at the steps, and while the dealers balance aloft their vegetables and fruit, shrilly declaiming on their merits, men and women, pannikins in hand, appear at windows and door-ways and on the stairs, screaming in unison, each side trying to beat in the bargain and each apparently feeling him- or herself worsted and outwitted. Just as the clamor becomes fiercest, all turns out amicably, to the relief of the looker-on, and all alike are well suited. Fruit-stalls are everywhere, and a few sous will buy such quantities of delicious cherries and apricots that an American is confounded but delighted by such an experience of Arcady. Pears and plums, now early in July, are beginning to be plentiful, and a little later pomegranates, figs, and grapes will be offered in still greater profusion. There is no scarcity of fruit in Venice, nor of vegetables and shell-fish at low prices. Cooling drinks, lemonade, tamarind-water, and a singular mixture of vinegar and water, are sold in little canopied counters on all sides. Poor as the masses of people undoubtedly are, there are few or no signs of actual destitution. Their ideas hinge on their means, and a few sous make any one of them enthusiastically grateful. On one of the bridges just below the Ducal Palace may be seen a man from morning almost till midnight offering boxes of wax matches. "Candele, candele, candele," his voice is heard perpetually, with a note of hopefulness as you approach. How thankful he is to dispose of four sous' worth! Over the bridges in the minor streets are always hurrying women, in kerchiefs of orange and crimson, with a yoke on their shoulders from which depend the copper vessels in which they carry water from the frequent wells which supply the household needs of the poorer classes. These wells, with their beautifully carven stone curbs, are sometimes in open squares, and again in the quadrangle of convents and monasteries. One in the cloisters of the Frari is of immense depth, and to and from it one sees a constant stream of women and children, who bear the yoke with an ease and often a grace which make it—especially when the copper vessels are well scoured—a really pretty adjunct.

As we float through these narrow canals between tall houses which shut out the light even at noonday, we catch glimpses of Rembrandt-like interiors, and of workers in gold, silver, and bronze, lace-makers,

and stringers of beads, pursuing their craft, each figure against a background where there is certain to be some beautiful detail,—a wreath of flowers with a child's face, the figure of an animal enclosed in the fillet, a fading fresco, a carven portal, arched casement, or Gothic gateway, —which is sure to touch our quickened æsthetic sense. The workers transfer their attention to us for an instant with a bright interested look, then resume their occupation. To an American eye there is rarely what we call beauty in the faces, but almost invariably a fine seriousness and an air of intelligence which are attractive.

It is well to have reached Venice a little weary of sight-seeing in general, with a desire to regather strength and freshness of the mind and senses before one tries to "do" the city. And it is safe to decide that, in spite of the marvels of Titian and Tintoretto, nothing in Venice is half so beautiful as Venice itself and the impressions it gives. The points of divergence from all to which we are accustomed give us just the requisite excuse, if one needed an apology for studying the most superficial manifestations of a life perfectly simple and natural, yet resting on conditions so artificial as to seem almost incredible. More and more as one watches the rise and ebb of the tide washing over the steps of the palaces, the crawling crabs on the foundations sunning themselves in the sea-weeds just above the water-line, the wonder grows that these shifting sands could ever have been chosen as the fitting home of human beings. And let wiseacres enumerate as they may the early conditions which first set the foundations of Venice in the waves, no explanation wholly accounts for the permanence of the

idea which led to her development and to its poetic embodiment in the Doge's annual espousal of the sea. But then it is no easy matter to account for anything in the world best worth having, on the mere logical system that two and two make four. Inexorable logic is useful in its way, but imagination has always been the shaping form behind events, an imagination often more lofty and more deep than the consciousness of the men whose thoughts and actions have moulded the notable epochs of history.

If one enters Venice by night when the moon is making a path of silver down the Grand Canal, flooding with light the palaces whose dazzling reflections in the water render it hard to tell where the reality ends and the image begins, piercing the dim mazes of the side-canals, lifting the Rialto into heights of ethereal splendor, and transforming into fairy-like structures even the little bridges, one has, of course, seen the sea-city in a way that fills and enchants. Black gondolas with a lamp at their prow steal silently out of the shadows, draw up at marble stairs for a single figure to alight, then pass again into shadow. What silence, what mystery, what beauty! Even on a night without a moon, Venice is full of charm. The familiar domes, turrets, bell-towers, are etched against the dark-blue star-spangled sky; the lights on the Piazzetta twinkle magically; from the Piazza comes a strain played by horns and clarionets, breathing the human passion and feeling of the moving crowds going up and down the square and the groups eating ices at Florian's; the boats hang up their blue and crimson cressets flickering in long lines across the bay; the men-of-war in the harbor send up signal-rockets which seem to run along the rigging as they gem the night with violet, gold, white, and scarlet; the evening gun sounds from the training-ship, and around us blows the wind from the Adriatic which the fishermen say is the "sea calling."

But, in spite of the subtle beauty of these impressions, one really sees Venice only when one sees her color. Yet perhaps on coming down the Grand Canal at mid-day, one's consciousness is not so absolutely of intense color as of translucence. All the surfaces seem to give out vibrations of light. The water, the palaces, the sky, the farthest reaches of the lagoons, are all opalescent.

But fairest to me was Venice one afternoon towards sunset, when I was returning in a gondola from the Lido. Midway in crossing the bay Achille dropped his oar, and for a time we floated with a feeling of being suspended between the gently-heaving sea of glass and the far-off sky, each suffused with softest rose-color. In front of us was Venice, the iridescent domes and minarets of St. Mark's seeming to be drawn up into the amber and crimson of the sunset, the lovely outlines intensified and etherealized. Dark and rayless the Campanile reared its solemn height above the aerial mosque, and all the many turrets and spires and towers of the city that took shape against the mellow blendings of the west. Then at our left across the sea of rose and pearl rose the Euganean Hills, their pyramids, towers, and cones standing out in clear relief above the shining water-line against the gem-like blue of the sky.

Ellen Olney Kirk.

GEORGE S. PATTERSON.

CRICKET IN THE UNITED STATES.

[ATHLETIC SERIES.]

IN the last ten years cricket in the United States has advanced decidedly, both in the increase of public interest and in the higher character of "form" shown by cricketers.

Interest in the game is becoming more wide-spread, and Boston and Chicago, at least on their own grounds, have proved themselves worthy foemen of Philadelphia. This last-named city has been the stronghold of cricket for over thirty years, from the days of the old Camden ground of the P. C. C. to the present reign of Manheim. In this city, Robert S. Newhall was the first American cricketer to show that it was possible to make runs against a foreign team even if it did have among the eleven one of the best bowlers the world has ever seen, and the possibility of this was again demonstrated in the recent matches of Lord Hawke's team in Philadelphia. The reason of Philadelphia's lead in the cricket world over its sister cities is not hard to discover: the clubs here are richer, and in consequence the grounds are better and more attractive; and again in Philadelphia the development of native talent comes first, while in other cities the importation of foreign talent would seem to exclude any native development. Boston, New York,

and Chicago all depend for their strength upon Englishmen, while a Philadelphia team is composed entirely of Americans, and young ones at that. Of course the chief interest among the followers of the game in this country has been in the visits of foreign teams here, and the two trips of the Gentlemen of Philadelphia to England.

English teams have visited us in 1859, 1868, 1872, 1879, 1882, 1885, 1886, and 1891. The Australians have played here in 1878 and 1882, while the Irish Gentlemen have paid two visits to this country, the first in 1879 and the second in 1888. Of the different matches played by these teams in Philadelphia, five have been victories for the Gentlemen of Philadelphia,—viz., the three matches with the Gentlemen of Ireland, the first match against Parson Thornton's team in 1885, and the first match against Lord Hawkes' team in 1891, while one match, the memorable one against the first Australian team in 1878, ended in a draw. Perhaps the most remarkable performances in these matches on the Philadelphia side have been the bowling of C. A. Newhall and Spencer Meade against the English teams of 1868 and 1872; the bowling of E. W. Clark, Jr., in 1879 against the English professionals; R. S. Newhall's innings of eighty-four against the first Australian team, and his thirty-odd in the English match of 1882; J. B. Thayer, Jr.'s forty against the pick of the English professional bowling in 1882, and R. D. Brown's sixty-two not-out on that memorable September afternoon last fall when S. M. J. Woods took to "lobs" in desperation. The most sensational finishes in these matches were in the two matches against the Irish Gentlemen in 1888, the first match being won by seven runs, thanks to Brockie's wonderful fielding at "silly point," and in the second match the last Irish wicket fell on the next to last ball of the last over of the match, as it was within half a minute of the time when stumps were to be drawn. This match will also always be remembered by cricketers in Philadelphia on account of Captain Cronin's generosity and sportsmanship in hurrying his men to the wickets so as to finish the match before time was called, he even going so far as to send the last man in without any leg guards, in order to prevent the delay resulting from putting them on.

The Gentlemen of Philadelphia have twice visited England, once in 1884 and the second time in 1889, and it was the unanimous opinion that the second team showed a great improvement in form over that displayed by the first team, although it was not as strongly representative of Philadelphia cricket. The 1884 team were hampered by the fact that C. A. Newhall, their crack fast bowler, injured himself while practising just before the trip began, and was never in his old form again. In that team three men, J. A. Scott, R. S. Newhall, and J. B. Thayer, Jr., were far ahead of the rest of the team in batting, both in consistent form and in the averages. W. C. Lowry bowled wonderfully well all through the trip, and W. C. Morgan, Jr., gave him splendid support behind the wickets. The 1889 team were greatly hampered by three facts: first, they had only one wicket-keeper, and it was impossible for him to stand the strain of so much hard work; in the second place, there were fourteen men of the team, which was just two too many, as three men had to be laid off every match, and the

constant fear and suspense rendered the last four or five men when they did play practically useless so far as their batting was concerned; thirdly, three of the team, who were taken for their bowling alone, proved great disappointments, and the bulk of the bowling fell on the men who were also expected to make most of the runs. The fielding also was not up to the mark. But, on the whole, the team played very good cricket, and their batting was much more consistent, considering the quality of the bowling, than that of the 1884 team, and indeed the averages of the first five men in 1889 were much above the corresponding averages in 1884.

When the next team is chosen to visit England, let twelve men be chosen, together with a scorer who could play if necessary, and by all means have more than one wicket-keeper. Let them play three three-day matches every two weeks, and against the following teams if possible: Oxford University, Cambridge University, I Zingari, Marylebone C. C., Gentlemen of Surrey, Gentlemen of Kent, Gentlemen of Gloucestershire, Gentlemen of Lancashire, Hampshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire. In the last three matches they would have a chance of getting some professional bowling, and also, what is very important, have some chance of winning. I have never believed in the theory that as a means of education it would be advisable to play the full strength of the first-class counties, as the results of the matches would be only too discouraging.

W. G. GRACE.

During the winter of 1891, Mr. Thomas Wharton, of Philadelphia, devised the plan of an inter-city league comprising Baltimore, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia in the East, and Detroit, Chicago, and Pittsburg in the West.

Philadelphia won from Baltimore, and Boston, thanks to the bowling of Chambers and some fine batting by J. H. Thorpe and H. McNutt, had an easy victory against New York, while in the West Detroit proved no match for Chicago. As Philadelphia and Boston had won their respective matches, it lay between them as to who should play Chicago for the championship, the Pittsburg-Chicago match having fallen through on account of a mutual misunderstanding.

Philadelphia were again the victors, thanks to their splendid fielding and some good batting by Wood, Coates, and Harry Thayer, although Chambers bowled splendidly for Boston. The Chicago-Philadelphia match was arranged for the second week in September, and, as teams

from the Germantown and Belmont clubs had been both easily beaten in Chicago during the summer, a close match was anticipated; but Philadelphia got the best of the wicket, and won by an inning and three hundred and fifty-nine runs.

The annual international match between Canada and the United States was played at Toronto on the worst wicket it has ever been my privilege to see, and was won by the United States by thirty-eight runs, the victory being due to the splendid batting of Joseph H. Patterson in both innings, ably aided by H. C. Thayer in the second inning. *Missionary* cricket is beginning to play an important part in the Philadelphia season. Last year the Belmont and Germantown clubs sent visiting teams throughout the country, the Belmont trip comprising Pittsburg, Chicago, and Detroit, while the Germantown Eleven not only played in those cities, but also against Toronto, Rosedale, and Hamilton. The Rosedale Eleven will always have cause to remember the cricket season of 1891, as in that year they had the pleasure of fielding while the Germantown Eleven scored six hundred and thirty-one in one inning and two hundred and fifty for three wickets in another. It is to be hoped that this missionary cricket will be kept up, as Philadelphia owes a duty to cricketers throughout the country in this respect. Cricket in other cities, as I said before, depends for its strength upon foreign talent, and this is one great element of weakness, as they have no younger element from which they can draw if necessary.

Boston on its own ground has one of the strongest elevens in the country, thanks to the indefatigable energy of George Wright, Lott Mansfield, and C. E. Mixer. On the Longwood wicket, Chambers is, in my opinion, the most dangerous bowler in this country, and on any wicket would rank with H. P. Baily, H. I. Brown, E. W. Clark, Jr., M. R. Cobb, Lane, and Pacey. Of New York cricket at present it is very difficult to form a satisfactory opinion, as there have been so few matches between the New York and Philadelphia clubs in the last few years. M. R. Cobb, the New York crack, I have never had the pleasure of seeing, but, judging by his performances, he must be a wonderfully good all-round man, and one of the best in this country; and in Tyers the Manhattan have the best professional bat in the United States. Cricket in Baltimore has been steadily maintained by the untiring efforts of Tunstall Smith and a few others, but their lack of material has prevented them from keeping pace with the development in the cricket line with other cities. In Tunstall Smith they have a first-class bowler; and if the interest of the juniors can only be stirred up, cricket should never die out in Baltimore. In the West, the advance of cricket in the last few years has been very marked. Detroit, Chicago, Pullman, and Pittsburg all have clubs, although at the present time the interest in the game at Pittsburg is at a very low ebb. The grounds in Detroit, Pullman, and Pittsburg are all very good, especially that of the latter city, which has as good a wicket as I know of in this country. Among its individual players, Chicago can boast of the best left-hand bat and one of the best all-round men in the country, Dr. E. R. Ogden. F. Kelly has the reputation of being the best bowler in the West. He is left-hand, very fast, with good command over the ball, and when the wicket

suits him he is certainly very dangerous, but on a good wicket, in my opinion, he is not as useful as Dr. Ogden. Bradley, the Chicago professional, is a good bat, a first-class wicket-keep, and a useful bowler, while the club also contains two other run-getting bats in McPherson and Wright.

The bowling and fielding of the Pullman Eleven is their strongest point, and has usually enabled them to win from Chicago, although last year the tables were turned. Dale, Rogers, J. Cummings, and T. Langham make a strong quartette of bowlers, while Rogers and Cummings are also consistent scorers for them. The success of the Pullman Eleven in its matches for the local championship of Chicago has been in a great measure due to the coaching of Armitage, the old Yorkshire professional.

Detroit last year had a much weaker team than either Chicago or Pittsburg, but in S. Atkinson they had a first-class bat, and in Humphrey Roberts a very reliable bowler. Their grounds are the grounds of the Detroit Athletic Club, the match wickets being very good, and, as the grounds are almost in the centre of the city, there is no reason why the game should not flourish there. Captain Charles A. Vernou, of the old Young America Eleven, and F. Bamford, who was a member of the Peninsular team, have been both working hard for the success of the game in that city. Cricket in Pittsburg has had a precarious existence, and is chiefly dependent upon the efforts of Mr. J. E. Schwartz, the president of the club, who has given his time and money freely to the support of the club. The strength of the team has almost always depended upon Englishmen resident in Pittsburg, and at different times they have had very strong teams. The two Stratfords, W. Pyatt, A. MacPherson, Harvey Penn, Walter Scott of the Belmont, A. S. Valentine of the Germantown, J. K. Horn, and F. N. Schwartz have represented the club, and in 1883 and 1884 they had an eleven which was in all probability as good as any in the country. Lack of match-practice (there being only one other club in Pittsburg, and that only able to cope with the second eleven of the older club) accounts in a great measure for the falling off in the strength of the eleven. In A. S. Valentine and F. N. Schwartz they have two very promising young bats, and with more match-practice both would become first-class. Walter Scott, Harvey Penn, and J. K. Horn are all, when in practice, first-class batsmen, and in Penn, Scott, and Borroughs, the club professional, they have a very useful trio of bowlers.

In Philadelphia the interest in cricket has been steadily increasing from year to year, and at the close of last year it had reached a height which had never been attained before. Not only is the number of clubs increasing, but the standard of play has improved wonderfully in the last ten years. Where there was one first-class bat then there are five now, and the bowling and fielding have improved proportionally. The Germantown C. C., whose beautiful grounds are at Manheim, are fairly entitled to be considered first, not only on account of the size of the club, but also on account of its playing strength, it having won last year not only the Halifax Cup for the championship of the first elevens, but also the Club Record Cup, which is awarded to the club attaining

the highest percentage of points in matches between all the elevens of all the different clubs, first-eleven matches counting four points, second-eleven three points, and junior matches two points.

Last year the eleven was unusually strong, as the club was able to depend upon its full strength in nearly every match. F. H. Bohlen, the winner of the batting cup in 1890, was hardly in as good form last year as the preceding one, though at the beginning of the season he scored most consistently. If you once get in a streak of bad luck, however, it is very hard to make runs, no matter in how good form you are playing in practice; and that is what seemed to be the matter with Bohlen during 1891. E. W. Clark, Jr., as far as all-round playing is concerned, was at his best last year; and if his services had been available in the two international matches the All Philadelphia team would have been greatly strengthened. R. D. Brown, as usual, made runs in his own inimitable style, and for a consistent scorer year in and year out he has no superior, in my judgment, in this country. His play resembles R. S. Newhall's in that each has a style of his own which it is impossible for any one else to imitate, aud it would be a dangerous experiment to try to do so. Two other Germantown men, F. E. Brewster and S. Welsh, Jr., were in first-class form throughout the year, and Brewster had the honor of scoring two centuries, one hundred and forty-seven against Rosedale and one hundred and three against Tioga, both of them not-outs. It is a very curious fact that these were the first centuries Brewster has ever made, and he has been playing first-class cricket for eighteen years. The Germantown fielding was very good throughout the season, with the exception of the memorable match with Belmont on the Fourth of July, when both sides tried to outdo themselves in dropping catches, S. Welsh, Jr., Norton Downs, W. Brockie, and H. I. Brown, however, all fielding brilliantly. Brockie captained the team as only he can do, and his fame as a captain should be ranked with that of D. S. Newhall, George Wright, and J. A. Scott. F. W. Ralston, who had not played regularly for several years, made his reappearance, and, though batting in very hard luck in the beginning of the year, soon got into first-class form, and this coming year should be in better form than he ever was, as his play has steadied down tremendously. His wicket-keeping throughout the season was also deserving of great

FRANCIS E. BREWSTER.

praise. Another reappearance after several years' absence was that of Norton Downs, who fielded superbly throughout the season, and on Decoration Day gave the spectators at the Belmont grounds a spectacle in the way of hitting which they are not likely to see again very soon.

The Belmont Eleven was hardly as strong as that which won the Halifax Cup in 1890. There seemed to be a lack of unanimity of purpose and feeling among the team; and then, again, they were handicapped by the fact that Dr. J. A. Scott did not play with them at all, and that Walter Scott was available only in the two Germantown matches. C. H. Burr, Jr., who at the close of the season of 1890 was considered by many competent judges to be the best wicket-keeper this country had ever produced, was not in as good form either in his wicket-keeping or in his batting; he seemed to have gotten into a streak of bad luck which stuck to him all season. C. C. Coates, Jr., and A. M. Wood both were in great form during 1891; and it was to Coates's splendid batting, together with that of Walter Scott, in both innings of the first international match, that the victory was in a great measure due. A. M. Wood never played better in his life, and, in the writer's opinion, his innings of thirty in the second innings of the Boston-Philadelphia match was as fine a one as he ever played. It was a great pity that the birth qualification should have prevented him from occupying a place in the teams chosen to play against Lord Hawke's team. It has been proposed that hereafter Englishmen shall be eligible to play in Halifax Cup matches only after they have resided three years in this city, and that at the expiration of five years they shall be eligible to represent All Philadelphia in matches with foreign teams. The question is a very serious one, and well worth the gravest consideration of all those who have the interests of Philadelphia cricket at heart.

CRAWFORD C. COATES, JR.

Another member of the Belmont Eleven who made his mark last year was John W. Muir, Jr., and in the first part of the season he was in as good form as any man in Philadelphia, though towards the close of the season he fell off very much. His style and judgment, how-

ever, are first-class, and a little more experience will probably see him in the first ranks of American batsmen.

The Merion Eleven, under the leadership of H. P. Bailey, had the honor of being the only eleven to win a match from the champion Germantown team, but the eleven as a whole hardly seemed as good as those which have represented the club in former years. With the new grounds, however, and the increased facilities for practice which they will give, the Merion Eleven will doubtless resume its old standing. The veteran Sutherland Law won the Batting Cup in Halifax Cup matches, and his success in this respect gave universal satisfaction to all Philadelphia cricketers. H. C. Thayer, a younger member of the famous family, scored most consistently and got his runs in first-class style, his hitting in the Boston-Philadelphia match and in the match with Canada being especially fine. A. G. Thompson and G. Brooke also made runs throughout the season, and Newbold Etting, though in bad luck as far as runs were concerned, fielded as brilliantly as ever. Their bowling, with the exception of Captain Bailey's, was not very strong, and his work was very much handicapped by a severe sprain in his back. The Philadelphia Eleven under the management of Captain J. H. Patterson was a great improvement over any eleven which had ever represented the club before, and for the first time won a Halifax Cup match from the Merion. Captain Patterson, himself, set the eleven a good example by his consistent batting, and while he was in practice was on a bad wicket one of the most useful bats in the city, and it was due to his plucky hitting that the International Match with Canada was a victory. In C. Palmer and E. Norris and W. Goodwin the Philadelphia Club have the best fast bowling in Philadelphia, and all they need now is a little more patient batting.

The Tioga Club has struggled pluckily on, thanks to the enthusiasm of Captain Bristol, E. M. Cregar, and one or two others, and it is to be hoped that in the near future they will stand higher in the championship race, as they certainly have some very promising colts, like J. B. King and F. Bates.

Among the other clubs resident in Philadelphia or its suburbs the North End C. C. is the strongest both financially and in cricketing ability. F. Sutcliffe, J. Mart, and A. Mountford are all good bats, and in E. Eastwood and F. Sutcliffe they have a pair of very formidable bowlers; in fact, many competent judges consider Sutcliffe one of the best fast bowlers in this country.

And now a word as to the comparison between native American cricketers and the English "cracks." In bowling we have no one to compare with the English professionals, and we never will have unless we develop a class of professionals and give them as much match-practice as their English brethren have. As far as the English amateurs are concerned, with the exception of S. M. S. Woods, their bowling is no better than ours, if as good. In batting, England can show fifteen first-class bats where we can show one; and this result is not hard to account for. As a rule, the English amateur belongs to that leisured class which is so numerous in England and so conspicuous by its absence in the United States. The English amateur has had the

best coaching in England from the time of his public-school cricket to his début on the county eleven. He plays matches five days out of the week from May 15 to the middle of August, and two weeks of good match-practice are worth two months of indiscriminate bowlers in the nets. The American amateur's cricket existence is, as a rule, a precarious one. He gets a certain amount of cricket while a boy at school, not much coaching, though a change in this respect has taken place in the last few years, ever since the Germantown Eleven of 1886 demonstrated what good coaching could do for a lot of boys. When he becomes old enough to go to college, if he is lucky from a cricketing point of view, he goes to either the University of Pennsylvania or Haverford; otherwise he finds himself at some college where cricket is unknown or the facilities for playing it are so inadequate that he forgets the little training which the club professional has had a chance to instil into him. Then after college come the cares of business, and if he is very fortunate he is able to play a match every Saturday after twelve o'clock. Of course there are some men who are able to play whenever they want to, though they do not get as many matches here as their brethren do in England, for the very good reason that there is no one to play against them through the week. There are also some amateurs in England whose cricket is hampered by business, and I believe the number of these is increasing, but they constitute rather the exception than the rule.

The elements in favor of the English amateurs also aid their professionals, whose batting now would seem to be getting ahead of the amateurs, and it is a worthy tribute to American skill in sport that the batting here is as good as it is. What cricketers in the United States most need in their batting is an improvement in form; though we have one or two men, like F. H. Bohlen, J. B. Thayer, Jr., Dr. J. A. Scott, and W. Brockie, whose form is first-class.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

In fielding, and I say this with the criticisms of the fielding of the Philadelphia team in the recent international match in mind, I think we are better than the Englishmen, amateurs or professionals. Their wicket-keeping is far ahead of ours, —indeed, no comparison can be made,—and at short slip and at point, as a rule, we are much behind them; but when it comes to the other positions I think we are much safer, though our fielding has not as much "gallery" about it. I do not think their outfielders

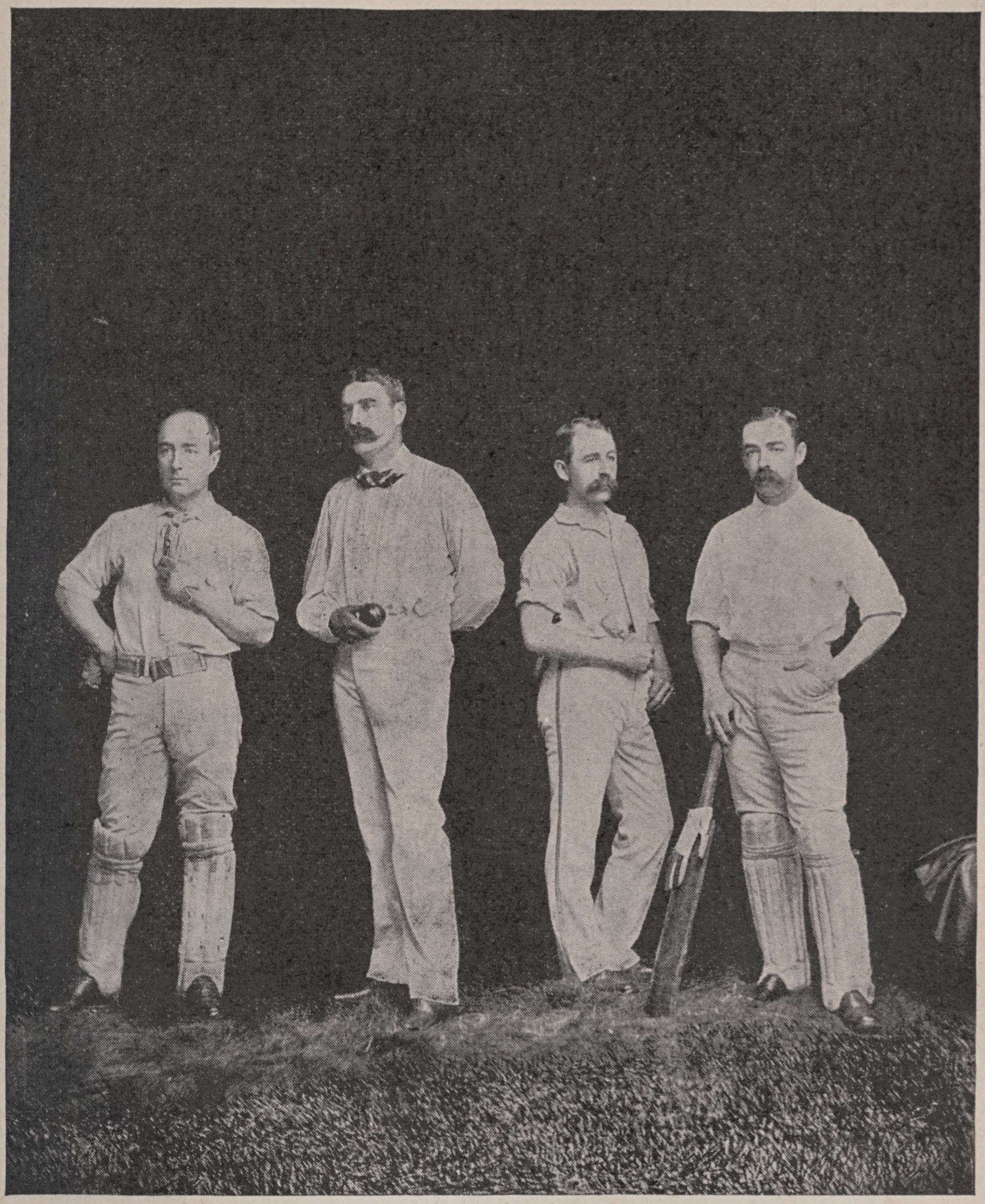
are in the same class with ours, either in judging catches or, what is more important, in catching them. Close to the wicket the English fielders pick the ball up and get it to the wickets very quickly, but I think the fact they run so many of our men out is chiefly due to the bad judgment shown by our batsmen in running between the wickets. Possibly our English cousins will consider it a trifle presumptuous to make any comparison between our cricket and theirs, but it is only done with a view to our own improvement; and I would warn them that the time will come when the bowling in this country, if it continues to improve as it has done, will be so much better than the English amateur bowling that the Gentlemen of England and the Gentlemen of America will make a very interesting match. Let bowling and fielding be practised and trained as carefully as batting in this country, and that day will not be so very long in coming.

Two years ago an attempt was made in Philadelphia to introduce into the game of cricket a few of the characteristics of base-ball, in order to shorten the game and make it more interesting for the spectators. The result of this conglomeration of base-ball and cricket was the so-called "American Plan," the characteristic feature of which was that at the fall of the third wicket the other side went into bat, and when they had lost three wickets the side which batted first would go in and bat again till they had lost three wickets, and this was kept up until each side had lost twenty wickets or as near to that as time would permit. If this plan had ever been carried out there would have been an end to any man being an all-round cricketer, as the strain of bowling and then going into bat and then bowling again would be too much for any man. It would also have tended to do away with patient and scientific batting, and put a premium on "slugging," as the patient batsman if he stayed in while three wickets fell would then have to go out and field and "get his eye out" before he resumed his batting.

Fortunately, the plan was tried only in the second innings of matches, with the exception of a few intercollegiate matches, and the general disfavor with which the experiment has been received augurs well for its early death, and it is to be hoped that the cup committees will do away with the plan entirely. Doubtless improvements can be made so as to shorten the game, by beginning matches with greater punctuality and not wasting so much time, but these are improvements which are consistent with the good old game of cricket and will never result in such a mongrel game as the "American Plan."

In closing this article I want to say a few words on behalf of the younger cricketers of Philadelphia with reference to the debt of gratitude which they owe to the older generation of cricketers, the men whose enthusiasm and work built up the game in Philadelphia and furnished the present generation with the advantages they now possess. I refer to Thos. McKean, A. A. Outerbridge, John P. Green, E. N. Davis, the Wisters, the Newhalls, Murray Rush, C. Stuart Patterson, George Ashbridge, Dr. Cadwalader, William Nelson West, and Samuel Welsh. They are the men who played the game at a time when there were none of the facilities of splendid grounds and comfortable club-houses which the cricketers of to-day have. It was through Mr.

McKean's liberality that the Germantown C. C. played on the old grounds at Nicetown, the scene of so many international matches. A volume might be written on the part that the Newhalls have played in American cricket. Walter S. Newhall was the best bat in the United



From a photograph by Gutekunst.

GEORGE M. NEWHALL. CHARLES A. NEWHALL. DANIEL S. NEWHALL. ROBERT S. NEWHALL.

States in his day. George M. Newhall captained the Young American Eleven for twenty years, and kept wicket and played in international matches from 1859 to 1879. Robert S. Newhall was the best bat in the United States from 1875 to 1886. For twenty years Charles A. Newhall was the best fast bowler in this country and one of the

best fast bowlers the world has ever seen, and his performances in the matches of 1868 and 1872 against Wilsher's and Fitzgerald's teams will never be forgotten. Daniel S. Newhall captained all international teams from his brother George's retirement till his own in 1889, with the exception of the Gentlemen of Philadelphia in England in 1884, he having been unable to make the trip. He was a first-class bat, almost as good as R. S., and in his younger days a very good slow bowler and fine fielder. The most important thing the Newhalls have done for cricket is the way they have always labored to keep up the tone of the game and to maintain its high standard.

The old international match committee, also, consisting of Frederick C. Newhall, C. Stuart Patterson, A. A. Outerbridge, Thomas McKean, and their successors, John C. Sims, Frederick M. Bissell, John P. Green, George S. Philler, W. W. Montgomery, and D. S. Newhall, who sent the teams of 1884 and 1889 abroad, have worked indefatigably for the good of the game in Philadelphia.

If the younger cricketers in the United States will work as long and earnestly for the good of the game as the older ones have done, cricket will play a very important part in the future history of American sports.

George Stuart Patterson.

CHESTNUT HILL, March 10, 1892.

CORYDON AT THE TRYST.

ARCADIA—1692.

ACROSS ye hille with nimble feete
She trippes, my artlesse Phillis:
With downcast eyes and blushes sweete,
Blest by her steppe ye hille is;
With mouthe uplifted myne to meete,
She's fayre as daffodille is;
Sweet-throated birds her coming greete,
Soe pure, soe true is Phillis.

BROADWAY—1892.

Where fashion's armor glances keen,
She saunters, dainty Phillis,
Half mocking, chic, with glance serene,
Cold as the shadowed rill is.
Oh, serpent-wise that suave, white queen,
Who knows her wish my will is,
And breaks my heart with guileless mien,—
A cruel, subtle Phillis!

Frances Nathan.

A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL.

THE cards were out for the wedding. The trousseau was complete. The best man had the ring. The company had assembled, and the final touches were being put to the bride's veil.

The maid of honor and the four bridesmaids were superintending this ceremony. All these girls had graduated together two years before, and had agreed then to fill these relative positions at the first wedding among them.

"There!" said Nettie Valentine, one of the pink maids; "I think that is quite perfect: don't you, girls?"

"Yes, lovely," murmured Theresa Evans, one of the blues. "You must go down now, of course," as an impatient knock came at the door. "Let us say good-by to Pauline—Pauline Desmond for the last time."

"I do wish, dear," said Fannie Graham, the maid of honor, "that you could have made up your mind to insist that he should take your name instead of you his. But you will write it with a hyphen, won't you?"

"Of course, girls; we all promised, and I certainly will."

"And you won't forget what else you promised?" said several voices.

"No, girls. You may depend upon me.—Yes, mamma, I am ready now."

Five minutes later the bride and groom stood at the head of the long parlor, in front of the bay-window where the clergyman had been awaiting them.

Frank Lacy was a fine young fellow, and they made a handsome couple. To be sure, one of the bridesmaids (the blue one, who had kept on her eye-glasses) had her own opinion of Pauline, in that she had not preferred the Greek professor; but then really, you know, the professor was pretty old, and, as he never talked in society, it was not generally supposed that he understood English as well as Greek.

Then there was Mr. Midas, thought one of the pink bridesmaids. Pauline was a simpleton there. But, after all, it was just as well, and when he took notice again——

At this point the pink maid's wandering attention came back to the sentence the minister was just finishing.

"—so long as you both shall live?"

It was the bride's turn to say, "I will," as the groom had just said it.

Pauline stood erect. She raised her dark eyes and fixed them upon the face of the questioner. She was pale, but it was with an earnest purpose, not with nervousness.

"I will do all these things," she replied, "except that I will not obey him."

Every one was taken by surprise, except the five girls who stood

about the bride. There was a profound hush, while the clock on the mantel ticked ten times.

"Frank," she said, turning to her half-made husband, "you do not wish me to make this monstrous promise,—to drag this relic of the Middle Ages—of the times when women were slaves and plaything of men—into our lives? You do not expect this of me, Frank?"

("Because if he does," murmured the tall usher to the pink bridesmaid, "he is very sanguine, and he will apparently be disappointed,—like England, you know.")

"It is I that you wish for, not a servant: is it not so, Frank?"

"Certainly, Pauline; you need not say it; but why couldn't you have arranged this quietly beforehand?"

"Because I wished to do it now.—My friends," she said, turning to the assembled guests, "am I not right? It is for you, my sisters, that I do this. A recent writer has said, 'Would that some woman would have courage to make a scene, if necessary, on such an occasion! It would be a glorious scene, if she possessed the courage and dignity to refuse for the sake of outraged womanhood to pronounce the monstrous promise. It would be woman's splendid declaration of independence. The brave bride would be the heroine of the hour. She would do more than a thousand sermons to wipe out this blot upon the Nineteenth Century!'"

("Quoted correctly," whispered the blue maid. "What a memory Pauline has!")

"I am this brave bride, my friends.—Now we will go on," she said, turning to the minister.

The service proceeded. The bride did not spoil her point by refusing to be given away. The vows were made (leaving out the obnoxious word). Then came the nervous moment while the best man fumbled for the ring. He had not lost it. He gave it to the man, who gave it to the woman, who gave it to the minister, who gave it to the man, while the Nineteenth Century stood by and consented. The groom placed it upon the finger of the bride and hesitated over the words he was to say:

"With this ring I thee wed——"

"And with all my worldly goods I thee endow," prompted the minister.

"No," said Frank, abruptly. "Not all of them."

The clock ticked again.

"My friends," said Frank, turning to the company, "my brothers, I call you to my support. Why should a man be expected century after century to make this monstrous promise? Why should we give all our property to our wives?"

("It's not a bad plan, sometimes," said Uncle Canfield, of Canfield, Drew & Co., but nobody heard him.)

"Why should a self-respecting man be expected to bring home all his money, like a model little boy in a Sunday-school book? Let us throw off the yoke, and our wives will respect us the more. There are nine hundred and seventy-eight employments open to women where

there were formerly but six. They are able to get worldly goods for themselves.—Pauline, I know it is me that you wish for, not my money."

("It is I," murmured the blue maid, mechanically.)

("Mean old thing!" said the pink maid to the tall usher. "Mr. Midas wouldn't have done so.")

"You can go on now," said Frank to the minister.

"Wait. Perhaps you had better not go on," said the bride's mother, nervously.

"I should think not," said Aunt Sophia, severely, to the bride's sister. "You know I never approved of your forms, and you see what comes of them. They had better wait a couple of weeks and join some church where they don't have them."

"I wish they would," whispered one guest to her sister. "They'd have to give back the presents, and that pie-knife I gave would just do for Fannie Warner. Her wedding's to-morrow."

"And perhaps the caterer will take back the wedding-cake," mused an impertinent youth, "and that will do for that same Fannie. But we'll have to have the salads. I'm awfully hungry."

"Fun, isn't it?" said the tall usher to the pink maid. "I don't often enjoy weddings. But if they don't go on it would be a pity to waste the minister. Some of the rest of us might use him."

"Go on," said the groom, impatiently.

"Go on," said the bride, firmly.

"Go on," said Uncle Canfield from the back of the room.

"Oh, don't," said the other pink maid, looking for her handkerchief.

Though it be long in the telling how those behind cried forward and those before cried back, it was only fifty seconds by the clock. Then the reverend Mr. Blake cut the Gordian knot by saying, hurriedly, "I pronounce you man and wife." Then he went back and finished the service in the usual fashion.

M. Helen Fraser Lovett.

MIRAGE.

TREASURE the shadow. Somewhere, firmly based,
Arise those turrets that in cloud-land shine;
Somewhere, to thirsty toilers of the waste,
Yon phantom well-spring is a living sign.

Treasure the shadow. Somewhere, past thy sight,
Past all men's sight, waits the true heaven at last:
Tell them whose fear would put thy hope to flight,
There are no shadows save from substance cast.

Edith M. Thomas.

FIG. 1.—GRAND VICTORIA. (By the courtesy of Messrs. Flandrau & Co.)

FORM IN DRIVING.

WITHIN the past few years, the horse in America has ceased to be regarded merely from a utilitarian or a racing stand-point, either as a draught-beast or a sporting animal. Now he occupies a position in which artistic and social considerations form integral parts. As with our architecture, our domestic establishments, and our luxuries, decorative and practical, so with our horses and equipages, we stop to consider not only whether they are useful, but whether they are beautiful and fulfil the requirements of good taste as symbolized in that mysterious super-subtile entity, "form." It is not required, here, to explain the genesis, or *raison d'être*, of "form:" it behooves us only to recognize it as a power, a very proper and beneficent power, in every civilized community that has ever achieved a high place in the world's progress, material or intellectual. Only the man of extraordinary ability or genius can afford to disregard "form" in anything, and the surest sign of America's infantility is her local boast of freedom from convention. The genius, perhaps, may overcome the prejudice he raises among well-bred and well-mannered people by disregard or ignorance of the niceties of *les convenances*, but the commonplace person is heavily handicapped by solecisms and bad taste. As Emerson puts it, "Morals rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic." And, after all, in ultimate analysis, "form" is but the expression of taste and eternal fitness by those who may occasionally be tempted to overdo the thing, but who at least have leisure and mental equipment to arbitrate upon such matters; or, as Herbert Spencer in his "Ceremonial Institutions" aptly terms "fashion," "that indefinite

aggregate of wealthy and cultivated people whose consensus of habits rules the private life of society at large." Surely, therefore, there is no apology needed for the advocacy of "form" in so conspicuous a part of our social and divertising life as that which concerns itself with our turnouts. And yet many a woman who can give a dinner properly, many a man to whom another kind of impropriety is impossible, drives in her or his own equipage which betrays the worst kind of ignorance, not only in structural peculiarities, but in the way it is turned out and driven. Not that in America there are not very many examples of what is "correct," for imitation and instruction: it is not too much to say that several American cities compare favorably with any European metropolis in the style and appointments of turnouts daily to be seen in the city or Park. But in proportion to the number of turnouts

FIG. 2.—A WELL-APPOINTED BROUGHAM.

seen, there are more inexcusably bad ones here than abroad,—bad not from cheapness, but from ignorance or indifference, or both. Midas Smith or Crœsus Jones, whose turnouts are not "correct," simply declares himself ignorant or careless of what society's ukase has decreed, neither of which conditions is judicious or sensible.

The following hints and suggestions, which do not claim either to be exhaustive or exclusive, are relative only to turnouts known as heavy; by which is meant contradistinguished from the light American trotting or utility "rig." For convenience' sake, we may divide these turnouts into two classes,—those driven by gentlemen and those driven by servants.

But before entering into the discussion of fine points, positive and negative, of the subject, it may be interesting to give, in a rough way, the original cost and yearly maintenance of a "smart" and well-conducted equine establishment. It need hardly be said that

this varies so much with the locality in which the stable is kept, as, for instance, rent and wages in New York, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, that, even if the subject were not complicated by questions of the economy or extravagance of the individual, only an approximate average could be attained. One man may possess a turnout worthy of the blue ribbon costing him less than his neighbor's which, to the connoisseur, is ludicrous. But this is nevertheless true of every kind of pecuniary expenditure. Taste and judgment are not required less in keeping horses than in keeping house or in buying books and pictures. I have often wondered why the vast number of people who are indifferent about the correctness and style of their horses and carriages bother to keep them at all: they could hire for locomotive purposes almost equally good ones from many livery-stables. Not only should the man who owns horses have a monetary competence sufficient to preclude his being worried by trifling extras, such as a horse going incurably lame, but he should take pride enough in them to see that they are turned out not only clean, but in traps and harness, by competent servants, in accordance with certain fixed rules.

For one about to start a modest, general-utility stable of four horses, for all-round work, city and country, buying everything new at first-class places, the following estimate, with large variation, is submitted:

Four horses having style and quality, two of which might serve as Park hacks, or "double usage"	$2000
A brougham, not C spring	1350
A phaeton, mail, or Stanhope	1100
A dog-cart	650
A victoria, or a "Duc"	1150
An exercising break	500
Two sets of double and two sets of single harness, three saddles and bridles, liveries and whips	1850
Horse-clothing, rugs, and stable requisites	300
Approximate total original cost	$8900

Those who have judgment and time to "pick up" horses may get their lot together at lower figures than I have given, but the other items can be minimized only by getting inferior things.

The cost of maintaining this establishment, with two men, would aggregate very little less than four thousand dollars a year, of which amount rent of stable in town, but not in the country, wages, and feed and straw, of course, constitute the chief items.

To facilitate treatment, as just observed, we may divide turnouts into those driven by the owner and those driven by a coachman, selecting two or three from each class, and showing things that should be and things that should not be. And let us begin with the brougham, a carriage which offers style, comfort, and elegance if well turned out, but none of these qualities if badly turned out. Pursuing the method of contrasts, the correct and the incorrect are illustrated in Figures 2 and 3, the first showing one in "form," and the second, the same brougham, men, and horses, with such sins of omission or commission as would relegate it to the category of the very bad style. For the

nonce assuming the self-described *rôle* of Iago, I shall "confess it is my nature's plague to spy into abuses" and tell wherein lie the faults. Beginning at the pole-head, we find pole-chains instead of straps, the former being "correct" only in a trap not driven by a servant. Next we see bearing-reins, which for general town work are unobjectionable, and for some horses almost a necessity, but we observe that they are merely supported by "drops," instead of having a separate bridoon bit. Nor are rosettes allowable on any but a woman's turnout, and even these suggest the bow on the whip. Going flankwards,

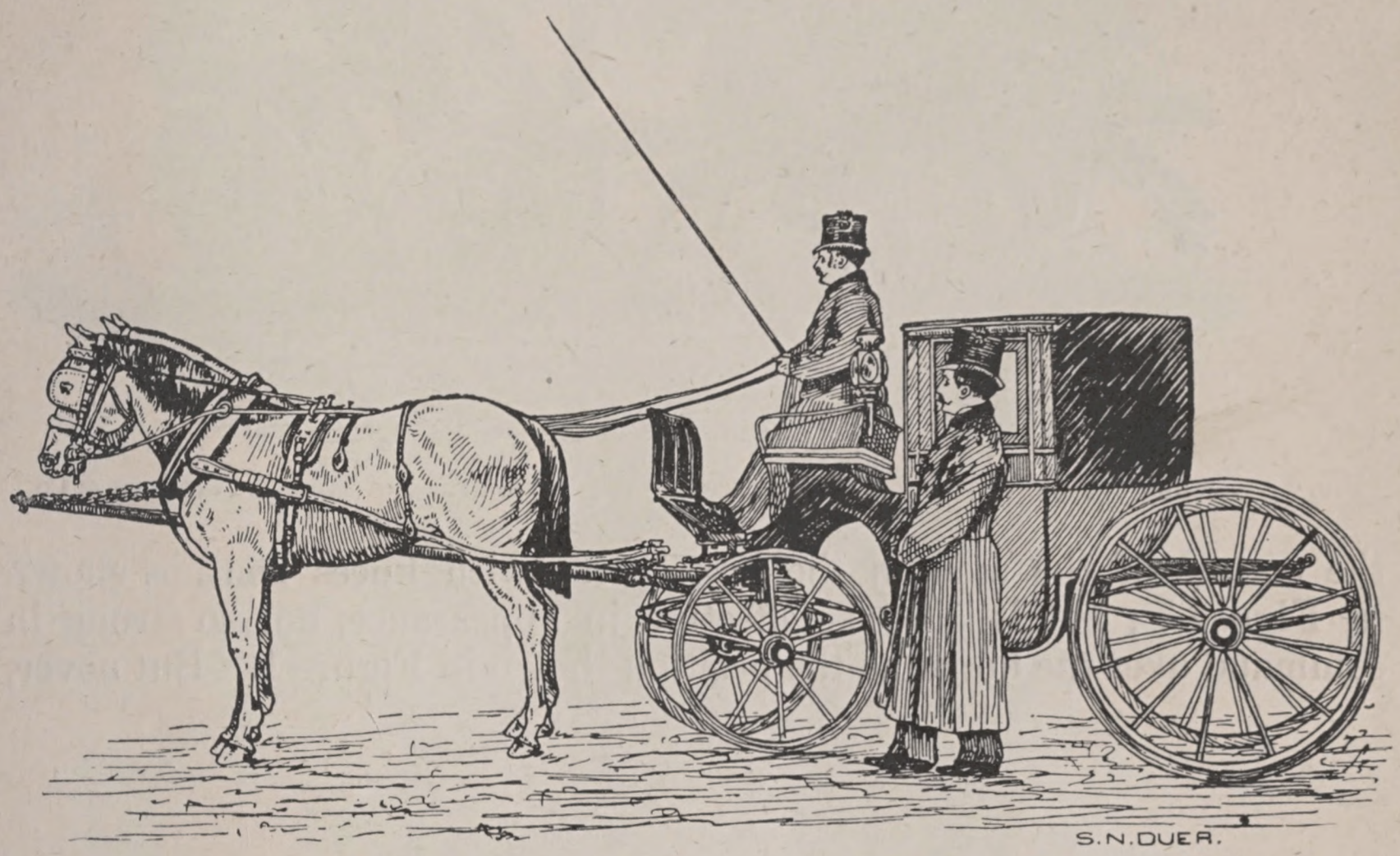


FIG. 3.—A BAD-STYLE BROUGHAM.

we see loin-straps and trace-bearers, which are always to be avoided, except for carriages made after the pattern of state coaches, and go only with embossed harness and bits. On the horses we see flowing manes, and tails banged, but not docked. The banged tail is as inappropriate for the heavy, as the docked tail is for the trotting rig; of the long flowing tail nothing need be said, further than that it is simply inexcusable. Come we now to the "men on the box;" and, *par parenthèse*, a word of explanation of the distinction between a footman and a groom. The former is always a house-servant, and has no connection whatever with the stable; he goes out on the box, with his mistress, and, if perfectly trained, knows her visiting list and addresses quite as well as she herself; his livery is different from a groom's, in the cut of his coat, in his collar, and in his wearing trousers instead of boots and breeches. Returning to our criticism, we notice these servants on the box wearing moustaches, which embellishment, to be "hated" by the knowing, "needs but to be seen;" and, further, they are sitting with their knees wide apart, the coachman with a straight whip, and reins in each hand. Later on, we shall glance at the proper manner of driving and holding the reins,—the same principles obtain-

ing alike for master and servant. Within late years there has arisen in Paris and London, among some very smartly turned-out equipages,

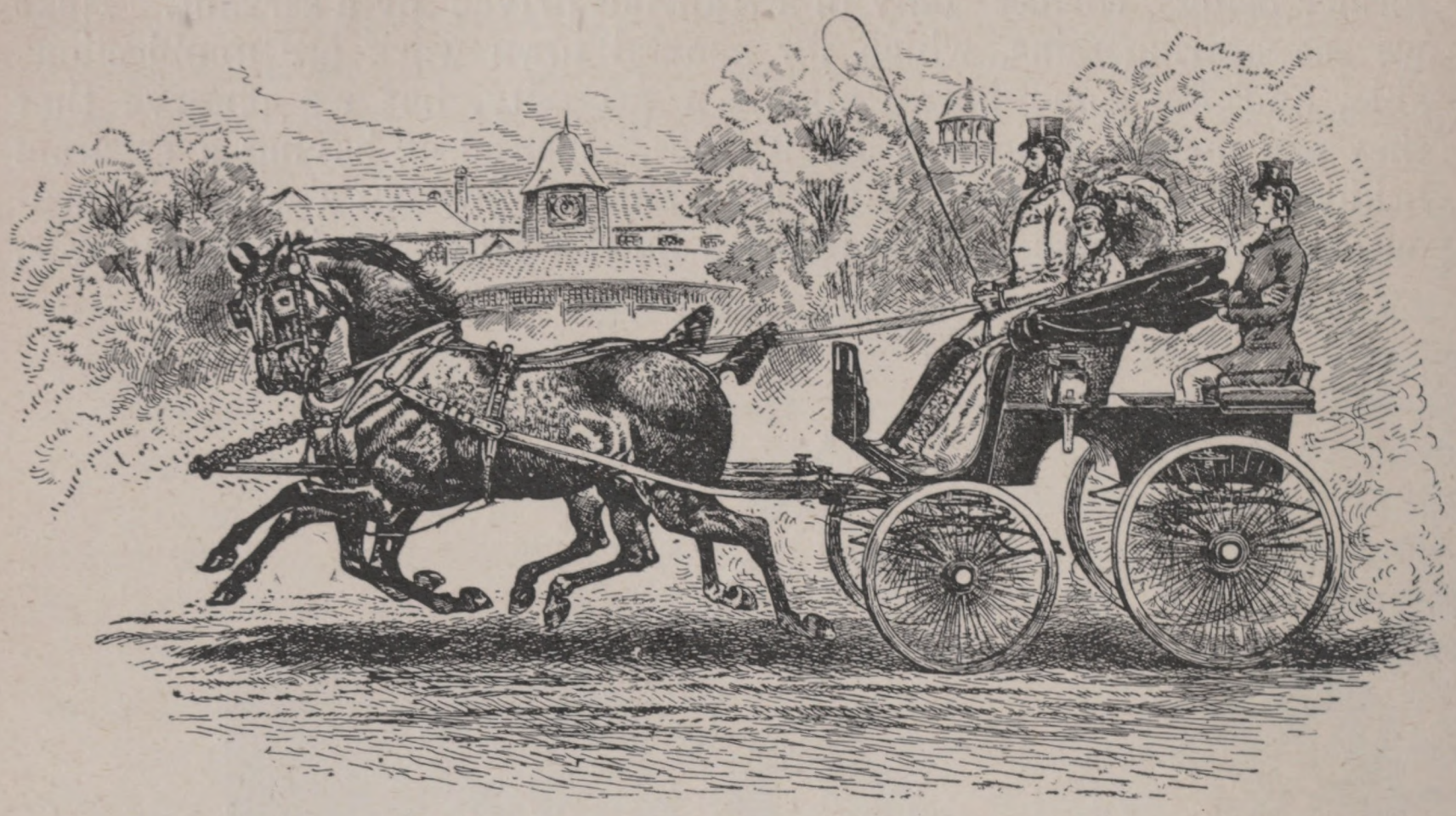


FIG. 4.—A WELL-TURNED-OUT STANHOPE PHAETON. (By the courtesy of Messrs. Flandrau & Co.)

the custom of the men on the box sitting with knees bent, as shown in Figure 7; but it is not so effective in appearance, nor so strong in command over the horse, as the position shown in Figure 1. But never,

FIG. 5.—A BAD-STYLE STANHOPE PHAETON.

under any circumstances, should either man sit otherwise than with knees almost, if not quite, touching. There is upon the question of the second man's arms some difference of opinion, and either of the

two ways, Figs. 8 and 9, but no other, is correct; the former position, however, with arms crossed, is by some considered rather the smarter. And while upon the subject of the man, a fact in connection with the color of liveries and painting of carriages should be mentioned, —the fact that these should correspond with the color of one's armorial bearings; it is owing to this fact that such polychromatic brilliancy is sometimes seen abroad, and the unjust accusation of shoddy ostentation made. Most Americans are fortunate in this regard, not being

FIG. 6.—FOR SINGLE WORK.

laden with quarterings, and therefore being free to select what color they fancy. But when they claim this evidence of genealogy they must remember that they must be governed by the rule. Like coloring, cockades have a significance, and are the indicia of nobility, or of the diplomatic or the army or navy services; those who like them, therefore, should first consider whether they have the right to use them.

As to the carriage, it is difficult to lay down hard-and-fast rules; style changes, and the shape of a brougham or the curve of a victoria varies almost every year: it is not, then, necessary to discard last year's carriage because of a new fad in shape this year. In the degree of loudness of ornamentation, too, much margin is allowed; taste can be cultivated in

this as in other things, but it cannot be implanted. If one goes to first-class coach-builders, of whom there are many in our great cities, one can generally be governed by them to a great extent. The tendency which the American builder of the second class follows is to produce lighter carriages than the model calls for; the result is little gain, if one has the proper kind of horse, strong and rather heavy, and presents a mongrel appearance, utterly destitute of style. In manufacture, workmanship, and finish the American carriage is unsurpassed by that of any foreign country, and in point of cost it is cheaper, under existing tariff laws, not to speak of the trouble of importation; but it is mere patriotic weakness, alike unreasonable and silly, to deny that our original vehicles—apart from the excellent "light wagon," in which we make as well as follow styles—are "remarkable for absolute inelegance." The moral of which is that those carriage-builders who are in closest correspondence with French and English firms of high standing are the only ones who can build "correct" carriages.

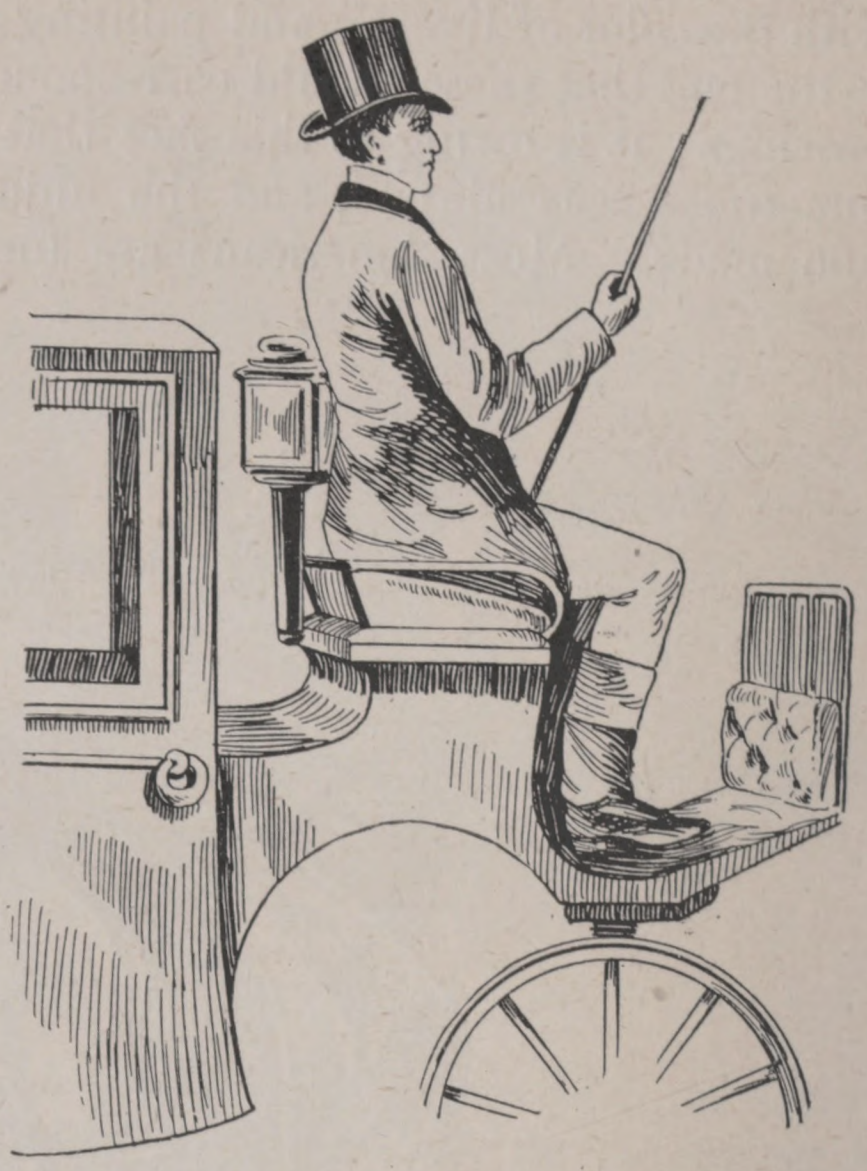


FIG. 7.—COACHMAN WITH KNEES BENT.

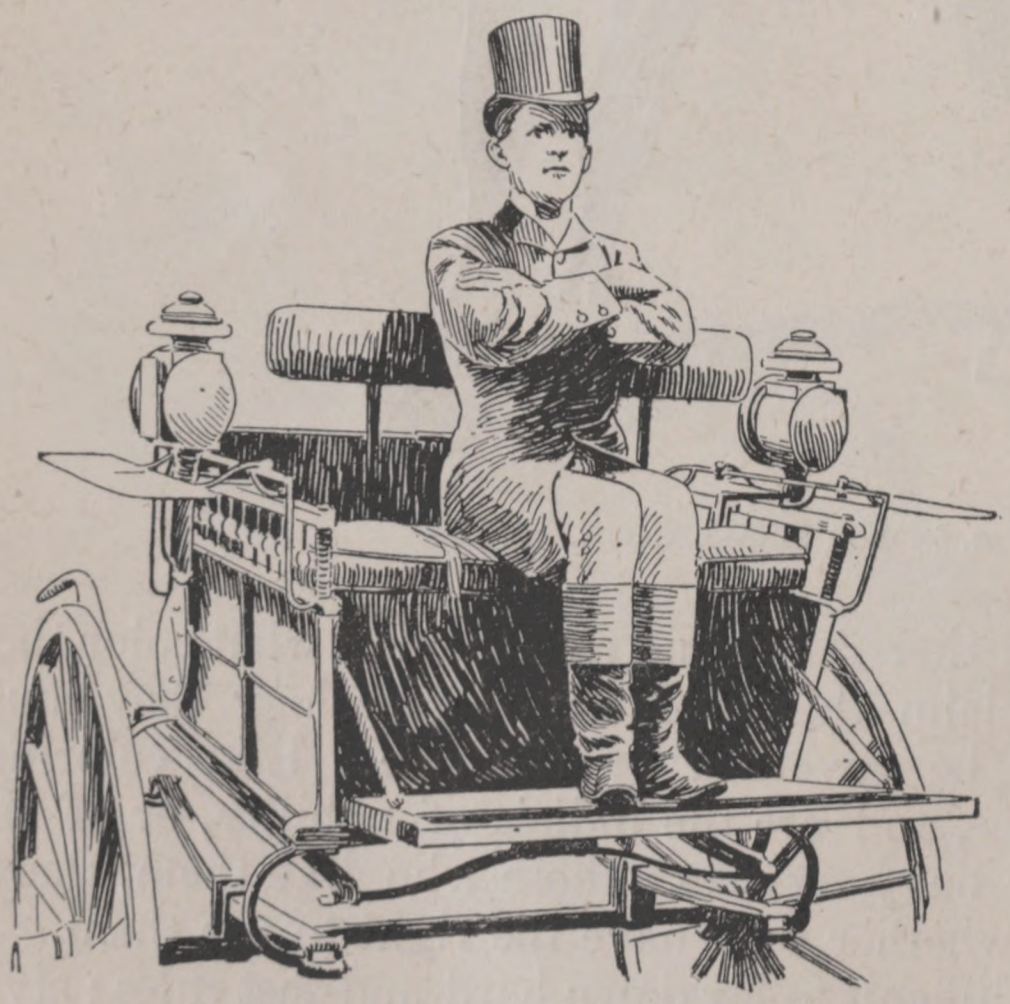


FIG. 8.—GROOM WITH ARMS CROSSED.

For obvious reasons, chiefly lack of leisure and of the cultivation of the trotting horse, the American gentleman's turnout, which he drives himself, is, generally speaking, not stylish nor a "thing of beauty;" in this regard the traps his coachman drives are qualitatively and quantitatively superior, as here what our good-natured French critic makes the theme of one of his lectures, "Her Majesty the American Woman's" influence, is felt. Though Monsieur has no time to devote to driving, Madame

desires to use, and be seen in, something at once fashionable and comfortable.

The man who wants to turn out in "form," and who is limited in the number of traps, might select first of all a phaeton, of which there are three styles: the mail, which is really the "heavy swell thing," with perch and mail spring undercarriage, and consequently is heavy, and rather cumbrous; the lighter demi-mail, having four elliptic springs, and no perch; and the Stanhope phaeton, hung on elliptic springs, with curved panel, and arched boot to permit of the front wheels cutting under. All of those traps must be driven with groom behind, and in the two former those who wish to be ultra can take two men: this, however, is seldom seen, even in Continental cities. Figure 4 shows a well-turned-out Stanhope phaeton, and Figure 5 one "of the other kind." Most of the strictures upon Figure 3 might here be repeated.

FIG. 9.—GROOM WITH ARMS NOT CROSSED.

After the phaeton, probably the most effective trap, combining, as it does, style and utility, comes the dog-cart, which, while originally designed for shooting and get-about purposes, is more especially in the United States used for Park work, and in its tandem elaborations is susceptible of any amount of "smartness." When driving alone, it is indifferent whether the groom sits beside his master, with the tail-board closed, or not; but in tandem he should always sit on the hind seat.

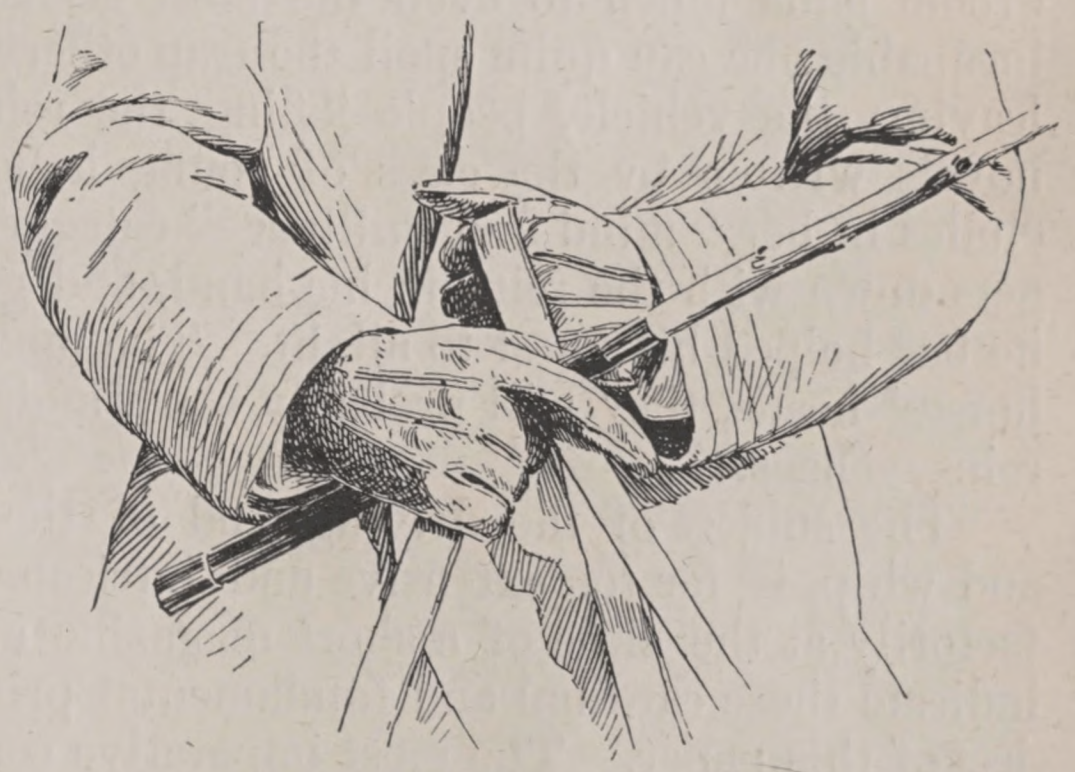


DIAGRAM A.

A trap to be driven by the master should be brought to the door with the off or right side towards the pavement: it is better to have to turn round, if you are going in the opposite direction to your horses' heads, than to climb over your guest's feet, or to go round behind the

trap to get in on the off side. The groom leaves the reins neatly deposited with one turn round the whip, or in the rein-holder on the dashboard, and gets out always on the off side, so as to be near the reins if the horses start, and waits at the horses' heads without touching them, unless necessary. Of course in places where he is likely to have to move off for some other vehicle he remains on the box seat. When his master or mistress comes out he touches his hat without looking directly at him or her, then places a hand on each horse's rein, as lightly as possible, not grabbing them roughly as some men seem to think necessary. A word here upon the subject of coachman and groom touching their hats when spoken to or when addressing persons. This is not a servile act, as some misinformed servants imagine; it is merely a custom arising from experience in intimating that an order is understood, and from the greater amount of formality which attends an equipage. No self-respecting servant, who takes pride in his stable and his turning-out, omits this trifling finish to his manners, and I have never known one worth his salt who objected to it. This by the way. When seated and ready to start, the "whip" nods to the groom, who, quickly stepping aside and again touching his hat, waits until the trap almost passes, then quickly jumps into his place. But a groom's work is not done when seated; he is not there merely to sit comfortably, gape around, and take his ease; he should not only sit perfectly straight and as if he saw nothing, but he should in reality see everything about the whole turnout or on the street or road, and be ready to anticipate whatever order may be given. A quick, smart groom adds much to even the most stylish trap, while a slouchy or incapable one can quite spoil the trap otherwise above criticism. Upon leaving the vehicle, people "fling the reins to the groom" only in novels written by the class of young ladies whom George Eliot includes in her "mind and millinery" categories: the prudent coachman gets down with the reins in his hand, and gives them to his man after he has helped his guest to alight. The moment the groom leaves the horses' heads, they will probably start, and, if no one has hold of the reins—chaos.

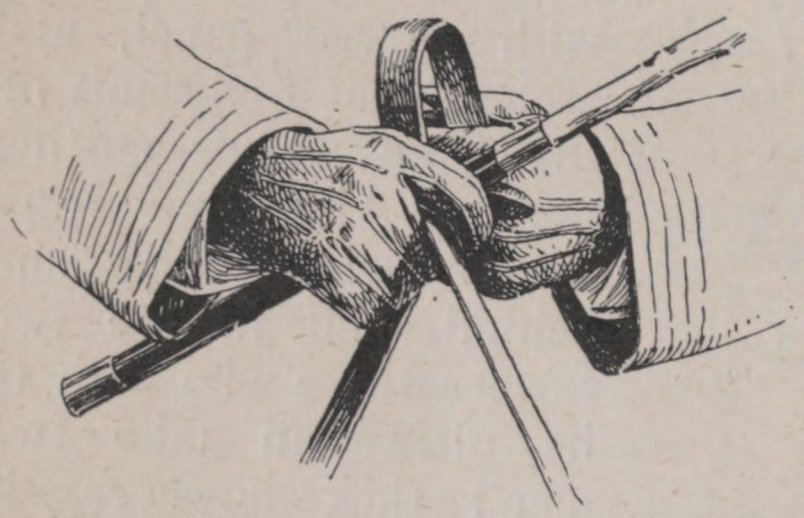


DIAGRAM B.

The subject of the driving, and of the manipulation of the reins and whip, is far too extensive and intricate a one to be discussed satisfactorily at the close of a short magazine article, but it is possible to indicate those cardinal and fundamental principles essential to the subject of this paper. The most imperative command of smart driving is to hold the reins in the left hand, the near side over the first finger, the off side between the second and third fingers, and seldom, save in emergency, separate the reins by taking one in each hand. Diagram A illustrates the correct position, in which we see also that the hands are held well up and close to the body, as a Frenchman graphically

and facetiously enjoins: "Quant aux rênes, il faut les tenir aussi près que possible du cœur (si vous en avez)." In this regard Figs. 1 and 4 are *incorrect.* The wrist is bent, giving pliability to the hands, and the whip, held in the palm of the hand almost entirely by the thumb, so as to leave the four fingers free to work the reins, is nearly at right angles with the horses, and about forty-five degrees from the horizontal. In turning to the left or near side, the right hand reaches across, and, taking hold of the near rein between the first and second fingers, pulls it backwards over the off-side rein, which at the same time the left hand has forwarded slightly to slacken the draught. (Diagram B.) The off-side rein is acted on in the same relative manner, except that it is taken hold of from the top by the last three fingers of the right hand, as shown in Diagram C, and pulled towards the left hand. Although generally confined to tandem and four-in-hand driving,* it is often desirable to "point" in driving one or a pair, that is, to loop the near rein, if you would turn the near side, under the thumb, or if off side, which is more difficult, between the first and second fingers. The advantage of this is at once apparent, as it gives one a free right hand with which to use the whip on a sluggish horse and "help him" either round a corner or in passing another vehicle. To stop, simply place the right hand at a greater or shorter distance, according to the speed, in front of the left hand (Diagram D), and pressing the right hand towards the body, and pushing the left hand a trifle out, raise both hands, the body meanwhile being kept straight, even inclining a bit forward. This is a far more effective and clean method than that of taking a rein in each hand, leaning back and pulling, not only with the loss of dignity, but at the risk of the rupture of a blood-vessel.

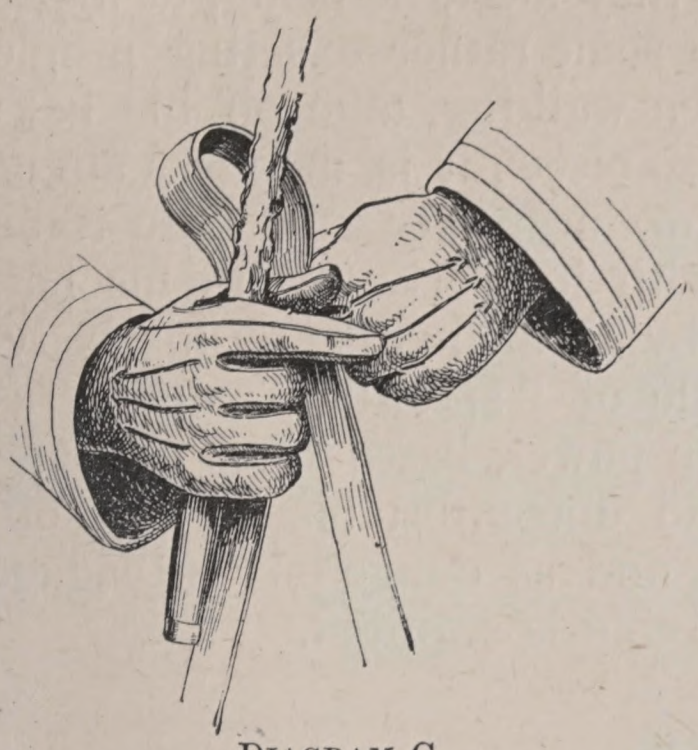


DIAGRAM C.

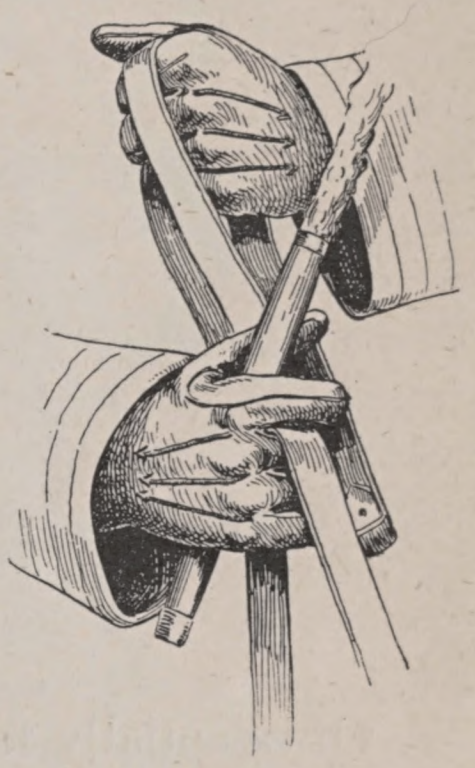
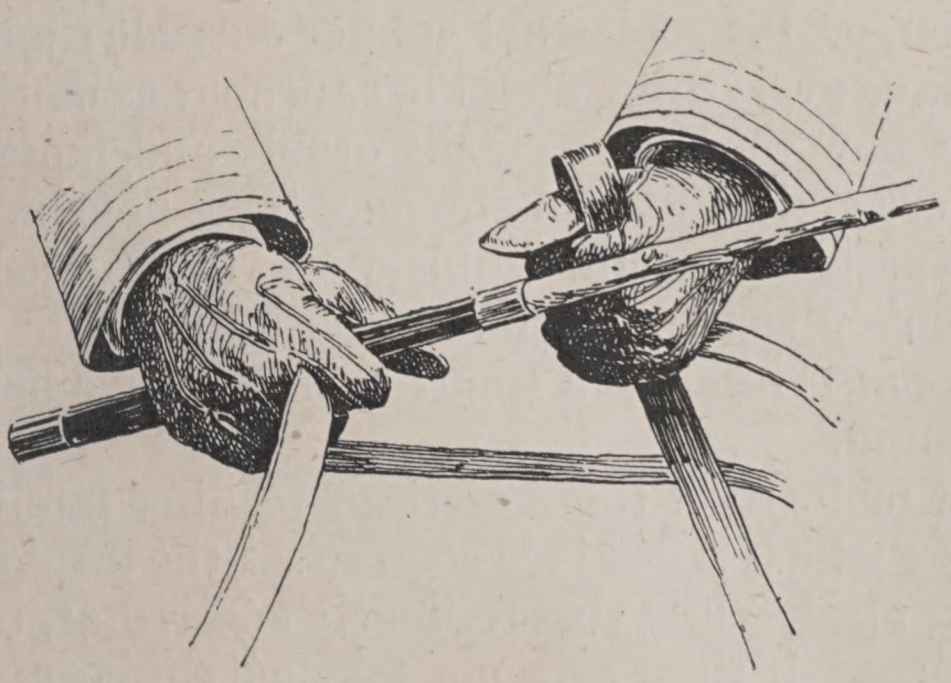


DIAGRAM D.



BAD STYLE.

There is a point which more properly comes under the head of the

---

* See article on "Four-in-Hand," in April number of this magazine.

etiquette of driving than that which I have chosen to discuss in this paper, however briefly and imperfectly : it is that of how a man driving shall salute a female acquaintance when they meet, he being, *ex hypothesi*, on the box at the time. There are some rather exacting people who demand that the man shall, as when walking, take off his hat ; but, while he is at liberty to do so if he so elects, it is neither a slight to his feminine acquaintance nor a sign of incapacity as a Jehu if he merely raises his whip vertically and with it nearly touches his hat, making it more impressive, if desirable, by an inclination of his body. "Form" has set its seal upon this mode of "speaking," and is, as with most of the rules of this human-born power, based upon common sense; for it is ofttimes disagreeable and uncomfortable to take off one's hat while driving in a high wind, and as dangerous to engage the whip hand in places where careful driving is required.

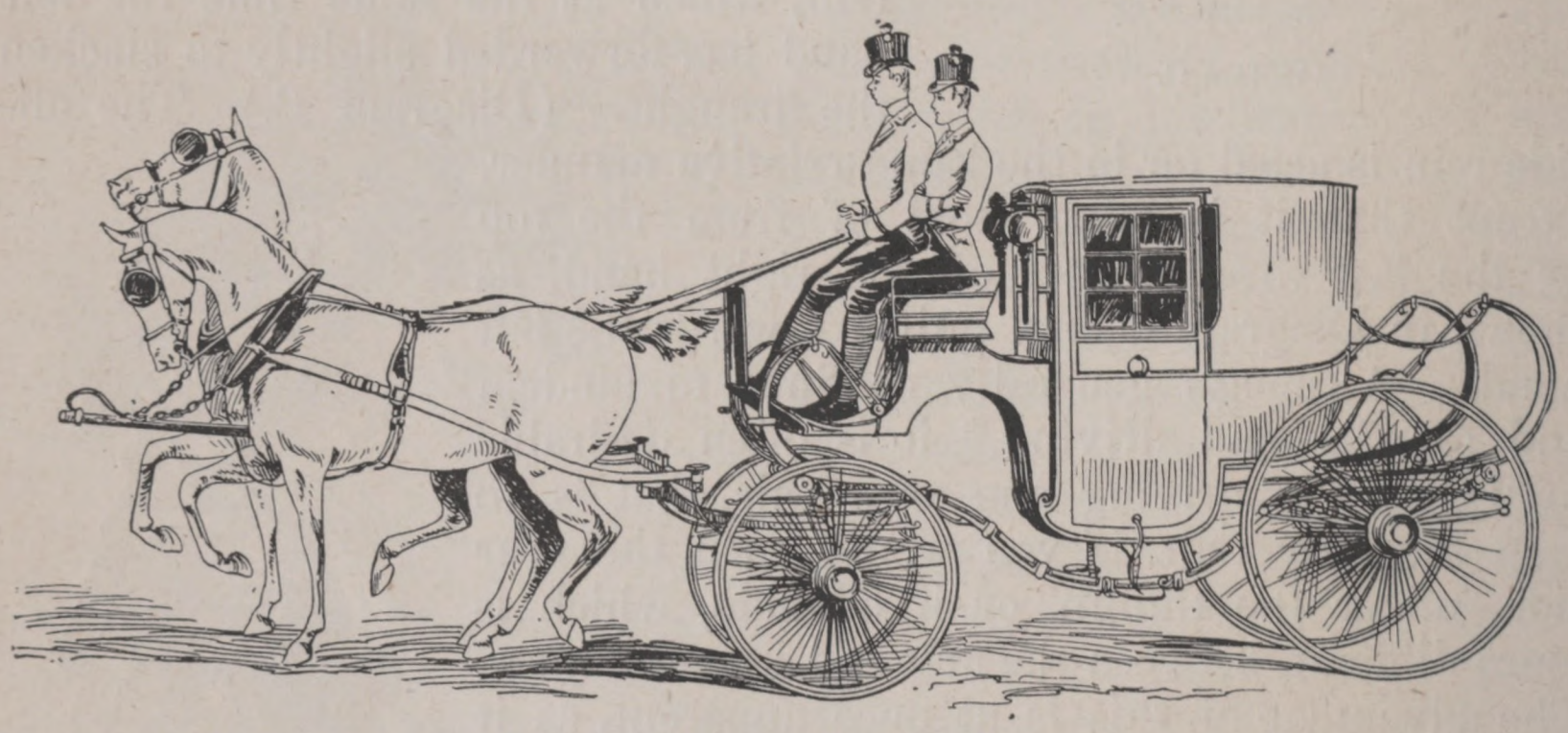


FIG. 10.—A PARISIAN TURNOUT.

Of essentially feminine traps, the styles are not numerous ; though the mannish woman in England and the half-world in France do not hesitate to handle the ribbons from a mail phaeton or a high dog-cart. For town or Park, the most appropriate carriage for a woman to drive herself is the "Duc" or phaeton, or the somewhat louder curricle; and while she should endeavor to have everything about her turnout as handsome as possible, she should eschew the unnecessarily ornate and fancy. The harness may be a trifle more elaborate, and she may have housings or saddle-pads, but in other respects she would best conform to the business-like appearance of the man's phaeton. A buck-board, for one or a pair, well turned out, with groom behind, is a smart trap for a woman to drive in the Park of a morning.

If failing either to interest or instruct the American reading public of to-day,—that vast plutocracy which is destined soon to set the fashion for the world, and even now is aped, while superciliously sneered at, by foreign monarchies and republics,—if these care not for such equine and equipagial trifles as I have presumed to offer, possibly some antiquarian, centuries hence, may chance upon these pages and find in them matter for a subdivision of an essay on the "manners and customs of Americans towards the end of the nineteenth century."

C. Davis English.

MEN OF THE DAY.

LOUIS PASTEUR, the great doctor, is a short-built, thick-set man, considerably rounded at the shoulders, with a closely-trimmed gray beard, and habitually wears a profoundly preoccupied appearance. His sight is very poor, and he walks lamely, being semi-paralyzed on one side, but withal he possesses the traditional politeness of the Frenchman, and never loses his temper with the army of cranks and curio-hunters who throng his laboratory almost daily. Early in life he strayed away from the beaten track of medicine into the by-paths of chemical exploration, and first made himself known as an experimenter in molecules. Then he turned his attention successively to silk-worm disease, chicken cholera, and fermentation, all of which were wonderfully elucidated by his researches. He also enriched pathology with a new horror by discovering the true cause of splenic apoplexy; not content with which, he has also discovered a means of checking it. His system of inoculation against rabies—upon which his fame will mainly rest—is too well known to need even passing mention here. In 1888 the Pasteur Institute for the treatment of hydrophobia was opened in Paris. Here he treats all who come, free of charge. During the last three years he has treated no less than seven thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine persons bitten by mad dogs, and only fifty-three of his patients have died. His gigantic scheme to rid Australia of the plague of rabbits by spreading disease among them by inoculation has not been so successful, but he says that some of his most important discoveries are yet to be given to the world if his life is prolonged for a few years more. He is a glutton for work, and after inoculating patients all day experiments upon rabbits during the better part of the night. He is naturally weighed down with decorations, and has sat in the chairs of five different learned societies. He is one of the Forty Immortals, being one of the few men of science without special literary claims who have ever been elected to the French Academy. He is profoundly absent-minded, so much so that on the day of his marriage a search had to be made for him by his bride's relatives. He was finally discovered in one of the hospitals of Paris, and declared that he had forgotten all about the wedding.

Secretary of State John Watson Foster is a tall, spare man, of wiry build and quite distinguished appearance, with a pale, singularly clear-complexioned face framed in white side-whiskers, and keen blue eyes, which, though ordinarily very cold, light up pleasantly in conversation. In manner he is incisive and dignified, yet quite informal and simple. He is six-and-fifty, and a Hoosier by birth. He graduated first at the university of his native State, and then at Harvard Law School, and, having got himself admitted to the bar, began practice at Evansville. This was in 1857. When the war broke out, four years later, he entered the Union service as major of the Twenty-Fifth Indiana Infantry, and was promoted rapidly. During his entire service he was connected with the Western armies of Grant and Sherman. He was commander of the advance brigade of cavalry in Burnside's expedition to East Tennessee, and was first to occupy Knoxville in 1863. After the war he became editor of the Evansville *Journal*, which position he held for three years. He was subsequently postmaster of Evansville for four years, and chairman of the Republican

State Committee. In 1873 General Grant appointed him minister to Mexico, and he quickly became the most influential resident minister at the Mexican capital. He was not content simply to hold the office, have a pleasant time socially, and draw the salary, but studied Spanish law and literature, and was on confidential terms with the leading men of the country. After seven years he became minister to Russia under Hayes, and, though he did not remain long at St. Petersburg, he pursued the same methods which had made him both popular and useful in Mexico. He studied the language, the people, the law, the customs. He was transferred to Spain by President Arthur, and soon knew Spanish matters almost as well as he did those of the United States. After two and a half years at Madrid he returned to the United States, and settled in Washington as an international lawyer. With the prestige of long service in the diplomatic field, and the distinction of being the only man in our diplomatic history to hold three first-class missions, his services naturally were in much demand. He became counsellor for Mexico and a special agent for Russia, while the Spanish government was once his client. Several of the South American republics also employed him. In addition to his private practice he also found time to serve his country in several delicate and important matters. President Arthur sent him to Spain to negotiate a commercial treaty, and President Harrison sent him again to Spain and Cuba to negotiate reciprocity arrangements, while the very important work of preparing the Bering Sea case has been left almost entirely to him. He is therefore familiar with every trick in the pack, so to speak, and has become such a thorough master of the forms and usages of international intercourse, as well as of the written and unwritten law which underlies it, that he may be considered a master of his profession.

Lord Wolseley, "England's only general," is a slim-built, small-statured man, with a ruddy face firmly lined, searching blue eyes, and a drooping gray moustache, and, though his hair is now almost white, looks quite a decade younger than his years, which are nine-and-fifty. In manner he is suave, and he speaks with a marked Irish brogue, but he is profoundly unpatriotic. He has smelt considerable gunpowder in his time. During England's war with Burmah, in 1852, he was only an ensign. In leading a storming-party both he and a brother officer were shot down as they entered the enemy's works. The other bled to death in five minutes, and Wolseley was only saved by a miracle, after months of terrible suffering. The Crimean War, in 1854, found him ready for duty, but he got terribly knocked about there also. During the siege of Sebastopol fate was strangely against him. He was wounded on the 10th of April, and again on the 7th of June, and on the 30th of August, while at work in the trenches, he was bowled over by a solid shot striking a wall near him. He was picked up for dead, hardly recognizable from the number of wounds on his face. The surgeons declared him beyond hope, but he took a different view of the matter, and, after suffering for several weeks, recovered. For a long time he lived in a dark room, total blindness being threatened from the effects of his wounds. But he recovered entirely. He has always been very lucky; and he invariably says what he thinks, so that he is not generally popular. He is rather over-fond of magazine-writing, and, though a confirmed Prohibitionist, he smokes exorbitantly. He has an only daughter.

M. Crofton.

AS IT SEEMS.

Curtis and Whittier.—These deaths are the heaviest losses that America has sustained since that of Lowell. If it be "men, high-minded men" who chiefly "constitute a State," these were of our purest and truest. It is a testimony to the power of the pen that men whose gifts and labors were above all things literary should have exercised such influence in national affairs. Their politics were of the good old Greek kind, twin brother to ethics,—the sort that concerns every citizen, and looks rather to ends than means.

Mr. Whittier was a Quaker Puritan, with a modified theology and an unmodified conscience. With the stringing together of pretty rhymes and metres which seems to be the main aim of our younger bards, he had little sympathy. He has been taxed, indeed, with occasional harshness and a deficient ear. His muse was fed on convictions and full of heart. He loved Nature much, Humanity and Freedom even more, and God in all His works and causes. Those whose memories go back to the war and the years before it remember how he fought against the chief blot on our national record and exulted in the victories of Human Rights. In his degree it was as true of him as of Luther that

> Half-battles were the words he said,
> Each born of prayer, baptized in tears.

And when the fight was won and his warlike occupation gone, he turned with grateful joy to themes of peace. Among pious lyrists he stands very high, and is beloved no less in Britain than at home. "My Psalm," "The Eternal Goodness," and "Our Master" are the most exquisite hymns ever written on this side the Atlantic.

A Public Servant.—Mr. Curtis was a gentler and less one-sided reformer, but not less earnest and consistent. Whittier cared little for recent issues: Curtis cared for whatever concerned the well-being of the State. If he touched no spirit-stirring lyre, his prose was that of a master. He brought to his task a finished rhetoric and a spirit whose sweetness involved no lack of strength. When the Tweed Ring was yet in unquestioned power, owning courts as well as legislature, so that none dared attack it directly, he wielded the weapon of irony with terrible effect. "How fair a spectacle is our city government!" he wrote in substance. "What a privilege to live under rulers of such pure life and high accomplishments, such rigid public integrity, such nobly disinterested motives!" And so on through a column whereof every sentence told, and yet no word was actionable.

Of late years the views which he frankly and steadily expounded have exposed him to much derision. He was the leader of those who hold and desire no office, who regard party as a vehicle and not as a church, yet who assume to have something to say about platforms and candidates, and even to disapprove of the professional politicians and their gainful trade. What is to be thought of a man who is not "on the make," who cares for large principles rather than im-

mediate details, who berates the machine and believes the purification of politics to be more than an iridescent dream? Many did not know what to think of such strange notions: as for the man, he was an idealist, a visionary, an unpractical dreamer. But as idealism is not dead yet, some of us honored Mr. Curtis for these very reasons; and some of his dreams are in a way to be realized, partly because he kept on dreaming them and imparting what he dreamed.

His pen was busy for a generation and more. As a graceful essayist we had not his superior, perhaps—Lowell aside, who was supreme in nearly everything he undertook—not his equal. He wrote on social themes, on music, on art, on whatever was stirring. Through it all, he was an American of the Americans, a man of men. There was much of Marcus Aurelius in him, and something of Epictetus. How pithily he reproved our snobbish worship of wealth! "Will this Crœsus give you any of his money? If not, what is it to you?" Like Whittier, he stood on the broad ground of manhood suffrage and human rights. His manly independence had no tinge of acerbity; he never sneered, never grumbled, never sulked. The reformer's frequent failings of narrowness, fanaticism, bitterness, were not in him; a delicate humor, a gracious and pervasive geniality, marked the man and his work. On his monument should be inscribed the tribute which the seldom laudatory *Nation* once paid him: "If the coming generation of Americans should be overflowing with good manners, it is Mr. Curtis whom they will have to rise up and bless."

The Rehabilitation of Tom Paine.—It is but a generation or two since a man's character was judged by his opinions; to quarrel with the prevailing creeds was to be a heathen and a publican. Paine did this, and so his virtues were turned into vices. His education was imperfect, his taste poor, his vanity greater than his dignity, and his courage often in excess of prudence and politeness; therefore he was "a filthy little atheist," and this bad name was affixed to his memory more firmly than the historic kettle to the doomed dog's tail. He was a man of thought, and, in his way, a man of action; he rendered eminent services to his country and his kind; but partisan malignity converted him into an adulterer, a sot, and a generally disreputable and odious outcast. Public opinion accepted this verdict and consigned him to infamy; his name has been a thing to scare good children with, to point morals and adorn sermons.

As long ago as 1840, Mr. W. J. Linton vindicated his memory in a short Life, which went through several editions. But it was too soon; the era of *odium theologicum* was not yet over, and the Paine myth was dear to the popular fancy. The main charges against him are repeated in all the books of reference down to Appletons' "American Biography."

It was reserved for our more liberal age to bring out the facts with emphasis, and cleanse the tomb of a patriot from the bushels of mud thrown long ago. Mr. M. D. Conway, who loves that kind of work and does it with patience and acumen, has brought out a real Life of Paine, in two volumes. From these it appears that the much-slandered free-thinker was as far as possible from an atheist, or even from what we now call an irreligious man; that the book which raised such a storm was written from good and pious motives; that his self-sacrificing charity to Mme. Bonneville was vilely construed into an illicit relation; that his humanity and beneficence were constant, his love of justice intense and dominant, and his purity of life above the average in that age.

Perhaps these disclosures will be heeded and remembered in future cyclopædias, newspaper notices, and orations; or perhaps not. A bad name is apt to stick, especially when it has attained the currency of a proverb.

A Fallen Champion.—It is not usually to the prize ring that one turns for what Breitmann called "moral ideas;" and yet why not? We hear much of the improving effects of base-ball and other athletic sports: surely the noble art of fisticuffs cannot be far behind them in developing the virile virtues. One needs at least fortitude in standing up to be pounded; and perhaps the game may develop regard for its rules and for the sacred interests of fair play—though on this point we had rather wait for an inside opinion before committing ourselves.

At any rate, human nature has a rooted regard for pluck and endurance. Not without a thrill did we learn the sad fate of that stalwart Louisianian who, being insulted and then assaulted while on the floor with his best girl at Allen's Mill, with his trusty toothpick prepared his two antagonists for interment, and then expired, having "twenty-four knife-wounds and three bullet-wounds in his body." If one is forced to interrupt the harmonies of the dance with strife of arms, this is the way to do it handsomely. Nor shall honor fail to attend the memory of the Texan horseman who, at Garfield Park, Chicago, with his last breath summoned two policemen to attend him to the Happy Race-Grounds of the Hereafter, thus adding to the fourteen notches on his pistol-stock.

But to return to the Ring, whose encounters, if equally gory, are less fatal, the end in view being mauling, not murder. Turn about is fair play, and it is not with unmixed regret that we contemplate the passing of the heavy-weight championship from Mr. Sullivan to Mr. Corbett. That high honor Prof. Sullivan has worn proudly for ten years—proudly, but not blamelessly. We could forgive him much for his generosity in vouching for the Prince of Wales; but greatness may be pushed too far, and, to be frank, he has too often tried our patience. The reports of his doings about country have frequently reminded us that

> it is excellent
> To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
> To use it like a giant,

and still more frequently recalled other texts which we hear at temperance meetings. If not exactly the glass of fashion, he has been the mould of form for one section of society in Boston and elsewhere—the envied, admired, courted, all but adored. "Love, honor, troops of friends" were at his back. Alas, all this is past. Fifteen thousand eyes have seen him panting, bleeding, helpless, knocked about the arena, prostrate in the sands, with a cracked nose and a vainly-heaving breast. The king is dead! Long live the king!

Prof. Corbett has netted by his achievement a tidy competence of thirty-five thousand dollars—as much as some able editors make in a year. We trust he will invest it securely, and not spend it in celebrating his success. Let him abstain from the flowing bowl, and from chance encounters with persons smaller than he and not in training. He must remember to "take care of himself," physically and morally, if he wishes to keep the belt he has won.

A CERTAIN newspaper (which shall be nameless) copied from a recent issue of the *New England Magazine* a paragraph purporting to give the origin of

"The Old Oaken Bucket." This item, duly credited, was again copied into "Current Notes" of our August number. Our attention has been called to the fact that the extract, though correctly reproduced as far as it went, went by no means far enough; for the *New England Magazine*, after citing this "bar-room version," proceeded to contradict it: "such," it said, "was *not* the origin of this beautiful poem."

Truth has often been sacrificed to point, but a dead poet's reputation is of more value than an anecdote. Samuel Woodworth was a man of blameless life, and a useful worker in several good causes. Some of his hymns are still sung and valued, and his habits, we are assured, in no way contradicted the doctrine of the verses by which chiefly he is remembered. Let a note of these facts be made by any who may have been induced by the above-mentioned extract to believe otherwise.

ENGLISH undefiled seems to be on the wane in one of the Boston newspapers. Endeavoring to compliment an eminent Chicagoan, it says, "His wife ornaments his home by her sweet and simple personality as much as she fills it with her domestic tendencies." Domestic tendencies are good things in their way, and naturally to be looked for in a good wife; but they ought not to "fill" the house to the exclusion of furniture, books, and crockery. Yet more alarming is the statement that "it must be a strange individuality who would not feel at ease around Eugene Field's board." It is not safe to say what an "individuality" might or might not do, but an individual would hardly "feel at ease" if he got "around" the whole table. In fact, how is he to do it? He might indeed "surround" some of the viands upon it; and perhaps this is the meaning. Mr. Field will do well to keep a rod in pickle for this correspondent; or, if charitably disposed, to give him a few lessons in the use of words.

AN esteemed contemporary of the highest character has made a momentous historical discovery. "Three hundred years ago, on the 25th of next November," it says, "a bill passed the legislature of Massachusetts." If this be correct, Virginia can no longer claim the honor of the first English settlement on our coasts; she will come in a bad second. Details are anxiously awaited as to these colonists who got here ahead of the Pilgrims and Puritans, and had the machinery of government at work thirty years or so before their arrival.

THE gentleman in Warsaw who blew himself up while endeavoring to remove (with dynamite) a church "to whose doctrines and practices he was bitterly opposed" affords an object-lesson on the evils of intolerance. Religious convictions should draw the line at explosive compounds.

THE readers of "A Kiss of Gold," in our last issue, will be interested to know that the author, Miss Kate Jordan, has published through Lovell, Coryell & Co. a striking little tale called "The Other House, a Study of Human Nature."

NO novel which first appeared in this or any other magazine has attracted more attention than "The Quick or the Dead?" Its author, Amélie Rives, has now written a sequel to it, using for her title the name of the heroine, "Barbara Dering." The volume is published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

Books of the Month.

FOR HOLIDAY TIMES AND ALL TIMES.

Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland.

There are several species of history, all of which may be equally entertaining. There is only one species which is relatively certain to be true. That is the sort of history of which we here have an example. It is made up of contemporary documents, diaries, memoirs, and chronicles. It is one-tenth opinion, nine-tenths evidence. "Paint me with my warts," said Cromwell. Agnes Strickland painted the queens of England as they were, and her history is embalmed for all ages in the preservative wrapping of truth.

But it is a gratuitous task to praise a noble work which is crowned already with the eulogies of two generations. Miss Strickland wrote her preface to the first complete edition in 1851. Since then these historical biographies, as she aptly calls them, have been an established standard. They are far more than that. They are among the most delightful reading which history affords, because they are built upon character rather than upon events. It has almost passed into an axiom that biography is more alluring than history, and these *Lives of the Queens*, like Plutarch's *Lives*, embody the best elements of both. They are wrought out of a myriad webs; and they depict the queens in their daily life, "their sayings and doings, their manners, their costume," giving as well "their most interesting letters" and royal documents. Who that has read, for instance, of the love-affairs of the unfortunate Katharine Howard but will freely endorse a verdict already delivered by time?

It would be a work of supererogation to say so much concerning these eight handsome volumes, were it not for the fact that until the present edition from the Lippincott press appeared they were quite inaccessible to American readers, either on account of the price of the imported edition or from the scarcity of copies to be had in this country. They are therefore somewhat new to younger readers, and they are now brought within the reach of all in a form that will be ornamental to any library as well as useful to every student.

Their external appearance in dull green and gold covers is very handsome, while their internal features are all that delicate paper and new type can achieve. The illustrations will be a revelation to those who have not already followed the recent developments of the art of half-tone printing. There are in the eight volumes some specimens of this process which exceed in fidelity and beauty anything that has yet been done in the forms of reproductive photography either here or abroad.

Tales from Ten Poets. By Harrison S. Morris.

It requires a long course of cultivation, a wide familiarity with nature, and a deep emotional temperament to value poetry at its full. To those who possess these qualities a poem may seem almost a divine creation. To those—and they are many—who lack them, the same poem is often a good deal of a puzzle. Hence it has come that skilful pens have set to work in these prosaic days—

impelled, doubtless, by a real love of poetry and a concern for its growth—to separate the tale from the rhythm and render it acceptable to the throng who will care for it alone. For the tale is part of the poem as the color is part of the flower, and if the reader develops an interest in a part perhaps, so goes the argument, he will ultimately come to know the charm and significance of the whole. Thus will he find himself elevated to an intellectual plane where there is a subtler beauty and a larger outlook, while the course thither will lie along a way which will in itself prove a source of endless delight.

These three luxurious little volumes, clad in the best of the binder's treasures, illuminated with a unique group of characteristic portraits of the ten poets, and packed in a convenient box, contain twelve of the longer narrative poems of the Victorian era,—namely, The Ring and the Book, The Princess, Rose Mary, The Lovers of Gudrun, Enoch Arden, A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, Aurora Leigh, Sohrab and Rustum, The Two Babes, Tristram of Lyonesse, Lucile, and The Spanish Gypsy,—done into simple prose which retains all the flavor of the poetry, in so far as prose may, and sacrifices none of the essential details of the story. This plan brings within the comprehension of the general reader, what has long remained to him, literally, a sealed book. It also affords the developing mind of a boy or girl the means of gaining an intelligent acquaintance with the greatest poetical works of our era, and it will doubtless awaken in all alike a desire for that noble art which the whole world has united to love and honor.

There never has been, to the reviewer's knowledge, a poetical collection of the longer narrative poems of the Victorian era. This fact makes of unusual value a set of books which assembles, even in prose versions, these master-works of the passing generation of English poets. To have them at their best as tellers of tales, is to possess a compendium of the very greatest work done in English poetry during the century. From this point of view alone, *Tales from Ten Poets*, which the Messrs. Lippincott issue as a holiday feature, is a most acceptable work for the library. As a means of inculcating a taste for what is high and beautiful it will be of untold service to young and old.

Recent Rambles, or In Touch with Nature. By Charles C. Abbott, M.D.

A breath of the morning and the odor of fresh green grass pervade the harmonious cover and the handsome pages of Dr. Abbott's latest book. In touch with nature, indeed! One is literally in touch with the whole out-of-doors,

> Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
> Or man or woman,

as he turns these printed leaves, grown on some fair tree of the intellect, and making a tranquil shade where you may rest a livelong afternoon amid the songs of birds and the rustle of the boughs overhead. Few that take walks see as this seer does. Few that stay at home hear half so much. He is the boon companion of every creature that flies or crawls, and each growing plant or great bole is his comrade. To read his books is to make a friend for life; a new recruit in that select circle where are White of Selborne, and Thoreau, and Burroughs, and Jefferies: for this delightful author has elements of all these, and yet is as wholly himself as is an oak amid a cluster of its own kin.

Dr. Abbott has written a half-dozen charming books on the tender and poetic side of nature, and they have been widely read. He has, besides, as an accomplished ethnologist, made prehistoric discoveries in the Delaware Valley

which have gained for him the warmest praise from Mr. John Fiske, who has incorporated their results in his latest work, *The Discovery of America.* As a student of men and women and their characteristic ways, Dr. Abbott has never shown such penetration and humor as in these *Recent Rambles*, where chapters like A Victim of Thoreau or At a Public Sale are brimming with touches of quiet fun that bring the native Pennsylvanian close to one's heart.

For a side-pocket companion or a friend of a rainy day in-doors there is nothing that can approach such a book. It has the fascination of an amiable house-mate, and will take the sting out of the most confirmed ennui. As a Christmas gift it bears the double value, so rare to bookish gifts, of possessing a rich exterior as well as a wealth of good things within. The Messrs. Lippincott have seldom published a more prepossessing volume, either as to bevelled-edge cover, calendered paper, large clear type, or exquisite illustrations, which we betray no secret in revealing are from the author's own active camera.

The Dragon of Wantley. His Rise, his Voracity, and his Downfall. A Romance. By Owen Wister. Illustrations by John Stewardson.

There is a species of high-bred yet delightful humor which we in America are too little familiar with. It gains its effects neither by irreverent use of things sacred nor by forced juxtapositisn of things incongruous. It is never bold, nor loud, nor vulgar; but with a pleasant and a merry twinkle in the eye and an observant watch upon the little follies of men and women, it helps us to a quiet smile and to much wisdom. It is the humor of Lamb and of Thackeray of which we speak; the deep, serious, but always gay, humor of Shakespeare's fools.

Now, of this rare quality, which has scant chance for growth where nothing is accounted funny which stops short of a guffaw, there is a charming abundance in *The Dragon of Wantley*, just issued in holiday garb by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Mr. Owen Wister, who has recently appeared as the author of some striking tales of Western life, has constructed from the very limited materials of the old ballad of the Dragon a humorous romance which so transforms that ancient song that even Bishop Percy, its preserver, would never recognize it. The broad touches of the ballad have been tamed by a cultured hand into a delicate wit which sparkles over every page, while the crude details have quite passed away into Mr. Wister's graceful narrative. Indeed, little save the name of the original remains, though the quaint aroma of chivalry is preserved and rendered irresistible by unexpected contrasts with the things of to-day.

It would deprive the reader of half the pleasure of reading this uncommonly bright tale, were we to anticipate even a part of the plot. Suffice it to say that there is the prettiest and freshest of love-episodes woven through the mistletoe leaves of a hearty Christmas story; that the Baron of Wantley, the Monks of Oyster-le-Main, Elaine and Geoffrey, and little Whelpdale the Buttons, and old Popham the Butler,—that all these and a score more are the most laughable and lovable characters that we have encountered in fiction this many a day,—since, indeed, the time, as the author sings it in his tuneful preface,—

> When Betsinda held the Rose
> And the Ring decked Giglio's finger.

In Mr. John Stewardson, Mr. Wister has had an artistic colloborator born. The humorous pen-and-ink work which illustrates the text and adds to the fun of almost every page opens an entirely new vein in art. With a well-bred restraint

and a tact as sure as the author's, the artist has produced some of those exquisitely funny scenes such as were plentiful enough in the palmy days of Phiz and Cruikshank and Tenniel, but which with us are rare indeed. The entire book is a re-incarnation of the racy humor of days when professional wits were scholars and gentlemen. May we not hope that *The Dragon of Wantley* will usher in a new Augustan age of such delicate humor and delightful art?

Tales from the Dramatists. By Charles Morris.

Who reads the old English drama? Doubtless every one knows a score of bookish people who would like it to be thought they do; who insinuatingly refer to Barrabas or Bobadil, who affect familiarity with Lamb's *Specimens* or Dodsley's *Collection*. But the real reader of those great old master-works is rare indeed. The taste is too fine to be common; the plays themselves are too scarce for general consumption. What a boon, then, is it which Mr. Charles Morris, aided by the Lippincott press, has brought within the reach of all true lovers of books that are rich in literary ore! He has given us examples from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger; from Otway, and Susanna Centlivre, and Farquhar, and Hannah Cowley; from Edward Moore, Home, Goldsmith, Thomas Holcroft, John O'Keefe, Sheridan, Colman, Thomas Morton, John Tobin, Sheridan Knowles, Sheil, and Talfourd, of the era we of to-day call past; and beside these we have a group of playwrights who have made great our own times: Lord Lytton, Tom Taylor, Boucicault, Victor Hugo, Hayden, and our countryman Boker. What an array is this of histrionic fame! The whole long line of English drama compressed into four dainty volumes. A banquet of literary rarities spread freely for all who will partake!

But the feature which renders this work especially available for readers too hurried for research, too incurious to risk time on the difficult originals, is that Mr. Morris has given the plays in a condensed form, which sacrifices no essential detail, but really concentrates the interest and makes their perusal a pleasure as well as a source of instruction. Lamb and his sister Mary long ago did this for Shakespeare's plays; Cowden Clarke did it for Chaucer. The surprising thing is that some one has not before this done it for the English and French drama. That the task could not have been intrusted to a better pen than that of the author of Half-Hours with the Best Humorous Authors will be acknowledged by every discriminating reader. Mr. Morris knows his literature, and he has made his choice like the man of taste he has always been. Each play is prefaced by a brief life of the author, and the portraits scattered through the books render them equal in value to an extra illustrated edition.

Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities. By William S. Walsh.

Those who have ever opened some battered volume at a book-stall and wandered on and on through its pages till the keeper grew restive, will understand the fascination of such a volume as this *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities*, just from the Lippincott press. It is at once an Old Curiosity Shop where literary bric-à-brac with a long genealogy may be picked up cheap, and a storehouse of learning done into household phrase which will be plain to every reader. You open its pages to find, and do find, some occult piece of information about a book, an author, or a local phrase, and you are entrapped into an hour's reading. Knowledge more closely and clearly packed, more assimilative and palatable, it would be impossible to find. Indeed, Mr. Walsh stands almost alone in being able to make a book of reference that is as

readable as a book of tales. He has all but accomplished the impossible task, long a byword with the bookish, of introducing a plot into the dictionary.

Who, for instance, has not heard, or even made, many a bull? Who knows very much about that linguistic bovine? If an inquiring mind will turn to page 124 of Mr. Walsh's book and glance over the item Bulls, Irish and not Irish, it will receive more information, be treated to more irresistibly funny examples, and come away with a more complete idea of the subject, than may be had from even the pages of the professional wits. Mr. Walsh's jokes and anecdotes have the knack of being new—or so old as to have grown into a latter youth. He is that rare bird, an industrious scholar who knows and preserves a good thing when he sees it. His volume is a thick octavo crammed with entries from A to Z, but there is, to use a phrase appropriated solely, but unjustly, to the novel, "not a dull page in it." As a book of reference it is perfection; as a book of quips and cranks and happy anecdotes it has seldom had an equal.

Amor in Society. A Study from Life. By Julia Duhring.

The conditions of our complex modern life have given rise to a sort of writers on morals—including, as well, what is un-moral—who use the methods of the ancient Censors after the advanced manner of the *fin de siècle*. *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty* was one of this class of books; *Amor in Society* is another. Roving abroad in the world of fashion and of human folly and love, the author makes personal discovery of much, and draws upon his own sensations for much that goes to make up life. Sometimes he scolds, sometimes laughs or taunts or ridicules; and very frequently he casts away the lash, and even himself enters the mad dance of the social bacchanals.

It is something after this sort one finds in *Amor in Society*, just issued from the Lippincott press. Its authoress has studied well the eddying currents of life, and knows them as a careful pilot knows the dangerous waters he must navigate. She is fearless, yet discreet, in the utterance of her observations: "For a thinking person to wish to know all the mysteries of the greatest of human passions is entirely legitimate wishing: make the broadest, deepest investigation, explore fearlessly the labyrinth called Heart, yet observe invariably this simple precaution,—time, place, person." This is at once shrewd and tactful, and it strikes the key-note of the admirable book which it introduces to the reader.

A Shadow's Shadow. By Lulah Ragsdale.

Ambition, which, in the words of Hamlet, is a shadow's shadow, is, in the conception of Lulah Ragsdale, a very real factor in the life of the several people who act out their parts on the stage of her story. To Lydia Gentry, born an actress as well as a lady, it is a source of tragic pain. To Dane Macquoid, her devoted lover and victim, it is a terrible blight. To the shifty theatrical manager, Mr. A. P. Garnett, it is a capital investment. Such, in short, is the book. Lydia springs from an impoverished Southern family, and, after severe experiences, nobly succeeds on a New York stage. Mr. Garnett offers her his business talents and his hand. She accepts both, and starts down to her country home for study and a summer's rest. In the private production of her own play she is brought into contact with Dane Macquoid, and thence arises a series of scenes which will be refreshing in their passionate vigor to even the most *blasé* of novel-readers. Lulah Ragsdale has very much of the wild freedom and subtle emotion of Amélie Rives, and these traits, held in check by a sufficiently correct taste, have furnished forth

the material for a book warm with a woman's aspirations. The Lippincotts have provided handsome letter-press, and a striking paper cover of pink which falls in aptly with the heightened tone of the tale.

By Subtle Fragrance Held. By Mary Fletcher Stevens.

This pleasant novel is redolent of the sweet odors of a garden where grew not only the blossoms of the round year but a beautiful character and a lovely face. Like a soft atmosphere of rest come into the story the quiet voice and acts of Aunt Lydia, who makes her flowers a daily parable, drawing wisdom from them and conversing with them as friend to friend. Hence, when Frances Russell goes to live with Aunt Lydia, she too imbibes a love for the homely garden, and when, far off in Europe, she is tempted to make a false match, one waft of the fragrance known of old and associated with tranquil happiness and content saves her from herself. She gathers, at last, "the far-off interest of tears," and lives anew amid the saving odors of the old garden. The Messrs. Lippincott have published *By Subtle Fragrance Held* in a most attractive manner, and it will please, outside and in, all who find pleasure in the fiction of every-day life which is neither dull nor sensational.

Gleams and Echoes. By A. R. G.

"And life's as dear when the leaves are sere
As in the spring's first thrall."

This is the burden of A. R. G., whether it come from her *Night Etchings* or from this sumptuous holiday volume just put forth from the Lippincott press. *Gleams and Echoes* is well named. It is full of a sobered sunlight which falls through the opening clouds and glints among the autumnal foliage of grief. But it is still genuine sunlight, and with its sympathetic glow will help to assuage the hearts of those who have themselves come to a mellow harbor of experience. Nothing could be sweeter than the minor-chorded verse of Sweet Fern, of My Secret, of Wild Rose, and of Beyond. They leave a pleasant, wistful music in the ears and a far-away look of musing in the eyes of the reader which will make them favored companions through the year. The volume is, however, interleaved with pictures by C. Y. Turner, H. Bolton Jones, F. B. Schell, B. West Clinedinst, Frederick Dielman, and W. H. Lippincott, engraved on wood by G. P. Williams, A. E. Anderson, and C. H. Reed, which render it of peculiar fitness for Christmas. The cover and internal designs have a charming holiday look and form a rich receptacle for the poetic thoughts of the authoress.

JUVENILIA.

Bimbi. Stories for Children. By Louisa de la Ramé (Ouida). Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett.

To put grown-up wisdom into little-folks' speech; to find out the heart of a child with humor and fancy and beauty; to send across the sea from age-old and storied lands legends and tales which must work infinite good and pleasure to the young hearts of this new country: all this requires exquisite gifts and sympathies and a deep love of children. Any one, young or old, who takes up *Bimbi* will discover at the outset that it is a book of an unusual sort. The first dozen pages will fill him with a desire to read

through to the cover. When he has done so he will acknowledge that each story and all the stories together give forth, as a subtle atmosphere, beauty and sympathy and love for little children.

It has of late been insisted, by heedful writers on the subject of juvenile reading, that children know far more than they are credited with. It is held that books of the homiletic or babyish sort should be abandoned, and a closer *camaraderie* established between adult tale-teller and youthful reader. There seems to be no adequate answer to so sane an argument. The advance in educational science has proved it true, while the mother's instinct has endorsed it cordially.

Here, then, from a story-teller who has won the hearts of a whole generation of older readers, come nine Stories for Children, which make an appeal for equality between young and old, and yet are simple and chaste and innocent enough to be comprehended by even a youngster just out of his A B C. The tales are of a varied sort: graceful and delicate allegories; biography done into a pretty web of fiction; little narratives that touch the heart; and gay passages to make a happy contrast. They are by no means too young for the oldest of heads and hearts, nor too old for the youngest, and the Messrs. Lippincott, always the publishers of Ouida in this country, have dressed them in a suit worthy of their dainty texture. There are exquisite pictures from the pen of Mr. Edmund H. Garrett, illustrator par excellence of such subjects, to each of the nine stories, and a cover of burlap stamped in gold which gives a proper distinction to so charming a book.

Outdoor Games and Recreations. Edited by G. Andrew Hutchison. With over 300 Illustrations.

"A veritable recreative text-book, prepared by experts in their several subjects." This is what Mr. G. Andrew Hutchison, the editor, calls his *Boy's Own Outdoor Book*, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, and he is becomingly modest in his description. A score of years ago such a volume would have been looked upon as phenomenal. We can well remember the queer, antiquated cuts of the Boy's Own of those days; and who could ever find in it a game or a sport up to date? That was out of the question, but still there were buyers, for there was nothing newer to buy. Now, all is changed. Here are three hundred and seventy-five pages of text, by Dr. W. G. Grace, on Cricket; by an Oxford M.A. and Coach, on Swimming; by Capt. Matthew Webb, on Sea-Bathing; on Yachting, by Frank Cowper, M.A.; on Canoeing, Cycling, Health and Etiquette, Hare and Hounds, Skating, Tobogganing, Bowls, Golf, Football, and Tennis. There are cuts to illustrate each subject, a handsome, durable cover, and, better than all, an assurance that the motto of the editor has been: Manliness is an essential part of Christianity.

I. Treasury of Pleasure-Books. II. Treasury of Old-Fashioned Fairy-Tales. Illustrated.

There are only a few things that never grow old, and foremost among them are the nursery rhymes and tales we were all brought up on. Even we, ourselves, seem to be everlastingly young as we read them over and over again, for they have in them, perennially, the touchstone of youth. Here they come, once more; this time issued by the Lippincotts in a new dress, and with pictures by new brushes that have caught their old-time feeling; yet they themselves are as fresh as this very morning.

The Treasury of Pleasure-Books contains Puss in Boots, The House that Jack Built, Cock Robin, Mother Hubbard, The Old Woman and her Pig, Goody Two-Shoes, Peter Piper, and A Apple-Pie. *The Treasury of Old-Fashioned Fairy-Tales* includes Cinderella, Dame Trot, Whittington and his Cat, Jack the Giant-Killer, Red Riding-Hood, Ali Baba, Blue Beard, Aladdin, and The Fairy-Tale Alphabet. Could even a very covetous youngster ask more? The colored frontispiece alone ought to satisfy his infantile eyes the Christmas through. He will keep the charm of the text his whole life long.

Axel Ebersen. The Graduate of Upsala. By A. Laurie.

Boys and girls like nothing so much as to read about boys and girls. Life is one long imitation with most of us, and it is therefore needful that, while yet at our most impressionable period, we should be provided with fair and good things to imitate. If any boy or girl who cares for a prime story will take up *Axel Ebersen*, just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, he or she will find not only a tale that draws you on page after page to the end, but, in spite of themselves, a worthy example, lessons in kindliness and charity, and love for home and parents. *Axel Ebersen* is the life of a Swedish boy who went through many ups and downs, and at last became a graduate of Upsala College and lifted his family out of poverty and distress. The book will make a capital Christmas gift. It is just the thing to read aloud around the Yule-log, which never burns so brightly and cosily as in Sweden and the north. The illustrations are as attractive as the story, and will please young and old alike.

An Affair of Honor. By Alice Weber. Illustrated by Emily J. Harding.

An Affair of Honor is not, in this case, settled by the sword, but through the unconscious mediation of a little child. Alicia Moray is a tiny darling who says many quaint things and does many more with a sweet unconsciousness that is entirely captivating. She is neither a diminutive prig nor an infant phenomenon, as so many of her kin in books are prone to be, and her natural little ways will beguile all her young sisters and brothers who read pretty books into loving her very much and following in her footsteps. The pictures which sprinkle the handsome pages of the book are done in the newest and most alluring manner known to black-and-white, and the covers are an undeniable credit to the Lippincott house, from which the volume hails. For such a Christmas gift any boy or girl ought to be good and refrain from teasing the cat the whole year through.

Uncle Bill's Children. By Helen Milman. With Illustrations by the Author.

Uncle Bill, who was by no means a very old or very ugly uncle, had his hands full with the children. They were driven away from town by a fever in their home, and he took them off to Tenby, in Wales, to relieve their parents. What happened to him and them—and many adventurous and funny things did happen—is told by Helen Milman, authoress also of those successful books, *Boy* and *The Little Ladies*, in her brightest manner. There is an unending play of fancy and humor over the pages, whose typographical taste is equal to their literary merit. The illustrations by the author are a delight to the eye, and the holiday apparel of the book a commendation to the publishers (Lippincotts) who produce it.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE large number of alum baking powders upon the market is a menace to the public health. These articles are condemned by every physician, and have been denounced in the public reports of almost every board of health of the country. In many States attempts have been made to control their sale. In England, Germany, and France, the sale of bread containing alum is prohibited by law.

Notwithstanding these facts, and the evident harmfulness of the alum baking powder, it is found for sale in almost every grocery-store in the land. The manufacturers and purveyors of these articles seemingly care little for the public good, so long as they can reap the enormous profits which the articles afford. It is urged upon consumers because of its lower price, or with the glittering attraction of some worthless gift.

The Canadian government recently issued an official report, giving the names of the different alum baking powders sold there, in which it states; "Alum is entirely objectionable as a substitute for cream of tartar in baking powders, and ought not to be allowed in any well-appointed bakery. Not only is the resulting sulphate of soda a powerful purgative and certain to interfere with normal digestive process when habitually taken into the system, but the alumina, set free by the reaction of the powder, is capable of rendering insoluble and unavailable the phosphoric acid and phosphates naturally present in food.

"Alum-phosphate powders are more objectionable than the foregoing."

Professor J. W. Mallett, of the University of Virginia, has recently made an exhaustive investigation to determine whether food raised with alum baking powder is injurious to health or not. We find his conclusions published in the *Chemical News*, of London, as follows:

"From the general nature of the results obtained, the conclusion may fairly be deduced that not only alum itself, but the residues which its use in baking powder leaves in bread, cannot be viewed as harmless, but must be ranked as objectionable, and should be avoided when the object aimed at is the production of wholesome bread."

An examination of the baking powders, and an exposure of the names of the alum goods, would be of great advantage to the public. Until this is done, consumers should exercise the greatest care and purchase only some well-known brand of established reputation for purity and wholesomeness.

SOLDERING METALS TO GLASS.—According to the *Pharmaceutical Record*, an alloy of ninety-five parts of tin and five parts of copper will connect metals with glass. The alloy is prepared by pouring the copper into the molten tin, stirring with a wooden mixer, and afterwards remelting. It adheres strongly to clean glass surfaces, and has the same rate of expansion as glass. By adding from one-half to one per cent. of lead or zinc, the alloy may be rendered softer or harder, or more or less easily fusible, as required. It may also be used for coating metals, to which it imparts a silvery appearance.

Russian Justice.—Oriental justice sometimes finds a parallel in Russia, where judges and lawyers see no difficulty in making eccentric decisions and taking the meat of the nut for themselves, leaving the shell for plaintiff and defendant. One day, at a village market, a shoemaker bought a calfskin of a farmer for two and a half roubles, and, having no money with him, went home to procure it.

The farmer, meanwhile, sold the skin to a second buyer, for three roubles. Then the original buyer returned, and, when he discovered the trick that had been played, was so indignant that a quarrel ensued, and the matter was brought before a justice.

"You bought the skin first?" said the latter to the shoemaker, after listening to the evidence.

"Yes."

"For how much?"

"Two and a half roubles."

"Have you the money?"

"Yes."

"Put it on the table."

Then, turning to the second buyer, the justice asked, "You bought the skin afterward and paid for it?"

"Yes."

"How much did you pay?"

"Three roubles."

"You have the skin?"

"Yes."

"Put it under the table."

The man obeyed, and the farmer was next addressed.

"You agreed to sell for two and a half roubles, and, as the buyer did not return promptly with the money, you sold to another for three roubles?"

"Yes."

"Have you the three roubles?"

"Yes."

"Put them on the table."

When this had been done, the judge delivered his decision. "The shoemaker is to blame for bargaining without money, and thereby endangering the peace of the town. The second buyer is to blame for outbidding another, and the seller for dealing with people without money. Now all three of you go. March!"

And they went, perforce, leaving skin and money behind them.—*Youth's Companion.*

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger's Works.—When, some three years ago, the name of "Julien Gordon" became known as the property of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, literary people shrugged their shoulders and put the fact down as the whim of another wealthy society-leader with literary aspirations. But the truth became gradually apparent that Mrs. Cruger's pen possessed literary skill, and her work began to receive respectful consideration at the hands of the critics. Since that time her literary career has been steadily on the upward march. Each one of her books has been successful, and to-day her stories command high prices.—Edward W. Bok.

JUST IN TIME

To save its life, has been the testimony of many a mother, who has given **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** to her little ones in an hour of danger. Those who provide themselves with this great emergency medicine, have at hand a prompt and sure remedy in cases of croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, sore throat, and sudden colds. Taken in the early stages of Consumption, **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** checks further progress of the disease, and even at a later period, it eases the cough, and affords refreshing sleep. For hoarseness, loss of voice, preacher's sore throat, and other derangements of the vocal organs, this preparation has no equal, and is highly recommended by public speakers.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE FALL

With its chill rains, sodden leaves, and variable temperature, is a trying season. To tone up the system and make it proof against malarial influences, purify and invigorate the blood with

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Has cured others, will cure you.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

Ill shall it be in time to come for those
Who, careless living 'neath a bounteous sky,
Calmly indifferent, can hear the cry
Of thousands helpless in the mortal throes
Of desolating hunger. If we chose,
What saving ships across the sea should fly,
Climbing th' uneasy wave, each day more nigh
To the sad northern land of steppes and snows!

Almighty God! If by a miracle,
As in old days, thou now shouldst prove thy power
And show the exceeding brightness of thy face
So long withdrawn——! With love unspeakable
Touch thou men's hearts, and but for one short hour
Let mercy all the suffering world embrace.

FLORA MACDONALD SHEARER,
in *The California Magazine.*

SOME GOOD TRAITS IN A MONARCH.—I remember in my youth hearing of the following incident indicative of the courtesy of George IV.

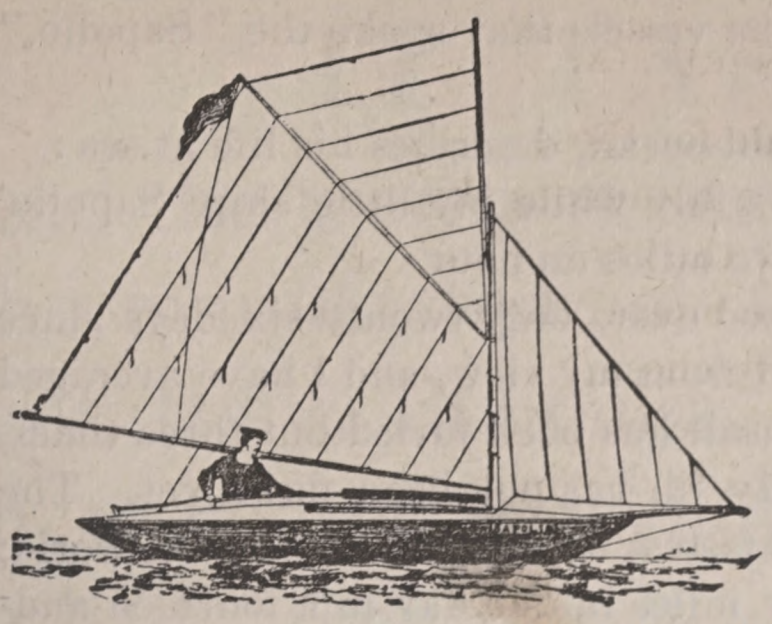
Driving one day through the Avenue in Windsor Park, he met a coarse, blustering fellow, one of those who entertained no admiration for royalty; on being told by a companion who sat beside him that the king's phaeton was approaching and that he must uncover, he replied with an oath, and loud enough to be heard by his Majesty, "I won't take off my hat to anybody."

The king drew up, lifted his own hat, and said, with a smile worthy of "Prince Florizel," "I would take off mine to the meanest of my subjects." The man was dumfounded, but by the time he had sufficiently recovered himself to return the salute the king had driven on.

A somewhat similar anecdote, illustrative of better qualities in his nature than tradition is wont to credit him with, is the following:

The king was taking an airing on the Downs near Brighton, in the spring of 1820, accompanied by Sir B. Bloomfield, when a farmer rode up to and addressed the latter, respectfully observing that the horses, in diverging from the usual track, had got upon land where seed was sown, the trampling of which would do him injury. The sovereign bowed, signified his approbation of the notice thus given, and the horses were instantly guided to the high-road.—"*Gossip of the Century.*"

HIS WORK.—While gazing upon the body, and in fact throughout the afternoon, I thought but little of Whittier the poet, but much of Whittier the friend of man. In fancy I again saw him championing the cause of the oppressed slave or defending the rights of the poor and down-trodden everywhere. However much I tried, I could not lose sight of the spectre. It kept returning with increasing vividness until at last it seemed to grow into a statue of immense proportions. The face of the bard appeared to remain unchanged, but I read beneath the word "Humanity," and then I realized as never before for what Whittier had lived.—MYRON H. GOODWIN: "*At Whittier's Funeral,*" in the *Twentieth Century.*



A DARING ADVENTURER.—Captain William A. Andrews, already famous for his daring adventures in small boats on the stormy Atlantic, lately set sail on a novel and interesting voyage.

He crossed the ocean twice before, first in the "Nautilus," when he was accompanied by his brother, who has since died, and again in the "Mermaid," both of these trips being made to Land's End, England. A few years ago he again attempted the passage, in a boat called the "Dark Secret," but, after battling with contrary winds, high seas, and terrific storms, he reluctantly consented to give up his efforts after a struggle of sixty-two days, and returned to America on a bark, which kindly consented to take him and his sea-beaten boat back to New York.

The captain is a very interesting character. He is a man of fixed purposes, very hard to turn from the object which he has in view. He has made the subject of small-boat sailing such a study that he is prepared to meet every argument against the risks which spring to the minds of his critics. Yet the New York *Herald* put the case in a nutshell when it said, "The fact that Captain Andrews can cross the ocean in a cockle-shell merely proves that small boats are safe when a Captain Andrews sails them. Amateurs should remember this when the wind begins to sing."

The captain himself says that "half the people who are drowned lose their lives because they do not realize that a boat cannot sink. An iron vessel might, or a ship loaded with a heavy cargo, but a row-boat, sail-boat, or ordinary wooden vessel may capsize, but will, nevertheless, float. The passengers on the great ocean steamers run some risk when they go to sea, but all around the deck they see wooden boats hung up on which they are taught to depend for their lives if the big steamer goes down. These boats are often crushed against the great vessel or are capsized in lowering. I am alone in a wooden boat entirely under my own control, and, in my opinion, far safer than others." An ingenious theory, but hardly a fair one.

Captain Andrews is by trade a piano-maker. He built the "Sapolio" at Atlantic City in the presence of hundreds of people, and exhibited it on the Long Pier for several weeks. It is a canvas folding boat lined with half-inch cedar and decked over with the same. In order to fold it there must be three long canvas hinges from stem to stern, and the daring captain writes by an incoming ship (when he is hundreds of miles from shore) that he finds the "'Sapolio' in a sea-way is a scrubber, but very leaky." No better proof of his coolness and pluck could be given.

The start was made at 4.30, Wednesday, July 20, the destination being Palos, Spain. Captain Andrews was instructed to scour the seas until he discovered that port and the starting-place of Columbus. Sailing in a fourteen-foot boat without so much as a hot cup of coffee to vary his diet of biscuits and canned goods, he, single-handled, has eclipsed the record of that Spanish-Italian adventurer who almost failed to cross the great ocean with three ships and one hundred and fifty men, after securing the queen's jewels to pawn and having the blessing of the Church thrown in.

Reports were received from many of the vessels that spoke the "Sapolio," reporting the captain well.

A letter from the captain, written in mid-ocean, describes his life at sea:

"It is very hard for me to write intelligibly while my little ship 'Sapolio' is prancing over the waves at the rate of five miles an hour.

"Well, here I am more than 'half seas' over, only twenty-six days since the City of Hotels on the Jersey coast faded from my view, and I have averaged about eighty-four miles per day. My mainsail has been furled but three times, and then by stress of weather at night. My jib has not been down yet. The 'Sapolio,' I firmly believe, is the ablest and fastest boat of her size in the world. Let any of our yachtsmen sail eighty-four miles in one day in a fourteen-and-one-half-foot boat and he ought to be proud of it; but let him sail that distance over a tempestuous sea for twenty-six consecutive days and he would have a pretty fair idea of what the 'Sapolio' is doing. For two weeks after we started she leaked considerably, but the cotton fibre of the canvas has no doubt swelled, so that but little now oozes through.

"As for sleep, I cuddle down in one corner of the cockpit for forty winks, while she goes right along, often better than when I am at the helm. I only close one eye at a time, and am ever on the alert for trouble."

On Friday, August 26, he landed at Terceira, one of the Azores, and his letter tells how he was lionized by the people:

"I arrived on the thirty-sixth day from Atlantic City, and, to tell the truth, the people are actually excited over the little 'Sapolio' and the *solitaire navigateur*. After loads of salutations, lunched with Señor Ferreira Borralho, a prominent merchant, and drove to his country residence in the suburbs, and at evening a full brass band with many torch-lights escorted us from place to place, rockets were sent up, and roses were showered over me, and I was often sprinkled with orange-flower water. To-morrow, Sunday, they insist that I shall see the bull-fight, and Monday I am to be escorted by a grand aquatic flotilla from here. I have had difficulty in obtaining leisure to prepare my correspondence, and was forced to retire to avoid the throngs that thwarted my movements while on the street."

The captain then proceeded on his voyage of discovery, and the following cable proclaimed the success of his voyage and proved his title of "the champion skipper of the world:"

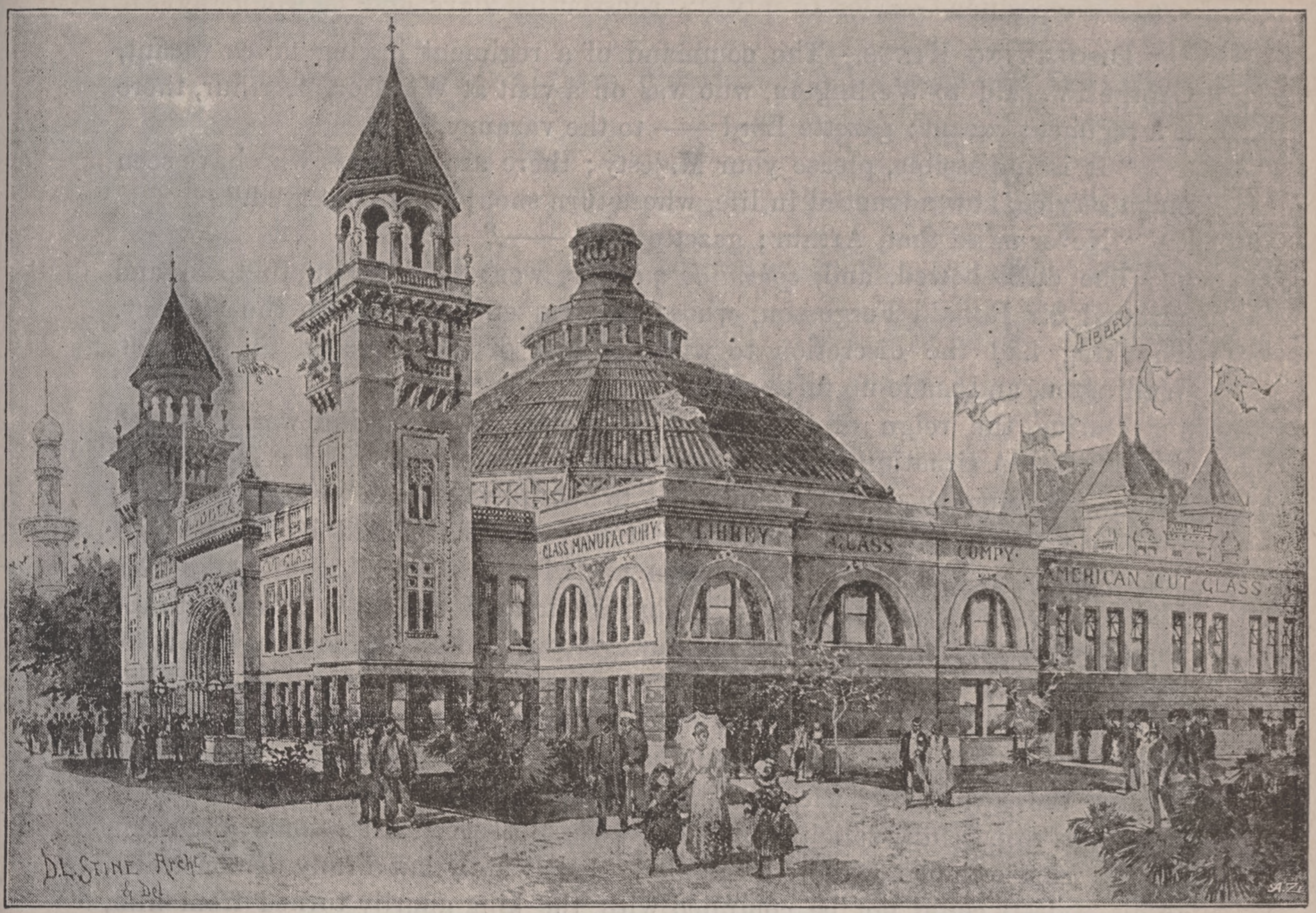
"LISBON, September 21.—Captain Andrews arrived here to-day in the dory 'Sapolio.' The captain is well, and reports that he intended to stop at Fayal, but passed it while asleep."

Such an effort should interest all Americans as a test of pluck, endurance, and good seamanship.

HOW THEY CARRY THEIR OWN SUPPLIES.—Guatemalans believe that there is no better coffee in the world than that raised on their own plantations, and Central American coffee has of late years acquired a high reputation in the markets of the world. It is usual for wealthy Guatemalans to make sure of good coffee in travelling by taking along a store of their own. A long glass tube several inches in diameter, but tapering to a funnel at one end, is filled with ground coffee, and through the mass is poured cold water. A strong solution of coffee slowly drips from the narrow end of the tube, and this liquid is carefully put up in air-tight vessels, to be warmed in small quantities and drunk on the journey.—*The Argonaut.*

IT TAKES SAND

to lead the world in any enterprise, and especially in the manufacture of *Cut Glass*. The artisans of Egypt, Italy, Bohemia, France, and England have been 57 centuries trying to perfect the art. In less than half a century *America* leads the world.



This fact will be a revelation to the foreign tourists in 1893. No surprise to Americans, however, that in our above-pictured Industrial Palace can be seen at the *World's Fair* in 1893 the manufacture of the finest quality of *Cut Glassware in the World.*

Ask only for goods with this Trade Mark.

Get at the "Facts on Cut Glass" at the World's Fair. Now ready. Sent free.

LIBBEY CUT GLASS TRADE MARK TOLEDO, O.

The LIBBEY GLASS CO., of Toledo, Ohio, has the exclusive right to manufacture American Cut Glass at the World's Fair.

CREMATION.—In the early days of the new movement for the cremation of the body the religious bodies formed a strong opposition to it, and even to-day in Germany church and state make it impossible for the movement to advance rapidly. The state church openly prohibits the exercise of religious rites by a clergyman at incinerations, and petitions to the government for a removal of obstacles have been persistently ignored. But to-day in the United States some of the most enthusiastic cremationists are of the religious order, and there is no longer any objection, open or secret, met with from this quarter. The chief difficulty in the way appears to be the individual sensitiveness to any change in the burial custom, and an inherited belief that the body ought to rot in the ground rather than be burned in a clean furnace.—GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH, in *Frank Leslie's.*

DISOBEYING KINGS.—The command of a regiment having fallen vacant, George IV. said to Wellington, who was on a visit at Windsor, "Arthur, there is a regiment vacant; gazette Lord —— to the vacancy."

"It is impossible, please your Majesty; there are generals who have seen much service, now advanced in life, whose turn should be first served."

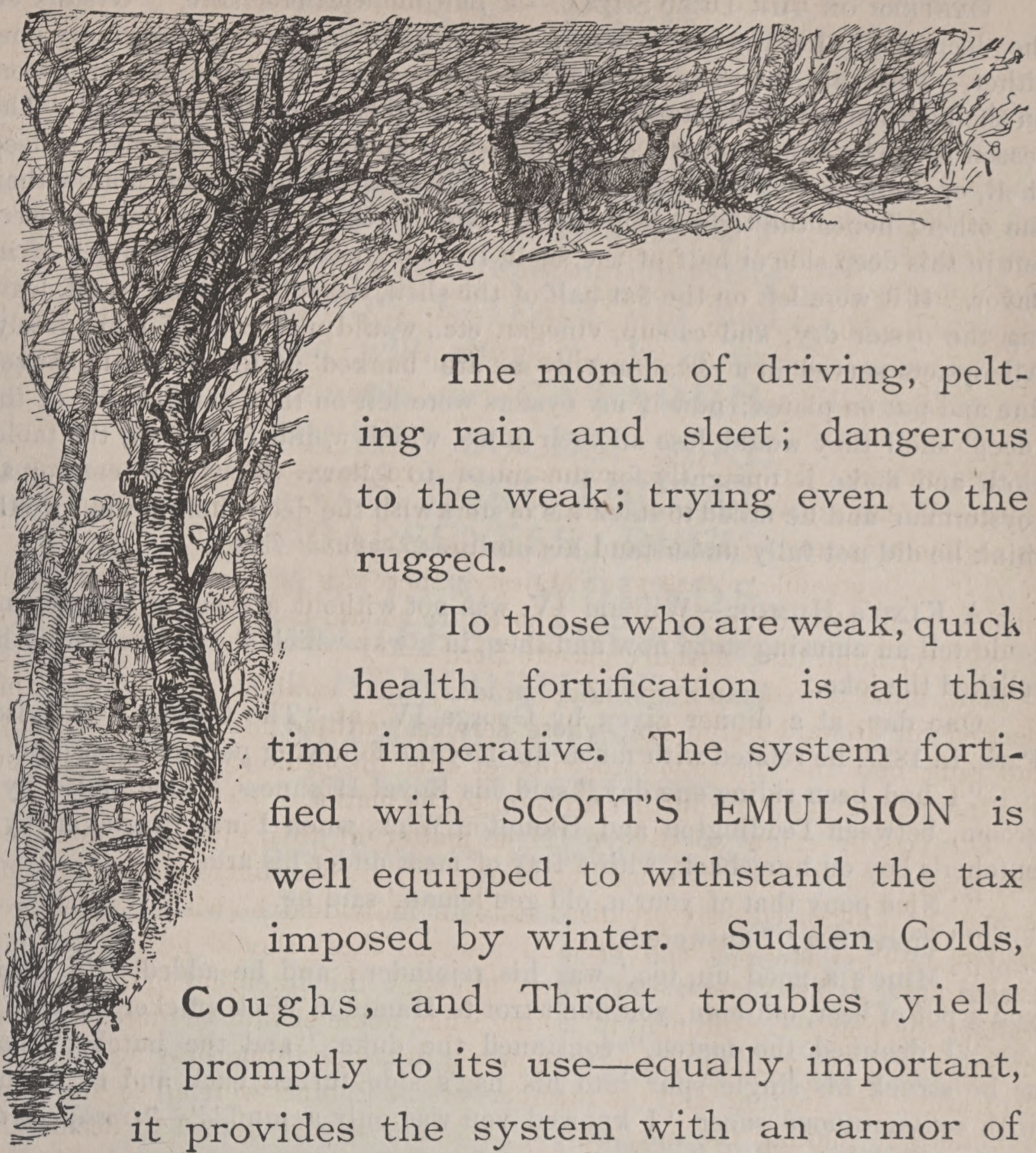
"Never mind that, Arthur; gazette Lord ——."

The duke bowed, and, *splendide mendax*, went straight up to town and gazetted Sir Ronald Fergusson, whose services entitled him to the vacancy. The king had the discretion to wink at this disobedience on the part of Wellington, and made no further allusion to the matter.

During the reign of George III. a matter of this kind was managed differently. A situation of some importance in the government having become vacant, the king heedlessly promised it to an individual he wished to oblige; but the Cabinet had other views, and resolved these should be carried out. Accordingly, a blank form was drawn up, with the intention of paying his Majesty the empty compliment of asking what name should be inserted in the commission. Drawing up the form, however, was one thing, braving the royal displeasure was another, and the members of the Cabinet were all so unwilling to undertake making the application, that they at last agreed to decide the question by lot. The task fell to the witty Lord Chesterfield, who boldly entered the royal closet with the blank commission in one hand, and a pen in the other, respectfully soliciting his Majesty's pleasure. After some discussion on the king's choice, which the noble lord delicately but firmly demonstrated to his Majesty could not be complied with, the king angrily turned from him, saying, "Then give it to the devil." Chesterfield hereupon made as if about to fill up the blank, but suddenly paused to inquire, "Would your Majesty please that this commission should follow the usual form, 'To our trusty and well-beloved cousin, the devil'?" At this the king could not resist a smile, and the Cabinet carried the day.—"*Gossip of the Century.*"

QUEER JUSTICE.—A quaint specimen of a judge who had been an Irish hedge-schoolmaster in his time once summed up a case as follows:

"The learned counsel for the plaintiff has made a very fine argument,—a splendid argument. Indade, I am thinking his argument unanswerable. And the distinguished counsel for the defendant has made an illigant argument,—an argument that seems to be very sound. I think it is unanswerable. Indade, gentlemen, I think both your arguments are unanswerable. So I dismiss the case."—*The Green Bag.*



The month of driving, pelting rain and sleet; dangerous to the weak; trying even to the rugged.

To those who are weak, quick health fortification is at this time imperative. The system fortified with SCOTT'S EMULSION is well equipped to withstand the tax imposed by winter. Sudden Colds, Coughs, and Throat troubles yield promptly to its use—equally important, it provides the system with an armor of flesh and strength that lessens chances of similar attacks later on.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is Cod-Liver Oil made palatable and easy of assimilation. It is the essence of the life of all foods,—FAT. It checks Consumption and other forms of wasting diseases by building tissue anew—nothing mysterious—simply FOOD-LIFE going to SUSTAIN LIFE. The union of Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda adds to it a tonic effect wonderfully invigorating to brain and nerve.

Prepared by SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York. Sold by All Druggists.

OYSTERS ON THE DEEP SHELL.—A Baltimore caterer says, "'Oysters on the deep shell,' I maintain, is a very proper term, and not an imaginary one, either. There are thousands of diners who would not give an order for oysters on shell without specially stating that they wished them on the *deep* shell. The reason is simply this, as nearly every hotel-man knows: every oyster has a deep shell, or, to be more explicit, one side or half of the shell is more hollow than the other; hence the term 'deep shell.' Now, if the oyster when opened were left in this deep side or half of the shell, it would naturally retain much of its flavor. If it were left on the flat half of the shell, the juice would run off, leaving the oyster dry, and catsup, vinegar, etc., would also run off more freely. All oysters served in a restaurant by me are 'banked' on ice, which is shaved fine and put on plates; now if my oysters were left on the 'flat' instead of the 'deep' shell they would lose all their juice, which would run off on the table-cloth and make it unsightly for the course to follow. Were I to employ an 'oysterman' and he failed to stack his oysters with the deep shell down, I would think he did not fully understand his business."—*Table Talk.*

A KING'S HUMOR.—William IV. was not without a sense of humor, and could tell an amusing story now and then, in a way which showed how fully he relished the joke.

One day, at a dinner given by George IV., at "The Cottage," Windsor Park, in 1827, he related with much drollery the following personal anecdote.

"I had been riding one day," said his Royal Highness, "unattended by a groom, between Teddington and Hampton Wick, when I was overtaken by a butcher's boy on horseback, with a tray of meat under his arm.

"'Nice pony that of your'n, old gen'leman,' said he.

"'Pretty fair,' I answered.

"'Mine's a good un, too,' was his rejoinder; and he added, 'I'll wager you a pot of beer, old man, you don't trot to Hampton Wick quicker nor me.'

"I declined the match," continued the duke, "and the butcher's boy, as he struck his single spur into his nag's side, turned back and called out with contemptuous sneer, 'I knowed you was only a muff.'"—"*Gossip of the Century.*"

IN VENEZUELA.—If the life in the cities of Venezuela combines all the attractions of culture and refinement, that which is led in the smaller places in the interior is none the less pleasant. In these interior, far-away villages there is still found much of that patriarchal existence which a people loses with the increase of population, with the commingling of races, and with the general struggle for existence, in the centres of progress and civilization. People live there in a sort of primitive innocence,—not, of course, a full-fledged Golden Age, without the idea of *mine* and *thine*, but surrounded by a rare sincerity and good feeling. Men there exchange service, in the same way that interests are exchanged in metropolitan life. Much is certainly contributed to this state of things by a land that provides plenty for all, by a benign climate, and by a certain limit to ambition.

The Venezuelans still preserve the type of the Spanish race that gave them origin, although some have acquired other traits through the influence of climate, and others by the crossing of races, particularly with the native races, who in Venezuela preserve their primitive beauty, manly in the men and delicate and graceful in the women.—DON NICANOR BOLET-PARAZA, in the *New England Magazine.*

An Efficient Health Officer

ALWAYS READY FOR DUTY

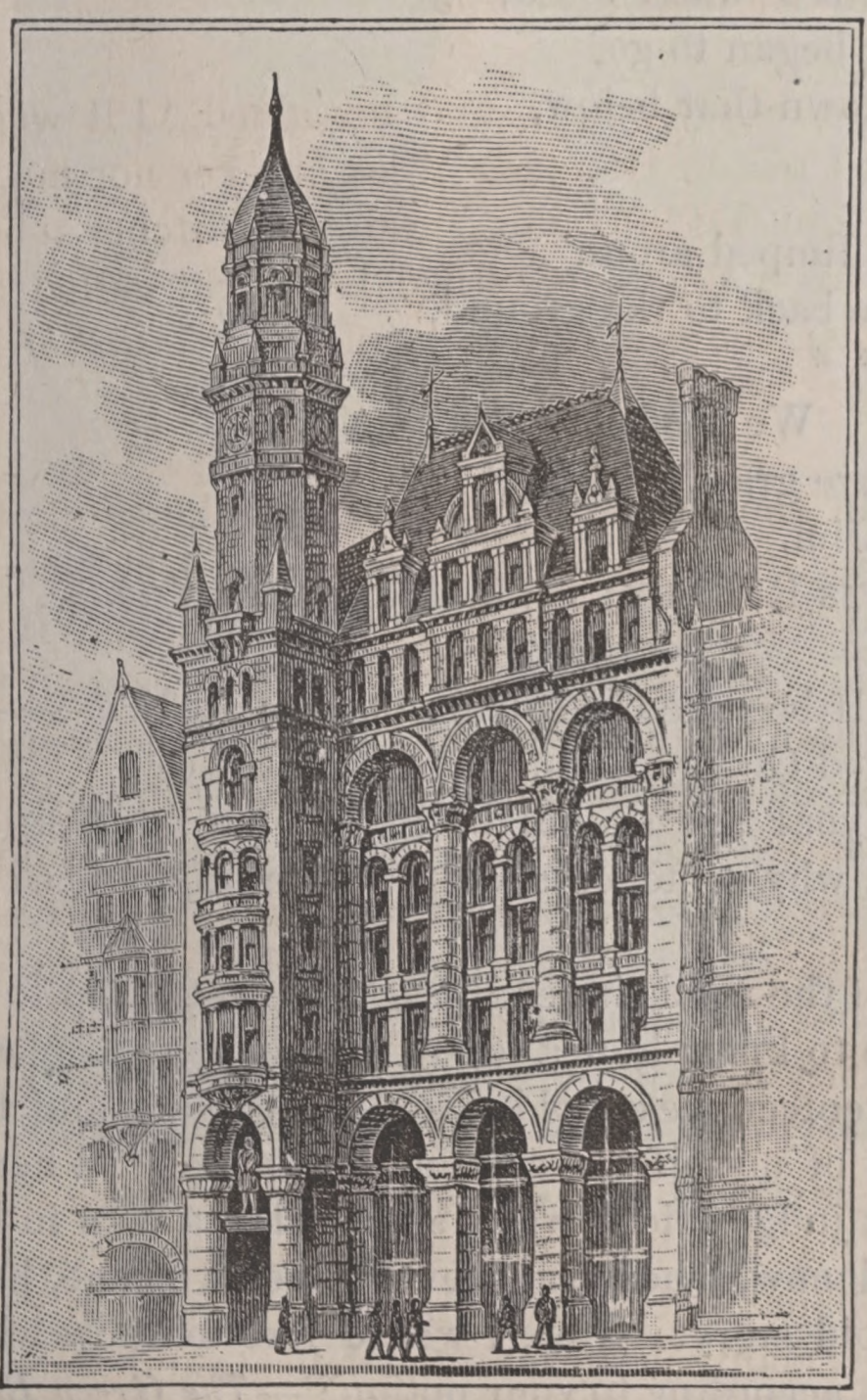
IS

POND'S EXTRACT

Wherever inflammation exists POND'S EXTRACT will find and will allay it. It is invaluable for CATARRH, PILES, COLDS, SORE EYES, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, RHEUMATISM, WOUNDS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, all HEMORRHAGES and INFLAMMATIONS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Genuine goods manufactured only by Pond's Extract Co., 76 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Seeing your name in print is not advertising. The thing you sell—what it is, what uses it serves, the terms on which it may be had—tell this truthfully and agreeably, and you advertise.

The hardest commodity to describe in the abstract is life insurance. There are so many different varieties, covering different contingencies, for different periods, at different ages, at different costs; and yet all well and wisely adapted to meet and fully answer general and special needs; and all resting upon a scientific basis of knowledge from experience.

In the concrete it is easy. Given your age, the protection needed, the investment desired, just a few particulars, in a moment the company sets out to fit you with a policy; it tells you its features, shows you its cost, and in a mutual company the causes of that cost; all its details, the policy itself, go to you for examination. And the reason for this solicitude? A profit? No; simply to extend the law of average and reduce cost to all. *You may not wish specific* information; but rather a résumé of principles and methods. Get the latter at least. Send for "*The How and the Why.*" Postage is paid by THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 921–3–5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

'CEPTIN' JIM.

We boys 'ud run an' romp an' play
From early morn to close of day;
We'd tramp for miles with dog an' gun,
An' think that huntin' was such fun,
'Ceptin' Jim.

He wuz a cripple from his birth,
An' was no sort o' use on earth.
His mother waz the widder Flinn,
Who hadn't nary chick nor kin
'Ceptin' Jim.

She lived by takin' washin' in.
The widder's face wuz sharp and thin;
Hard work had left its creases there,
And no one thought her sweet nor fair,
'Ceptin' Jim.

One day we went below the mill,
Where shadows fell so cool and still,
A-fishin' thar fer perch an' trout,
An' no one knew we were about,
'Ceptin' Jim,

When some one came and raised the sluice
An' turned the rush o' water loose;
While everything began to go,
An' we were all down thar below,
'Ceptin' Jim.

He got a pole an' limped aroun'
An' pried the gate back to the ground,
Then slipped. * * *
We used ter gather by
A little grave where grass grew high,
All, 'ceptin' Jim.

LEWIS R. CLEMENT, in *Minneapolis Tribune.*

A LITTLE UNREASONABLE.—It became the solemn duty of Justice —— to pass sentence on an aged man named George Bliss, for stealing a hog:

"It is a shame that a man of your age should be giving his mind up to stealing. Do you know any reason why sentence should not be pronounced on you according to law?"

"Now, judge," was the reply of the aged sinner Bliss, "this is getting to be a trifle monotonous. I would like to know how a fellow can manage to please you judges. When I was only seventeen years old, I got three years, and the judge said I ought to be ashamed of myself for stealing at my age. When I was forty, I got five years, and that judge said it was a shame that a man in his very best years should steal. And now, when I am seventy years of age, here you come and tell me the same old story. Now, I would like to know what year of a man's life is the right one, according to your notion."—*The Green Bag.*

"We are advertised by our loving friends."
King Henry VI.

A Mellin's Food Boy.

ARTHUR H. FLYNN, Deadwood, S. D.

Our book for the instruction of mothers, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," will be mailed free to any address upon request.

THE DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., Boston, Mass.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO.—The New York Board of Health has issued the following instructions to the public:

"Healthy persons 'catch' cholera by taking into their systems through the mouth, as in their food or drink, or from their hands, knives, forks, plates, tumblers, clothing, etc., the germs of the disease, which are always present in the discharges from the stomach and bowels of those sick with cholera.

"Thorough cooking destroys the cholera germs: therefore—

"Don't eat raw, uncooked articles of any kind, not even milk.

"Don't eat or drink to excess. Use plain, wholesome, digestible food, as indigestion and diarrhœa favor an attack of cholera.

"Don't drink unboiled water.

"Don't eat or drink articles unless they have been thoroughly and recently cooked or boiled, and the more recent and hotter they are the safer.

"Don't employ utensils in eating or drinking unless they have been recently put in boiling water; the more recent the safer.

"Don't eat or handle food or drink with unwashed hands, or receive it from the unwashed hands of others.

"Don't use the hands for any purpose when soiled with cholera discharges; thoroughly cleanse them at once.

"Personal cleanliness, and cleanliness of the living- and sleeping-rooms and their contents, and thorough ventilation, should be rigidly enforced. Foul water-closets, sinks, Croton faucets, cellars, etc., should be avoided, and when present should be referred to the Health Board at once, and remedied.

"The successful treatment and the prevention of the spread of this disease demand that its earliest manifestations be promptly recognized and treated: therefore—

"Don't doctor yourself for bowel complaint, but go to bed and send for the nearest physician at once. Send for your family physician; send to a dispensary or hospital; send to the Health Department; send to the nearest police-station for medical aid.

"Don't wait, but send at once. If taken ill in the street, seek the nearest drug-store, dispensary, hospital, or police-station, and demand prompt medical attention.

"Don't permit vomit or diarrhœal discharges to come in contact with food, drink, or clothing. These discharges should be received in proper vessels and kept covered until removed under competent directions. Pour boiling water on them, put a strong solution of carbolic acid on them (not less than one part of acid to twenty of hot soapsuds or water).

"Don't wear, handle, or use any articles of clothing or furniture that are soiled with cholera discharges. Pour boiling water on them or put them into it, and scrub them with the carbolic acid solution mentioned above, and promptly request the Health Board to remove them.

"Don't be frightened, but do be cautious, and avoid excesses and unnecessary exposures of every kind."

TRAMP (*to Cholly Cheever*).—What's the distance to Fiftieth Street?

Cholly.—Two miles, I think.

Tramp (*admiringly*).—Kin *you* think as fur as that?—*Kate Field's Washington.*

DRINK

THE CLEAREST! THE PUREST! THE BEST!

TIVOLI EXPORT BEER!

The purest unadulterated Beer made. Send postal for sample case to your bottler, or

F. A. POTH BREWING CO.,

Thirty-first and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia.

Do you not wish to save money, clothes, time, labor, fuel, and health, if possible? All these can be saved by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Try it once. We say this, knowing that if you try it once, you will always use it. Is it economy to save one, two, or three cents on the price of a bar of soap, and lose five dollars or more in ruined, tender, rotted clothing spoiled by the strong soda in the poor soap? Washing-powders, concentrated lye, and cheap soaps are low-priced, to be sure, but they are terribly expensive, taking ruined clothing into account.

Remember, Dobbins' Electric Soap preserves clothes washed with it; bleaches white ones, brightens colored ones; softens flannels and blankets, and contains nothing to injure the most delicate fabric. Ask your grocer for it. Take nothing else in its place. Read carefully all that is said on the two wrappers, and see that our name is on each.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. HALL CAINE has been spending some time in Berlin, and has managed to see a good deal of literary life in the German capital. The result of his observations is rather surprising, and not particularly flattering to Englishmen. The Germans do not appear to be great readers of English literature. Of English fiction they know little, and that little does not impress them favorably. Writing to a friend in London, Mr. Caine says, "The German view of English fiction is, on the whole, not a good one; but I find here and there a disposition to pay more attention to the younger English novelists than to those of an earlier period. But very little seems to be known of any of them. I have met only one man who has read Mr. Stevenson, and only one or two who have even heard of Mr. Kipling. I sang Mr. Barrie's praises amid silence, and no one was aware of Mr. Blackmore, or yet Mr. Besant. Such and so loud is the turbulent voice of Fame, twenty-four hours only from London, amid a people who are our first-cousins and have interests in common with our own. A lady told me she was translating Mr. Swinburne; but she knew nothing of Rossetti, except his name. The novelist here is, with one or two notable exceptions, not a person of much mark."—*Publishers' Circular.*

"A PHILOSOPHY of living must of necessity be the most vital philosophy," says Walter Blackburn Harte in the *New England Magazine;* "and indeed it is entirely owing to some strange tradition of ignorance that philosophy is usually supposed to belong exclusively to the curriculum of a university, and to have no utility in every-day life. It was, in a degree, the first business of the modern novel, as we had it from Richardson, to end this divorce of life and philosophy by a compromise, which should unite instruction in an intelligible form with entertainment. There have, unfortunately, been multitudes of novels since which were made primarily for entertainment; and so the novel declined to the intelligence of the nursery, and a tradition has consequently grown around the custom of putting baby-talk into this form, until now many critics resent any departure from nursery standards. But it is only in so far as the novel embodies some truth successfully that it is useful,—possibly great. There are no greater mysteries than the instincts and affections of mankind, the relations of the spiritual and the material, life and death, and their antithesis and analogy; and until the novelists have exhausted the field, which all the systems of moral philosophy and science have failed to exhaust, there is no pressing urgency for them to seek to conjure up a new world, whose mysteries can only be transparent and commonplace in comparison."

NOT TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD.—Mamma (*to the Professor, whose ears have been lacerated for an hour*).—Don't you think the dear child should have her voice cultivated?

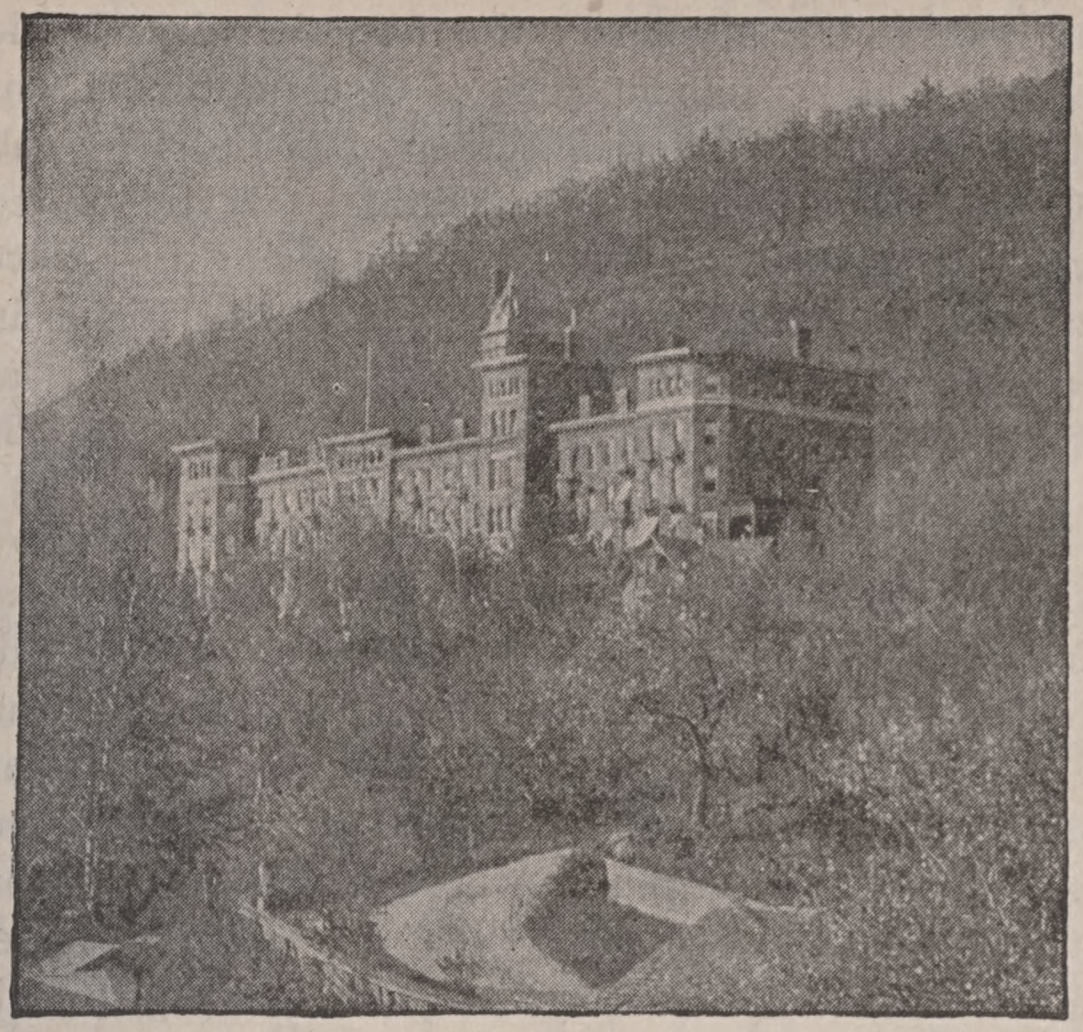
The Professor (*grimly*).—Yes, if she must sing.

ROWAN STEVENS, in *Kate Field's Washington.*

A GASTRONOMICAL CRITICISM.—"Here's a pointer for ye, Bill," said a tramp to one of his companions. "Don't never go to that house on the hill yonder."

"Why not?"

"'Cause whenever they've got pie they haven't any cheese, and when they've got cheese they haven't any pie. I wouldn't eat at no such place as that."—*Nashville Mirror.*



THE
JACKSON SANATORIUM.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

Dansville, Livingston Co.,
NEW YORK.

A delightful home for those seeking health, rest, or recreation. Under the personal care of experienced physicians.

Elegant modern *fire-proof* main building and twelve cottages, complete in all appliances for health and comfort. Extensive apartments for treatment arranged for individual privacy. Skilled attendants. All forms of baths; Electricity, Massage, Swedish Movements, etc. Delsarte System of Physical Culture. Frequent Lectures and Lessons on Health Topics.

Especial provision for rest and quiet, also for recreation, amusement, and regular out-door life.

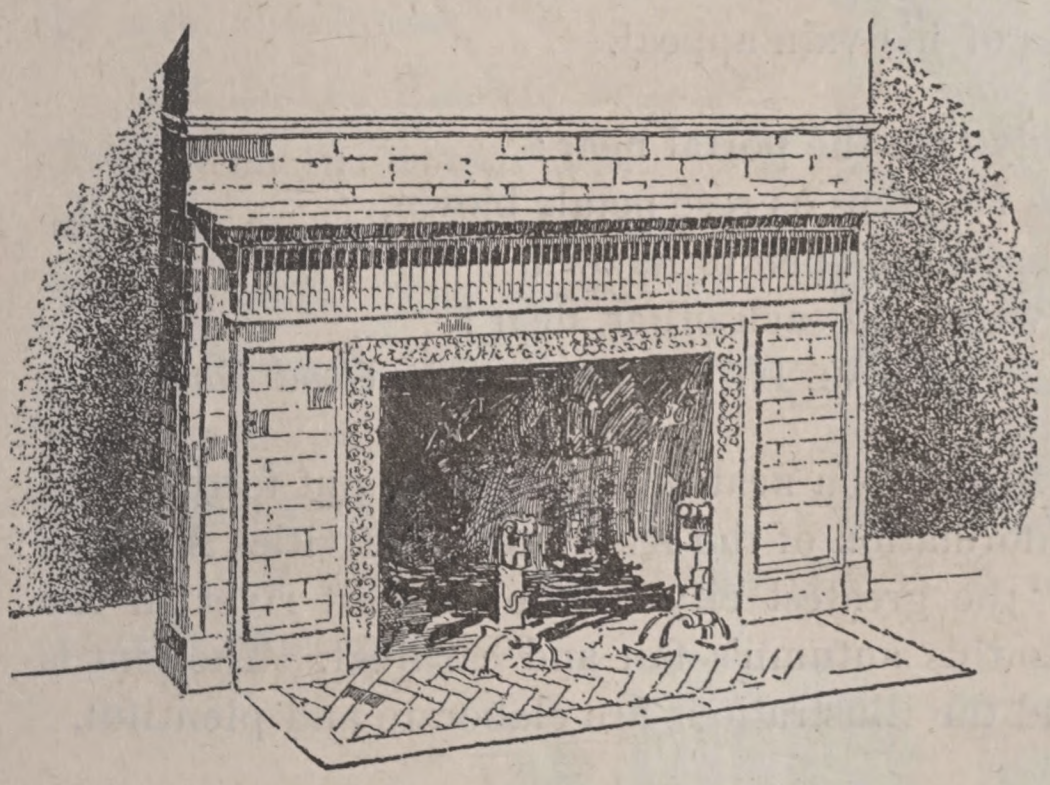
Hillside location in Woodland Park, overlooking extended views of the famous Genesee Valley region, unsurpassed for beauty. Charming walks and drives. Lakes, glens, and waterfalls in immediate vicinity. Clear, dry atmosphere, free from fogs and malaria. Pure spring water from rocky heights. Perfect drainage and sewerage.

Electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, long-distance telephone, etc.

For illustrated pamphlet, testimonials, and other information, address

J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Secretary,
DANSVILLE, NEW YORK.

Mention this Magazine.



Italy
Germany
Belgium

brought to your fireside in the Philadelphia and Boston Face-brick. Every mould authentic. Will harmonize with any interior finish. Are you interested? Send ten two-cent stamps for our sketch-book.

Philadelphia and Boston Face-Brick Co.,
4 Liberty Square, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Price in Red Face-Bricks, including hearth, fire back, and under fire, $32 00; price in Cream Bricks, $48.00.

SICKNESS among children, especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, the British author, has given up practice as an oculist for novel-writing. Mr. Doyle is just thirty-three, and is a native of Edinburgh, where he studied medicine. He found his early career as a physician one of drudgery, and with the object of increasing his funds he wrote some short stories, which found their way into *Chambers's Journal* and laid the foundation of his literary success. Part of his youth has been passed as doctor on a whaler bound for the Arctic regions, and part as surgeon on a ship plying between England and the west coast of Africa. Physically he is a big, broad-shouldered man, with the frame and moustache of a Life-Guardsman.—*The Argonaut.*

FOUND.

We found each other in those darkest days
  Which, some say, come but just before the dawn.
  I know not how, save that our feet were drawn,
Without volition, into mingling ways.

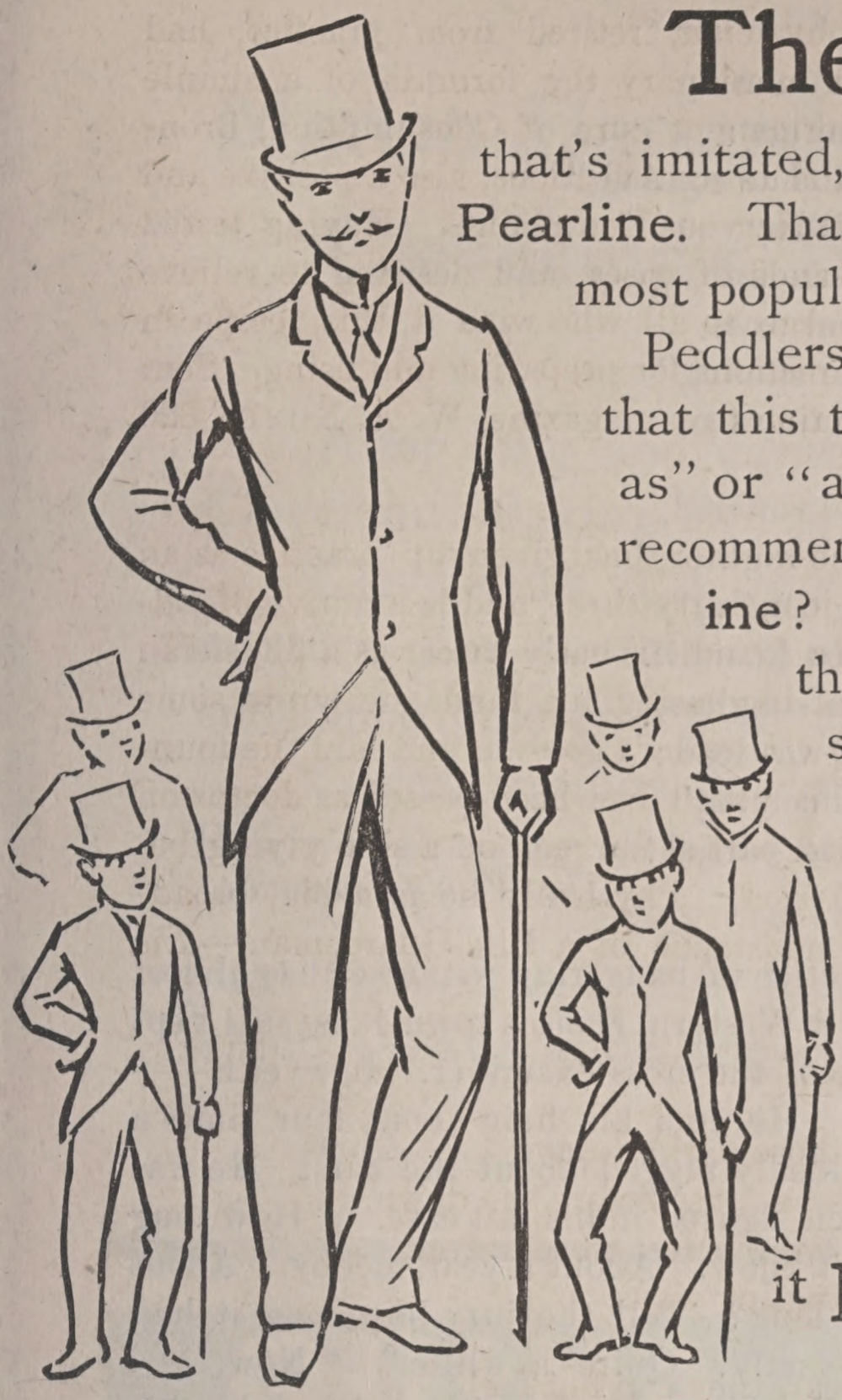
Hearts have no ears to hear, they can but feel:
  The stranger stands outside, and knocks, and knocks;
  There comes no answer to the noisy shocks
Save the re-echoes of his vain appeal.

But draws the Only One the portal near:
  Though fall his footsteps as rose-petals blown,
  Trembling, it hastes to open to its own,
And this is how WE found each other, dear!

EVE H. BRODLIQUE, in *Good Form.*

"ST LOUIS THROUGH A CAMERA" is a neat oblong quarto, put forth under the auspices of the Bureau of Information of the Autumnal Festivities Association to set forth the glories of "the greatest city on the greatest river in the world," with special reference to this autumn's fair and carnival. The text is furnished by Mr. James Cox, and the illustrations are elaborate and plentiful.

BEGINNING in a modest way at Lenox, Massachusetts, in 1875, the Agassiz Association has established local branches or chapters almost everywhere, and done much to foster and extend the study of the natural sciences. Its headquarters are at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and its founder, Mr. H. H. Ballard, is still its active president. Its constitution and history are set forth in a handbook entitled "Three Kingdoms."



The Only One

that's imitated, among all washing compounds, is **Pearline.** That is because it is the original, the most popular, and the best.

Peddlers and some grocers will tell you that this thing or that thing is "the same as" or "as good as" **Pearline**—what better recommendation do you want for **Pearline**? They tell you this because it pays them better to sell these "same as" stuffs. But how will it pay you to use them?

Any saving that they can offer you, in prizes or prices, can be only nominal.

The loss in ruined linens, flannels, muslins, etc., can be large.

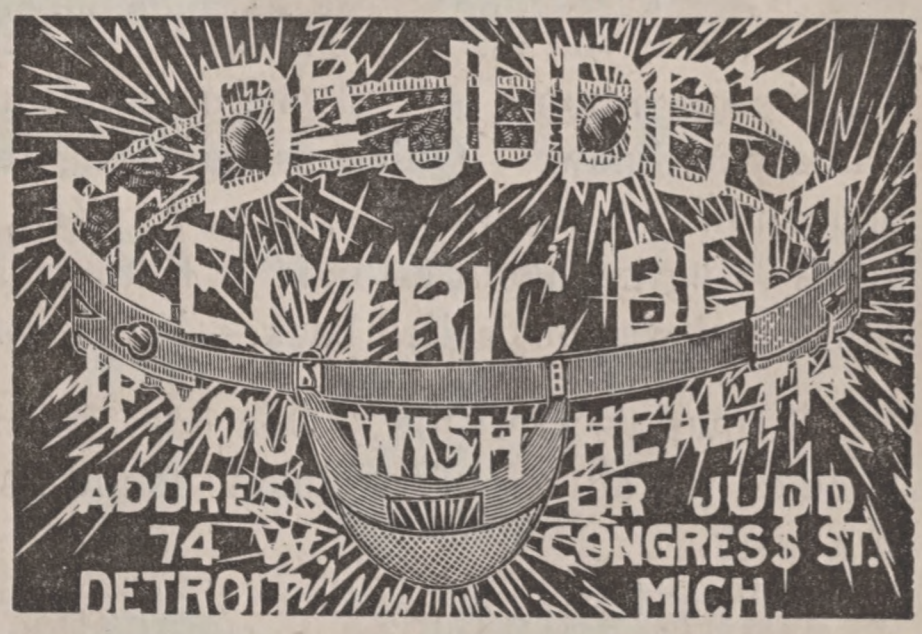
Send it Back

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" Pearline. IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 368 J. PYLE, N.Y.

THE greatest offer ever made by a reliable house.

Dr. Judd's Electric Belts and Trusses on *six months' trial.* Far superior to any Galvanic or Box Battery made. The greatest Electrical Medical discovery of the nineteenth century.

For male and female.



If you wish Health, address Dr. C. B. JUDD, 74 West Congress Street, Detroit, Michigan.

6 MO'S TRIAL

Testimony.—Within the last eighteen months we have taken in something over one thousand dollars for Judd's Electric Belts and Trusses, and thus far have never had a complaint from a customer, but have had many compliments passed upon them.

D. M. NEWBRO DRUG CO.

BUTTE CITY, MONT., Jan. 16. 1892.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

He was always humming
Such a hopeful lay:
"There's a good time coming,"
But 'twas far away.
And in toil and trouble
And in joy and woe,
That "good time coming"
Made the bad times go.

And he sang and suffered,
Till at last, one night,
The "good time coming"
Seemed to loom in sight.
But his lips were songless,
And his heart was lead:
The "good time coming"
Found the toiler—dead!

The Weekly Journalist.

NEEDED SHINGLING.—The old practice of badgering witnesses has almost disappeared from many courts; but in a Western Kansas town it is still kept up,—sometimes, however, to the damage of the cross-examiner. Lawyer S—— is well known for his uncomely habits. He cuts his hair about four times a year, and the rest of the time looks decidedly ragged about the ears. He was making a witness describe a barn, which figured in his last case. "How long had this barn been built?" "Oh, I don't know. About a year, mebby. About nine months, p'r'aps." "But just how long? Tell the jury how long it had been built." "Well, I don't know exactly. Quite a while." "Now, Mr. B——, you pass for an intelligent farmer, and yet you can't tell how old this barn is; and you have lived on the next farm for ten years. Can you tell how old your own house is? Come, now, tell us how old your own house is, if you think you know." Quick as lightning the old farmer replied, "Ye want to know how old my house is, do ye? Well, it's just about as old as you be, and needs shinglin' about as bad!" In the roar that followed the witness stepped down, and was not called back.—*The Argonaut.*

BULWER'S OPINION.—One day, when calling at a beautiful villa on the Thames, the author of "Pelham" found its mistress on the sofa, deeply engaged in a book.

"What have you got there that interests you so much?" said Bulwer.

"The School for Husbands," she answered.

"You don't mean to say," he replied, "that you consider life long enough to waste it on such unmitigated trash!"

"Oh, but I assure you, Sir Edward, I consider it very clever, very smart and witty. You should look at it again, and you would discover that you have quite misappreciated it."

"No, thank you; I have neither read, nor do I intend to read, that wretched book; and you may rely upon it, if you have found any sense within the covers, those pages are not by the *soi-disant* author."

The "author" in question was Lady Bulwer.—"*Gossip of the Century.*"

NOTE.—This letter has a date.

Marion Harland endorses and uses Cleveland's Baking Powder.

February 5, 1892.

After long and careful trial of others, I prefer Cleveland's Baking Powder for several reasons. . .

Cleveland's is a pure cream of tartar and soda mixture, not containing alum or ammonia or any other substance deleterious to the human stomach.

Cakes, muffins, biscuits, &c., in which Cleveland's Baking Powder is used, keep better. . .

A like quantity of Cleveland's Baking Powder goes further and does better work than any other of which I have knowledge. It is therefore cheaper.

POMPTON, N. J. *Marion Harland*

QUINA-LAROCHE

LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FRANCS.

CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, Iron AND Pure Catalan Wine.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark(a result not before attained), and to concentrate them in an elixir, which possessed in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of ordinary preparations.

This invigorating tonic is powerful in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principle of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, and used with entire success for the cure of

MALARIA,
INDIGESTION,
FEVER and AGUE.
NEURALGIA,
LOSS of APPETITE,
POORNESS of BLOOD,
WASTING DISEASES,
and
RETARDED CONVALESCENCE.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents, No. 30 North William street, New York. 22 rue Drouot, Paris.

How to Fumigate a Room.—The proper way to fumigate a room, says the *Journal of Health*, is to close the doors, windows, fireplace, etc., and paste strips of paper over all the cracks. Fumigation by burning sulphur is most easily accomplished.

Two pounds of sulphur should be allowed for every room from ten to twelve feet square.

It is better to divide it up and put it in several pans, rather than burn the entire quantity of sulphur used in one pan. To avoid the danger of fire, these pans should be set on bricks, or in other and larger pans filled with water or with sand.

After pouring a little alcohol on the sulphur, and properly placing the pans about the room, the farthest from the door of exit should be lighted first, the others in order.

The operator will need to move quickly, for no one can breathe sulphurous fumes with safety.

After closing the door, the cracks around it should be pasted up, as was done within the room.

Six hours, at least, are generally necessary to fumigate a room properly; at the end of that time it may be entered and the windows opened, and they should be left open as long as is convenient, even for a week, if possible.

After fumigation, a thorough process of cleansing should be instituted. At least, the walls and ceiling should be rubbed dry. Much the better way is to whitewash and re-paper.

The floor and the wood-work and the furniture should be scrubbed with a solution of carbolic acid, or some other disinfectant.

Early Rising.—An English author, Leigh Hunt, I think, was, like many men who are neither English nor authors, very fond of lying in bed in the morning, and the temptation to indulge this habit was doubly great when the mornings were so cold that he could see his breath rising from his nostrils like jets of steam.

The adage about the early bird catching the worm was well refuted by the boy who said, "Huh! it served the worm right for getting up so early."

But Hunt's story of his effort to cultivate physical energy, as nearly as I can recall it, was very funny, and those who are inclined the same way themselves will be best able to appreciate it. He says,—

"I determined to conquer the habit of lying in bed in the morning, and entered into a conspiracy with my valet against myself."—*The Weekly Journalist.*

A Good-Natured Nobleman.—The Earl of Balcarres had a field of turnips upon which he prided himself a good deal. He once surprised an old woman busily employed in filling a sack with his favorites. After giving her a hearty scolding, to which she replied only by the silent eloquence of repeated courtesies, he was walking away, when the woman called after him, "Eh, my lord, the bag's unco heavy. Would ye be sae kind as to help me on to my back wi' it?"—which he did forthwith, when the culprit decamped with profuse thanks.

About Universal Enfranchisement.—"Women, in demanding their *rights*, may lose their *privileges*," says Jean Ingelow.

"A LIFE'S EXPERIENCE." *Lydia Pinkham to Mrs. Chas. H. Pinkham.* "My daughter, you have spent many years of your life in aiding me to compile these records. An analysis of every case of female disease ever brought to my attention is here; this will aid you in perpetuating my work. Here is a life's practice of a Woman among Women, and contains Facts that cannot be found elsewhere. It is the largest collection the world has ever known."

NOTE.—These Records are available to the Women of the world. Personal attention is given to confidential letters, and correspondence is solicited from suffering women. Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Etiquette."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women, and for Kidney Complaints of either sex the Compound has no rival. All Druggists sell it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

GENUINE GUYOTS.—Mr. A. J. Ostheimer has just returned from Paris, where he has spent some weeks in arranging the details for the Guyot exhibit for the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. A most elaborate display will be made, and many new and striking novelties will be exhibited. The demand for the genuine Guyot suspenders is so large at the present moment that Ostheimer Brothers have already booked orders as far ahead as July, 1893, and it has been absolutely necessary to again increase the capacity of the already very large Guyot factories. Almost one thousand hands are now busily engaged at the Guyot works in making the webbing and manufacturing the suspenders, and the United States is the largest customer the Guyot factory has. The genuine Guyot suspenders have great merits as regards health, comfort, and durability, and hence have the steadfast favor of consumers. Every article which is very successful is quickly imitated, and there are many poor imitations of the genuine Guyot in the market. The genuine gives pleasure, comfort, and satisfaction to the wearer.

MESSRS. PORTER & COATES, the Philadelphia publishers, have issued a volume by Dr. Bushrod W. James, the well-known physician of that city, entitled "Alaskana," the subject-matter being the legends of Alaska. The book is written in blank verse in the style of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and is handsomely printed and profusely illustrated with views of that picturesque but little-known land. Dr. James is favorably known as a prolific writer on professional subjects, and also as a most entertaining describer of places he has visited both in this country and abroad.

MUST DO SOMETHING.—One of the finest distinctions possible was once drawn by an estimable woman, who belonged to the army of restlessly busy American housewives, whose god is their work. She begrudged sadly the time spent in enforced idleness on Sunday. Her conscience did not permit her usual round of work, yet her hands refused to lie contentedly in her lap. "I never sew on Sunday," she said, and sighed; "never, of course. But I admit"—she lowered her voice—"I sometimes lock myself up in my own room and baste a little."

AN UNFORTUNATE REMARK.—Bagley.—How's that pretty little widow in Harlem that you've been raving about lately?

Bailey.—Oh, she's married.

Bagley.—You don't seem to have good luck in your matrimonial ventures, do you, Bailey?

Bailey.—Oh, I don't know. You see, I'm the one she married.—*Nashville Mirror.*

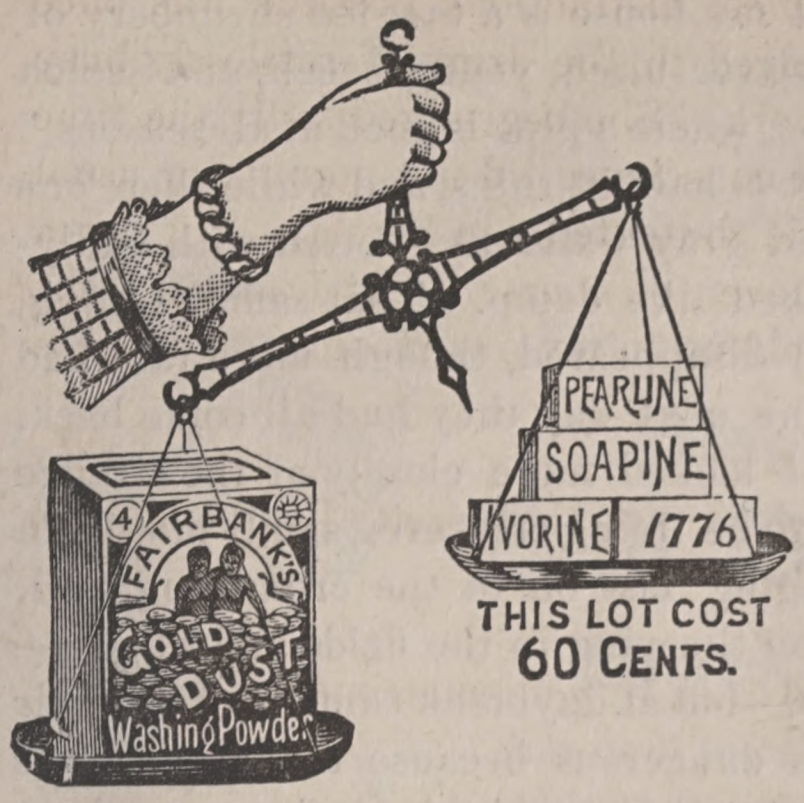
A UNIQUE INSTITUTION is about to be established in Weimar. It is neither university nor academy, nor yet, strictly speaking, a library, but it is, nevertheless, an intellectual workshop of great importance to writers and scholars the world over. It is an enlargement of the scope of the well-known Goethe-Schiller Archives, out of which it has developed naturally and organically. In 1888 Baron von Gleichen-Russwurm, the grandson of Schiller, and one of the foremost landscape painters of Germany, made over to the Goethe Archives all the papers of his celebrated grandfather, and the Archives thereupon took the double name of the poet pair. The papers of Herder and Wieland having already been deposited there, it was an easy step to the idea of a universal German archive; this idea has now taken definite and practical form. The new institution is to serve a twofold purpose: it is primarily a place of safe deposit for the literary remains and manuscript treasures of all the great writers of Germany, in whatever field of intellectual activity they may have labored, and it will furthermore afford unrivalled facilities to investigators, scholars, editors, and critics who wish to have access to the original sources and to study their authors at first hand. The Archives will continue under the supervision of the scholarly Professor Suphan, and the present name, which will lose none of its appropriateness under the new conditions, will probably be retained. The success of this enterprise is now assured, and a special building for the purpose is to be erected at the expense of the grand duchess herself.—*The Nation.*

EVERNESS.

What of the land, and what of the sea,
  And what of the sky bending over?
What is the message they're bringing to thee
  In language of cloud, wave, and clover?

The cloud melts and scatters, and lost in the sea
  Is the wave in its mighty endeavor;
The sweets of the clover belong to the bee,
  But sea, land, and sky are forever.

WILLIAM S. LORD, in *Good Form.*



THIS LOT COST 60 CENTS.

LARGER QUANTITY, BETTER QUALITY, ONLY 25 CENTS.

No Sane Woman

would pay 12 cents a pound for Powdered Soap when she could buy it in bars for 6 cents, though every woman knows that Powdered soap is handier and better than soap in bars or cakes. But when a woman can buy Powdered soap for the SAME PRICE as bar soap, of course she takes the Powdered soap for it does ½ her work and the other ½ is no work at all.

Gold Dust WASHING POWDER

IS POWDERED SOAP AT BAR SOAP PRICES. It is sold by every enterprising grocer in wholesale packages (4 lbs.) for **25 CENTS.**

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Sole Manufacturers,

CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, BALTIMORE, NEW ORLEANS, SAN FRANCISCO, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE,, PITTSBURGH AND MILWAUKEE.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CALIFORNIA.—California is the most attractive and delightful section of the United States, if not of the world, and its many beautiful resorts will be crowded with the best families of the East during the entire winter. It offers to the investor the best open opportunity for safe and large returns from its fruit-lands. It offers the kindest climate in the world to the feeble and debilitated; and it is reached in the most comfortable manner over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad. Pullman Vestibule Sleeping-Cars leave Chicago by this line every day in the year, and go, without change or transfer, through to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego. This is a feature not offered by any other line.

Write to John J. Byrne, 621 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill., if you desire any further information as to the country and the accommodations for reaching it.

MIMICRY IN MOTHS.—"Round about my house is a tangled shrubbery of stunted brushwood, with here and there a silver birch, young beech, and Scotch fir, and in one corner stands an old outhouse, where a pipe is good at all seasons," says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century*. "It is half in ruins, and while there one day I noticed that the dingy old brown and gray wall was spotted with oddly-shaped blotches of a darker tint that looked like damp. That same evening, however, I found that the blotches had all disappeared, though more rain had fallen and the roof was full of holes. The next day they had all come back. When this had happened a second time, I looked more closely at the strange marks, and, to my surprise, I found them to be living creatures, small moths, in fact, with folded or outspread wings, clinging fast on to the crumbling wall. From dusk until dawn they had been out on the wing in the fields and woods,—their chief enemies, the birds, being asleep,—but at daybreak came back to their old place of safety. The shrubbery was dangerous because the ground was thickly covered with green ivy and still greener periwinkle and moss, where sparrows, finches, and tits were always hunting for food, and they would have been soon snapped up. On the old weather-stained wall they were safe."

AT THE ART GALLERY.—Doorman (to countryman).—"You will have to leave your umbrella here."

"What for?"

"Because it doesn't rain in the picture-gallery."—*Texas Siftings.*

A PHOTOGRAPHER in the Tyrol made a negative of ten tourists against a background of pine woods. When he developed the plate, a faithful presentment of a large bear in the act of making for the denser timber appeared in the edge of the forest. Neither the man with the camera nor any of those in the group had known that the brute was near.

THE SILENT ONES.

Under the grassy sod,
  Under the swaying willows,
    Down 'neath the buds and flowers,
    Sleeping away the hours,
Far from the paths they trod,
  They lie on their clayey pillows.
      There at the dawn's first peeping,
      There when the night comes weeping,
      The silent ones are sleeping.

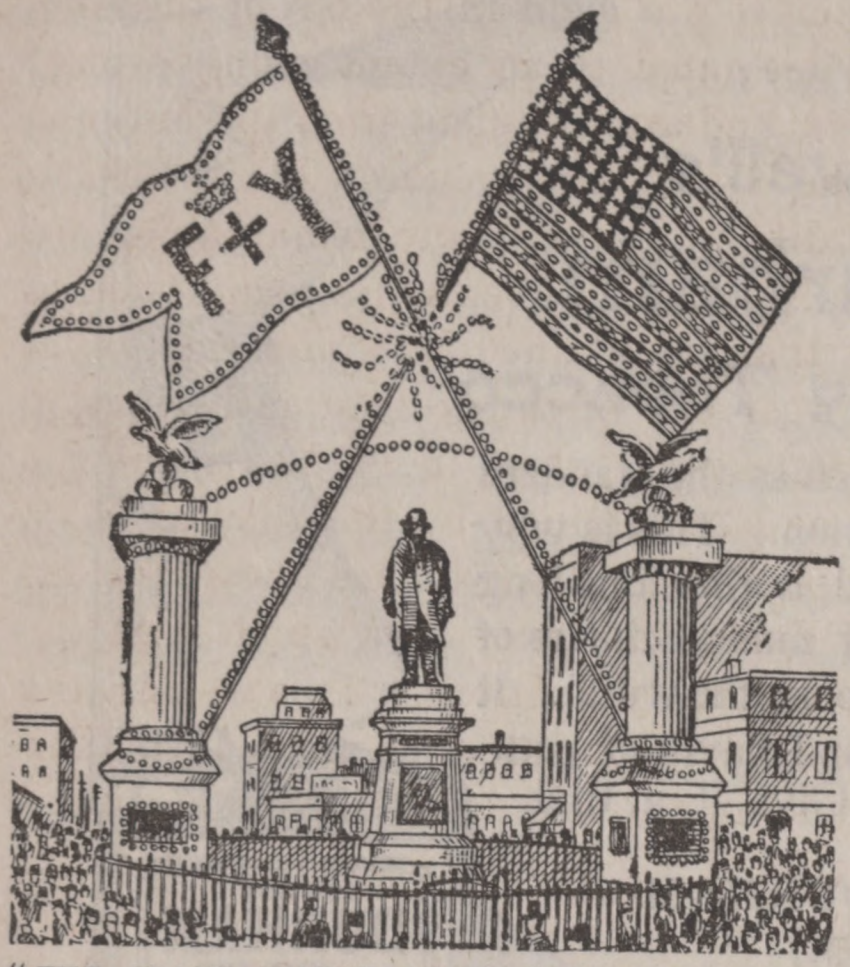
Under the drifting snow,
  Down 'neath the naked branches,
    Under the rain and sleet,
    Swift are the hours and fleet,
Far from the cares we know,
  Safe from grief's avalanches.
      There at the dawn's first peeping,
      There when the night comes weeping,
      The silent ones are sleeping.

RICHARD HENRY BUCK, in *Philadelphia Ledger.*

For over 25 Years
Blackwell's
Bull Durham
Smoking Tobacco
has been recognized as the standard of tobacco perfection. This is why we have remained, during this long period, the largest manufacturers of Smoking Tobacco in the world. It has a fragrance and flavor of peculiar excellence. Give it a trial.
BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO.,
DURHAM, N. C.
GENUINE
DURHAM
(TRADE MARK)

SOUNDS FOCUSSED BY SHIPS' SAILS.—The wide-spread sails of a ship, when rendered concave by a gentle breeze, are excellent conductors of sound. The celebrated Dr. Arnott relates the following circumstance as a practical proof of this assertion. A ship was once sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land. Suddenly several of the crew, while walking along the deck, noticed that when passing and repassing a particular spot they always heard with great distinctness the sound of bells chiming sweet music, as though being rung but a short distance away. Dumfounded by this phenomenon, they quickly communicated the discovery to their mates, but none of them was able to solve the enigma as to the origin of these seemingly mysterious sounds. Several months afterwards, upon returning to Brazil, some of the listeners determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly, they mentioned the circumstance to their friends, and were informed that at the time when the sounds were heard, the bells in the cathedral of San Salvador, on the coast, had been ringing to celebrate a feast held in honor of one of the saints. Their sound, wonderful to relate, favored by a gentle, steady breeze, had travelled a distance of upward of one hundred miles over the smooth water, and had been brought to a focus by the sails at the particular locality in which the sweet sounds were first heard. This is but one of several instances of a similar kind, trustworthy authorities claiming that it has often happened under somewhat similar circumstances.

THE CITY OF CONVENTIONS.



"THE GRANT STATUE AT ST. LOUIS WITH FLAGS OF SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES."

No city has such a reputation for the successful holding of conventions of every character as St. Louis, which is known as the "City of Conventions," because of the immense number of gatherings, political, commercial, social, and religious, which are held in its midst every year. There are few organizations of national importance which have not met at least once in St. Louis, and as a result of the hospitable treatment accorded to delegates and visitors, many bodies have met repeatedly in the great metropolis of the West and Southwest. It is unnecessary to detail at length each of the conventions which has met at St. Louis during the last quarter of a century, and indeed the record for a single year would fill several pages; but it will be interesting to note a few of the most important and most successful gatherings. In 1867 a convention was held in the interests of the improvement of the Mississippi River, and at this the foundation-stone was laid for the great work which has since been accomplished in and for the "Father of Waters."

During the seventies a National Commercial and a National Railroad Convention were held in St. Louis, and at each of these work was outlined which has proved of immense value to the commercial interests of the country. Also during the seventies, in 1876, the National Democratic Convention was held in St. Louis, and resulted in the nomination of Tilden for the Presidency. The convention was held in the Merchants' Exchange hall, one of the finest of its character in the world, both on account of its vastness and also of the beauty of its decorations. The hall is two hundred and twenty-one feet long, one hundred feet wide, and eighty feet high.

In 1888 Cleveland was nominated in St. Louis. The second National Democratic Convention in the great commercial metropolis was held in the Exposition Building, in which the only successful annual exposition in the world is held every September and October. The Exposition Building covers an area of over six acres, and its Grand Music Hall contains three thousand five hundred and seven numbered seats, with facilities for accommodating nearly as many more people on an emergency. This latter convention was held in what may be termed the centre of the banner period of St. Louis as a convention city, for between 1886 and 1890 the number of conventions held in the city was remarkable. In 1885 came one of the largest cattle conventions ever held, followed in 1886 by enormous gatherings of the physicians, photographers, and

butchers of America. These professional and trade conventions attracted great crowds to the city, and were universally voted as an unalloyed success both in the amount of business transacted and also in the magnificent hospitality extended to the delegates by the citizens.

The Knights Templar Triennial Conclave was held in the fall of the same year, and the city was illuminated and decorated to an extent which evoked loud and continued expressions of approval and astonishment from the Masonic guests, and in 1887, on the occasion of the Grand Army reunion being held in St. Louis, the attendance and the hospitality were even more remarkable. In the following year came the Democratic National Convention already referred to, and since that date the city has more than maintained its well-earned reputation for successful conventions. Last year one of the greatest gatherings of Odd-Fellows ever held in the United States took place in St. Louis, and the Sovereign Grand Lodge was welcomed and entertained by the thousands of Odd-Fellows in the city and by St. Louisans generally, who are always on the lookout to entertain strangers, especially during the forty days which form the annual carnival period in the great City of Conventions. This spring the People's Party held its conference in the Exposition Building, and a little later the Nicaragua Canal Convention was held in the same hall. Next year the National Furniture Convention, the National Electrical Convention, and the German Veterans' Reunion are among the many conventions of this character already docketed for St. Louis, and it is probable that there will be at least ten conventions of the highest national importance held in the city during the summer and fall.

It is not difficult to find reasons for the popularity of St. Louis as a convention city. It is by far the best railroad centre in the United States, while within a radius of five hundred miles is a larger population than can be found within a similar radius of any other city in America. This is a fact which can be easily verified by aid of map and census, and it gives St. Louis an accessibility both in regard to time and expense which makes its selection for convention purposes natural and appropriate. The city can be reached from all points of the compass by direct routes, and, owing to the enormous passenger travel, exceptionally good rates are always made by the railroads.

But it is the lavish hospitality of St. Louis which accounts even in larger measure for the anxiety of delegates to select it for the holding of conventions and gatherings of every character. No other city in the world ever attempted to raise a million dollars for carnival and kindred purposes, and the fact that the Autumnal Festivities Association has already collected six hundred thousand dollars towards the million-dollar fund St. Louis is raising is evidence of the fact that the hospitality of St. Louis is of a distinctly practical and generous nature. Just now six miles of its streets are illuminated by upwards of seventy-five thousand electric- and gas-lights in globes of many colors, presenting an effect dazzling and magnificent to a degree. The illuminations, which will be repeated on October 20, and probably on October 27, are not only the grandest ever attempted in any city in the world, but they also embrace a series of electrical panoramas of the most remarkable character, including a number of pyrotechnic effects by aid of the latest discovery of illuminating power, such as have never before been attempted, much less achieved.

HARD TO PRONOUNCE.—"George!" she screamed; "my neck!" "What's the matter?" "There's a pillacatter——" "A what?" "A tappekiller——" "What in the world do you mean?" "Oh, dear," she moaned, as she clutched him frantically; "a kitterpaller! You know, George! A patterkiller!" "Oh!" said George, with evident relief, and he proceeded to brush the future butterfly away.—*Life.*

AN intellectual amusement, recently devised in Boston, states the New York *Tribune*, consists in writing a capital D on a sheet of paper while standing at a table and trying to make the right foot swing in the opposite direction from that which the pencil is following on the paper. No one, so far as heard from, has been able to perform the feat. You get your foot swinging nicely in the opposite direction from that in which you know you are going to make the big loop of the D, and firmly resolve that you will keep it going the same way while you are writing, but as soon as you get started on the letter, will you nill you, your foot turns and goes the other way.

A SEARCH FOR DOVE-COTS.—"The hedges were still bare, though carrying promise of awakening life, when this search began," writes Alfred Watkins in the *English Illustrated Magazine;* "and there were yet pigeon-houses unvisited,

> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold.

Every one in eastern Herefordshire knows how, looking towards the west, a couple of conical wooded knolls break the line of horizon, and connect together groups of hills. These hillocks, which lie about a mile apart, are called Robin Hood's Butts, the tradition being that the famous outlaw was wont to shoot arrows from one to the other. It is in the wooded dip which links one of these butts with the adjacent Wormsley Hill, that the old farm-house of Buttas stands, massive and imposing yet, with its square-headed and stone-mullioned windows.

"And here, in 1632, George Karver, the yeoman owner of the estate, built for himself in the pride of his heart a combined pigeon-house and falconry, evidently intended to outvie all previous ones.

"And there it stands now, one of the most beautiful examples of carved and decorated timber-work in the district; its black diagonal timbers outlining the white plaster panels, each with a carved boss in the centre; the barge-boards and corbels elaborately carved in oak, and the little projecting window where the falcons were wont to bask in the sun, supported by a lion-headed truss.

"It was no local carpenter who carved here; one would rather think that the artificer who gave full play to his imagination and skill in the beautiful gate-house at Stokesay Castle was called to the work, so similar in style are the two buildings.

"Many pigeon-houses were divided into two stories, the lower one being used for general purposes, and in some instances arched over for use as an ice-house; but here at Buttas the doves were assigned the top loft only, among the gables, the falcons having their mews in the centre chamber, and the ground-floor with two large doors was used for general stores, probably not as at present for carts, wheels having hardly come into general use at that time.

"How closely linked are these buildings to the domestic life of that age! Honest George Karver added his wife's initial to his own, all carved in raised letters on a shield, with the device of a heart beneath."

MISCELLANEOUS

FROM the time when the Remington Typewriter—the first practical writing-machine—was taken to the famous Remington Gun Works in 1873, till the present day, the policy of careful, constant, and progressive improvement, there inaugurated, has been steadily carried on.

THE same policy will be pursued unceasingly in the future. Patents for improvements to this King of Typewriters are constantly issuing. It is now covered by

59 PATENTS, most of them having from twelve to seventeen years to run.

AMPLE guarantee is thus afforded to our patrons that they will not be subjected to the annoyances incident to the use of other machines on account of suits for infringement.

THE REMINGTON is to-day not only Unsurpassed, but Unapproached for Excellence of Design and Construction, Quality of Work, Simplicity, and Durability.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, New York.

1

At dinner is the Soup. Score this by using

First Base

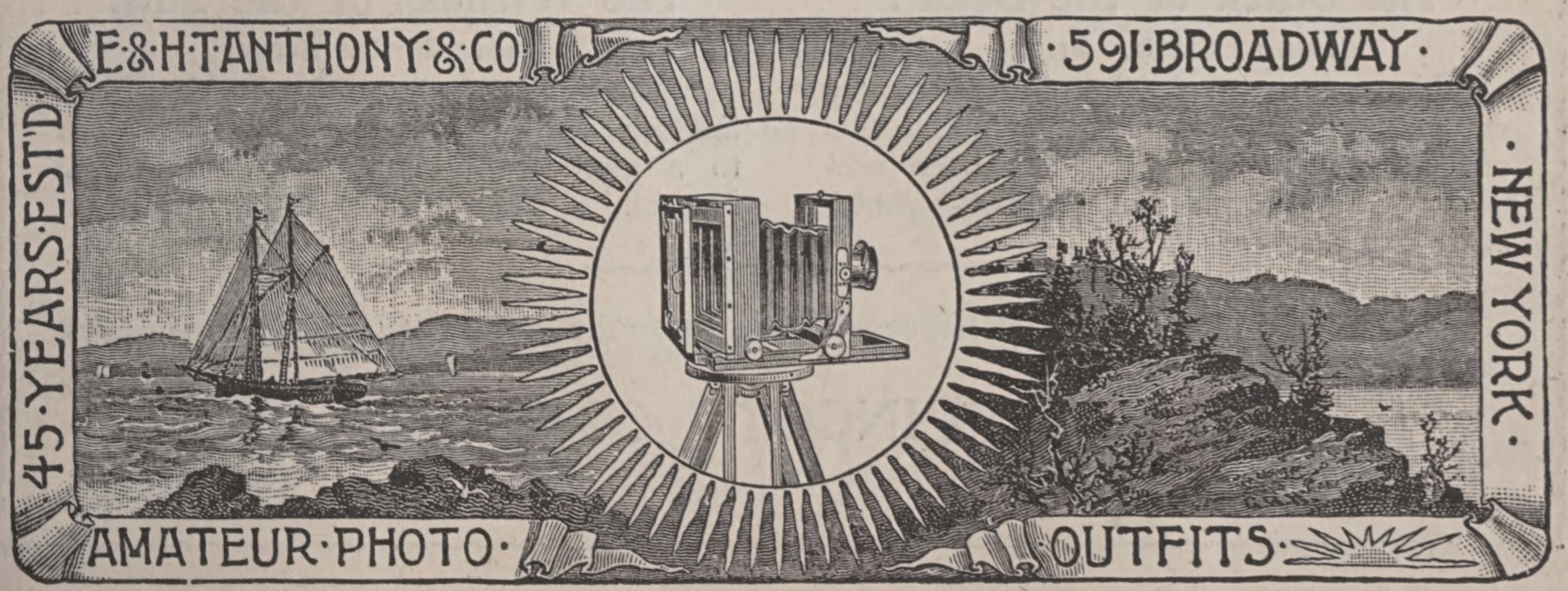
"WHITE LABEL,"

THE ONLY INDISPUTABLY CORRECT CONSERVED SOUPS.

Send 10 cts., and address of your grocer, for sample can.

Armour Packing Company,
SOUP DEPARTMENT,
Kansas City, Mo.

17 Varieties.



READY EARLY IN NOVEMBER.

BARBARA DERING,

A NEW STORY BY

AMÉLIE RIVES,

A SEQUEL TO "THE QUICK OR THE DEAD?"

12mo. Cloth. $1.25.

AMÉLIE RIVES.

"The books of this authoress," says the *New York Herald*, "have made a deeper impression on our American literature than any works of fiction since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

THE NOVELS OF AMÉLIE RIVES.

"The Quick or the Dead?"

12mo. Cloth. $1.00.

"No story ever published in this country created more stir and controversy than this one. By many the work has been pronounced a masterpiece of genius."—*Baltimore News.*

The Witness of the Sun.

12mo. Cloth. $1.00.

"The first half of the story is charming. Seldom will the reader be introduced to a more lovely character than that of Nathali."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

*** For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by the Publishers, free of expense, on receipt of the price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

His Great Self.

By

Marion Harland,

Author of

"Alone," "True as Steel," etc.

12mo. Cloth. $1.25.

Philadelphia Record. . . . .

"It calls up the days when the ladies flashed in brocades and swelled in hoops; when the men were autocrats and discussed Shakespeare and Mr. Pope; a time that even Thackeray, seeing the picturesque opportunities which it afforded the novelist, did not disdain to deal with, and which will always be treasured by the lovers of the old and the picturesque. Some of the author's pages have about them the fragrance that scents a room when some antique cabinet has been opened, and there steals out the perfume of thyme and lavender placed there by a hand that has long ago mouldered into dust. . . . No one can help feeling that the author's art is perfect, and that the novel is one of unusual strength and delicacy."

St. Louis Republic. . . . . .

"The present generation should read this novel, if only to draw comparisons between the digestive capacity of our ancestry and ourselves. The breakfasts, dinners, suppers, with intermediate repasts served incidentally, as it were, so delectably written of, serve to illustrate our degeneracy in that respect at least. The book is exquisitely issued in almond color and silver binding, and is good reading."

London Academy. . . . . .

"While the narrative keeps the reader's attention on the alert all through, the descriptive passages are very picturesque, and the character-drawing powerful. The sorrows of the faithful lovers are deeper than usually fall to the lot of the unfortunate, but the pair remain true to each other until death. Colonel Byrd and his wife are two of the most natural characters in the book."

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by the Publishers, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

J. B. Lippincott Company,

715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

Some Autumn Books.

Poems by Helen Jackson (H. H.).

With 25 illustrations, designed by Emile Bayard, photogravured by Elson, Vignettes by E. H. Garrett, and a portrait never before engraved. From new type, laid paper, cloth, handsomely decorated. 12mo. $3 00.

ÉDITION DE LUXE.

Limited to 250 copies, on hand-made linen paper, deckel edges; proof impressions on India paper. 8vo. Three-quarter crushed Levant morocco, gilt top, $10 00.

Jean Ingelow's Complete Poetical Works.

With a new portrait from a recent photograph, and an engraving of her former home in Boston, England. 2 vols. 12mo. Cloth, $3 00; half calf or half morocco, $7.00.
The only edition published in America with the author's sanction.

Selections from Isaac Penington.

By MARY W. TILESTON, editor of "Daily Strength." 16mo. Cloth, white and gold, 75 cts.

Barbara Fritchie.

A Study. By CAROLINE H. DALL. With portrait. 12mo. Cloth, $1.00.

Rhymes and Ballads for Girls and Boys.

By SUSAN COOLIDGE. Illustrated by Harriet R. Richards, E. H. Garrett, and others. 8vo. Cloth, $1.25.

The Captain of the Kittiewink.

A CAPE ANN STORY FOR BOYS. By HERBERT D. WARD, author of "The New Senior at Andover." Illustrated. Square 16mo. Cloth, $1.25.

The Little Sister of Wilifred.

A STORY. By Miss A. G. PLYMPTON, author of "Dear Daughter Dorothy." Illustrated. Small 4to. Cloth, $1.00.

More Good Times at Hackmatack.

By MARY P. W. SMITH, author of "Jolly Good Times" stories.

Under the Water-Oaks.

A SOUTHERN STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By MARIAN BREWSTER. Illustrated. Square 16mo. Cloth, $1.25.

The Story of Juliette.

A CHILD'S ROMANCE. By BEATRICE WASHINGTON. Illustrated. Small 4to. Cloth, $1.00.

By the Author of "Miss Toosey's Mission.

Dear.

A STORY. Illustrated. 16mo. Cloth, $1.00.

Baby John.

A STORY. 16mo. Cloth, 50 cents.

Dear Daughter Dorothy.

By Miss A. G. PLYMPTON. With seven illustrations by the author. Small 4to. Cloth, $1.00.

Donald and Dorothy.

By MARY MAPES DODGE. Illustrated. 16mo. Cloth, $1.50.

The Alcott Books.

Little Women.
Little Men.
Rose in Bloom.
Jack and Jill.
An Old-fashioned Girl.
Eight Cousins.
Under the Lilacs.
Joe's Boys and How They Turned Out.

8 vols. Cloth, $1.50 each.

The Coolidge Books.

9 vols. Illustrated. $1.25 each.

The "What Katy Did" Books.

5 vols. Cloth, $1.25 each.

At all the bookstores. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price by the publishers,

ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s New Books.

TWO GREAT COLUMBUS BOOKS.

Christopher Columbus.

By JUSTIN WINSOR, editor of "The Narrative and Critical History of America." With portraits and maps. *Fourth Edition.* 8vo, gilt top, $4.00.

"The latest and most authoritative conclusions on the subject which the best European and American research and scholarship have reached."—*Dr. W. F. Poole.*

"*The* Columbus book of this Columbian year."—*Dr. J. Max Hark, Chancellor of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua.*

The Discovery of America.

By JOHN FISKE. With a steel portrait of Mr. Fiske, many maps, fac-similes, etc. *Seventh Thousand.* 2 vols. crown 8vo, $4.00.

"The book is not at all confined to an account of the work of Columbus and his successors, although that account is, no doubt, the most interesting, and will be the most popular part of it."—*New York Times.*

"In wealth of maps, diagrams, explanatory notes, and charm of style, this book is worthy of the author's great fame."—*The Critic*, New York.

OTHER HISTORICAL BOOKS

By MR. FISKE.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. With Plans of Battles and a new steel portrait of Washington. *Fifth Edition.* 2 vols., $4.00.

THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY, 1783–1789. With a colored map. *Tenth Edition.* Crown 8vo, gilt top, $2.00.

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. With maps. *Fifth Edition.* 16mo, 75 cents.

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW ENGLAND. *Sixth Edition.* Crown 8vo, gilt top, $2.00.

Children's Rights.

A most readable and valuable book discussing subjects of great importance to parents and kindergartens. By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "The Story of Patsy," "A Summer in a Cañon," and "Timothy's Quest." 16mo, $1.00.

Autumn.

Selections from the Journals of H. D. THOREAU. Edited by H. G. O. BLAKE. 12mo, gilt top, $1.50

A book of nice observation and varied interest, like previous volumes made up of extracts from Thoreau's Journals on Spring, Summer, and Winter.

OTHER BOOKS BY THOREAU.

WALDEN; or, Life in the Woods. $1.50.
A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS. $1.50.
EXCURSIONS IN FIELD AND FOREST. $1.50.
CAPE COD. $1.50.
THE MAINE WOODS. $1.50.
LETTERS AND POEMS. $1.50.
A YANKEE IN CANADA. $1.50.
EARLY SPRING IN MASSACHUSETTS. $1.50.
SUMMER. From Thoreau's Journal. $1.50.
WINTER. From Thoreau's Journal. $1.50.

"His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard."—*R. W. Emerson.*

The Foot-Path Way.

By BRADFORD TORREY, author of "Birds in the Bush" and "A Rambler's Lease." $1.25.

A delightful out-door book of fine observation and admirable literary skill and humor. Some of its chapters describe *June in Franconia, December Out-of-Doors, Five Days on Mt. Mansfield, A Widow and Twins, A Great Blue Heron, Flowers and Folks.*

Zachary Phips.

A historical novel. By EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER, author of "Agnes Surriage," "The Begum's Daughter," etc. $1.25.

The hero goes through Aaron Burr's Expedition, the War of 1812, and the Seminole War; then is connected with the American legation in London. A story of great and varied interest.

Agnes Surriage.

The Begum's Daughter.

New Editions of Mr. Bynner's other admirable historical novels. Price, $1.25 each.

Roland Blake.

By Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL. Riverside Paper Series. 50 cents.

"A novel which every cultivated person will read with pleasure."—*The London Academy.*

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston, Mass.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

Now Ready, a New Book by the Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

A HISTORY OF EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By the Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A. Uniform with Bryce's "The American Commonwealth." 12mo.

Now Ready, a New Book by the Right Hon. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE,

And the Wonders of the World We Live In. By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S. With numerous illustrations and full-page plates. Uniform with "The Pleasures of Life," by the same author.

A new, revised and enlarged edition, with additional chapters. 2 vols., large 12mo.

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.

By Right Hon. JAMES BRYCE, M.P., D.C.L., author of "The Holy Roman Empire," etc. Third edition, revised and enlarged. 2 vols., large 12mo. *Just Ready.*

Vol. I. Now Ready. 12*mo, cloth,* $3.00.

History of the New World called America.

By EDWARD JOHN PAYNE, Fellow of University College, Oxford. Uniform with Bryce's "The American Commonwealth" and Jephson's "Platform." 2 vols., 12mo. Vol. I., $3.00.

"Leads the student in a novel direction. . . . The elucidation of the subject surpasses in thoroughness and clearness anything of the kind we have ever read before."—*N. Y. Times.*

Now Ready. Third Edition. 5 *vols.* $20.00.

The Dialogues of Plato.

Translated into English. With Analysis and Introductions. By B. JOWETT, M.A., Master of Balliol College; Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. Third edition. 5 vols. Revised and corrected throughout, and to a large extent re-written. 8vo, gilt top, $20.00.

Second Edition of Mrs. OLIPHANT'S New Book.

JERUSALEM:

The Holy City—Its History and Hope.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT, author of "The Makers of Venice," "Royal Edinburgh," etc. With Fifty illustrations. Crown 8vo. New Edition. Cloth, gilt, $3 00.

"This volume has the stamp of permanent value. A critical student, a mistress of the art literary, one seldom excelled in narrative power, with a deep reverence and love for the places and people revivified, Mrs. Oliphant is equipped as few others to tell the Story of Jerusalem."—*Boston Times.*

Works by Rev. ALFRED J. CHURCH. Uniform Edition.

STORIES FROM THE GREEK COMEDIANS.

With Colored Illustrations. 12mo, cloth. *Just Ready.*

THE BURNING OF ROME.

A Story of the Days of Nero. New Edition. With Colored Illustrations. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

The Story of the Iliad.

With Colored Illustrations. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

The Story of the Odyssey.

With Colored Illustrations. 12mo, $1.00.

NEW NOVELS.

HELEN TREVERYAN.

By JOHN ROY. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

UNDER PRESSURE.

By MARCHESA THEODOLI. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

A New Novel by F. MARION CRAWFORD.

DON ORSINO.

Being a Sequel to "Saracinesca" and "Sant' Ilario." By F. MARION CRAWFORD. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

SARACINESCA.

Uniform with the above. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

SANT' ILARIO.

Uniform with the above. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

Macmillan & Co.'s New Complete Catalogue, including the works issued by the Oxford Clarendon Press, Cambridge University Press, Messrs. George Bell & Sons, London, and Bohn's Libraries, will be sent free by mail to any address on application.

MACMILLAN & CO., 112 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Wordsworth's Poems. (Selections.) Illustrated in photogravure by E. H. GARRETT. Printed on fine deckle-edge, laid paper. 12mo, cloth, ornamental design. Gilt top, cloth box. $2.50; full leather, gilt top, $3.50.

Walton's Angler. New edition. Complete in two volumes, with all the original 86 illustrations of Major's edition and photogravure frontispieces. 2 vols., 16mo, cloth, gilt top, $2.50.

The Every Day of Life. By the Rev. J. R. MILLER, D.D., author of "Silent Times," "Making the Most of Life," etc. 16mo, gilt top, parti-cloth, $1.00; 16mo, white and gold, gilt edges, $1.25; levant morocco, flexible, gilt edges, $2.50.

Famous Types of Womanhood. By SARAH K. BOLTON, author of "Poor Boys Who Became Famous," etc. Lives of Marie Louise, Queen of Prussia, Madame Récamier, Jennie Lind, Miss Dix, etc. With portraits, 12mo, $1.50.

Tom Clifton; or, Western Boys in Grant and Sherman's Army. By WARREN LEE GOSS, author of "Jed," "Recollections of a Private," etc. Fully illustrated. 12mo, $1.50.

The Cadets of Flemming Hall. By ANNA CHAPIN RAY, author of "Half a Dozen Girls," "Half a Dozen Boys," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, $1.25.

A Plea for the Gospel. By the Rev. GEORGE D. HERRON, D.D., author of "The Message of Jesus," "The Larger Christ." 16mo, parti-cloth, gilt top, 75 cents.

In Blue Creek Cañon. By ANNA CHAPIN RAY, author of "Half a Dozen Girls," "Half a Dozen Boys," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, $1.25.

The Mother of the King's Children. By the Rev. J. F. COWAN, author of the "Jo-Boat Boys." With an introduction by the Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D. Illustrated. 12mo, $1.50.

Daily Food. New illustrated edition, with 12 photo-engravings. 18mo, parti-cloth, gilt edge, 75 cents; 18mo, lavender and gold, gilt edge, 75 cents; 18mo, French silk, gilt edge, $1.25.

Equitable Taxation. A series of Prize Essays by WALTER E. WEYL, ROBERT LUCE, BOLTON HALL, and others. Introduction by the Hon. Jonathan A. Lane. Biographical sketches and portraits. 12mo, 75 cents.

The Riverpark Rebellion, and A Tale of the Tow Path. By HOMER GREENE, author of "The Blind Brother," "Burnham Breaker," etc. 12mo. Illustrated. $1.00.

Polly Button's New Year. By Mrs. C. F. WILDER. 12mo. Unique parti-cloth binding. 75 cents.

Monica, the Mesa Maiden. By Mrs. EVELYN H. RAYMOND. Illustrated. 12mo, $1.25.

Mixed Pickles. By Mrs. EVELYN H. RAYMOND, author of "Monica, the Mesa Maiden." Illustrated. 12mo, $1.25.

Short Stories in Botany for Children. By Mrs. HARRIET C. COOPER. Fully illustrated. 12mo, $1.00.

Tennyson's Poems. Complete in two volumes. Illustrated with numerous wood-engravings from original drawings by the best artists. Photogravure frontispieces. 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, gilt top, boxed, $3.00; 2 vols., 12mo, white back and corners, fancy paper sides, gilt top, boxed, $3.00.

Hugo's Les Miserables. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. 2 vols. 12mo, fully illustrated, cloth, gilt top, boxed, $3.00; 2 vols., 12mo, white back and corners, fancy paper sides, gilt top, boxed, $3.00.

HANDY VOLUME CLASSICS.

An entirely new line of standard books in prose and poetry. Handy in size, carefully printed on good paper, and bound in faultless styles. Each volume is illustrated with a frontispiece and title-page in photogravure, and most of the volumes have numerous additional illustrations by the best artists.

ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS (selections). 2 vols.
BURNS'S POEMS (selections).
LADY OF THE LAKE. By Sir Walter Scott.
LALLA ROOKH. By Thomas Moore.
LUCILE. By Owen Meredith.
EDGAR A. POE'S POEMS.
IDYLLS OF THE KING. By Alfred Lord Tennyson.
IN MEMORIAM. By Alfred Lord Tennyson.
THE PRINCESS. By Alfred Lord Tennyson.
EARLY SONNETS, Etc. By Alfred Lord Tennyson.
LOCKSLEY HALL, Etc. By Alfred Lord Tennyson.
WORDSWORTH'S POEMS (selections).
HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP. By Thomas Carlyle.
SARTOR RESARTUS. By Thomas Carlyle.
EMERSON'S ESSAYS. 2 vols.
PAUL AND VIRGINIA. By Bernardin de St. Pierre.
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan.
THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE. By John Ruskin.
SESAME AND LILIES. By John Ruskin.
VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith.
CRANFORD. By Mrs. Gaskell.

(Other volumes in preparation.)

All of the above volumes are bound uniformly in the following styles:

Parti-colored Cloth, white back, gilt side, gilt top, boxed, 18mo, per vol., $1.00.

Cloth, Vellum Finish, neat gold border, full gilt edges, boxed, 18mo, per vol., $1.00.

Silk, stamped in gold, full gilt edges, boxed, 18mo, per vol., $1.50.

Half Calf, gilt top, boxed, 18mo, per vol., $2.00.

Half Levant, gilt top, boxed, 18mo, per vol., $2.50.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY,

46 East 14th Street, New York. **100 Purchase Street, Boston.**

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS' NEW BOOKS.

MRS. BURNETT'S NEW BOOK.

Giovanni and the Other. Children who have Made Stories. By MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Fully illustrated by R. B. BIRCH. Square 8vo, $1.50.

The twelve stories in this new volume are about Mrs. Burnett's sons and other little people whom she has known, which gives a personal interest to these charming portraits of child life. They are written with tenderness and humor. The volume is beautifully illustrated and issued in an attractive style, uniform with "Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," and "Little Saint Elizabeth."

NEW SAINT-AMAND VOLUMES. Each with portrait, 12mo, $1.25.

THE DUCHESS OF BERRY AND THE COURT OF LOUIS XVIII. *Now ready.*

THE DUCHESS OF BERRY AND THE COURT OF CHARLES X. *Ready immediately.*

THE DUCHESS OF BERRY AND THE REVOLUTION OF JULY, 1830. *In preparation.*

The Princess Marie Caroline of Naples became, upon her marriage with the Duke of Berry, the central figure of the French Court during the reigns of both Louis XVIII and Charles X. The three volumes in which the career of this fascinating beauty is portrayed are among the most entertaining of this popular series of "Famous Women of the French Court."

Children of the Poor. By JACOB A. RIIS. Illustrated. Square 12mo, $2.50.

A companion and supplement to Mr. Riis's well-known "How the Other Half Lives," and, like that work, the result of close personal observation of the social condition of the poor. It is illustrated from photographs by the author.

Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean. By LEE MERIWETHER. Fully illustrated. 12mo, $1.50.

An unconventional journey by bicycle and sail-boat, full of novel episodes and humorous incidents.

Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator. By EDWARD WHYMPER. Maps and 150 illustrations. Large 8vo, handsomely bound, $6.00.

"By all odds the finest book of its kind issued in some years past."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Spanish Cities. With Glimpses of Gibraltar and Tangier. By CHARLES A. STODDARD, D.D. With 18 full-page illustrations. 12mo, $1.50.

A narrative describing Spanish Cathedrals and palaces, the scenery of town and country, street life, national sports, and incidents of personal adventure.

MARSE CHAN.

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. Illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY. Square, 12mo, $1.50.

Mr. Smedley's illustrations embody the author's ideals with a sympathy, a delicacy of touch, and a refinement of feeling in the highest degree artistic. In this handsome dress, Mr. Page's sweet and tender story will delight readers anew.

Poems of Gun and Rod. By ERNEST MCGAFFEY. With illustrations by HERBERT E. BUTLER. Square 8vo, $1.75.

Such phases of the delight in shooting and fishing as appeal to the poetic sense are gracefully treated by Mr. McGaffey.

South Sea Idyls. By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD. 12mo, New Edition, $1.50.

"The lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean."—W. D. HOWELLS.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND'S TWO POEMS,

Bitter Sweet and Kathrina. Cameo Edition. Each with an etched frontispiece. 16mo, gilt top, $1.25; half calf, $2.75; half levant, $3.50.

In this series there have already appeared Mr. Mitchell's "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," Mr. Cable's "Old Creole Days," and Mr. Page's "In Ole Virginia."

"Beautiful little books."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE GREAT STREETS OF THE WORLD. 8vo, fully illustrated, $4.00.

Broadway. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.—**Piccadilly.** By ANDREW LANG.—**The Boulevards.** By FRANCISQUE SARCEY.—**Unter den Linden.** By PAUL LINDAU.—**The Corso of Rome.** By W. W. STORY.—**The Grand Canal.** By HENRY JAMES.—**The Nevsky Prospékt.** By ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

This volume is a thoroughly international one. The streets are chosen because each is full of that peculiar life, color, and action which constitute the distinguishing charm of the cities themselves. The illustrations are by eminent artists.

CYCLOPEDIA OF PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

Edited by J. D. CHAMPLIN, Jr. Critical Editor, C. C. PERKINS. *Popular Edition.* 2000 illustrations. 4to, 4 vols., $20.00.

"No art book of the exhaustiveness of this monumental work has been attempted in this country, and it should be appreciated by those who need a comprehensive, well-arranged, and well-edited book of reference."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The First Book on the Subject.

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH,

Author of "Col. Carter of Cartersville," etc.

Édition de Luxe, Limited to 1000 Numbered Copies.

With Fifteen Plates (13 x 17 inches) printed in color on Japan paper, and nearly 100 Sketches, Portraits, and Drawings in the Text.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS take pleasure in announcing this superbly-illustrated work upon a subject of the greatest interest to all readers of American magazines and books.

The author's plan has included more than a consideration of the works of the illustrators; as he says in his preface, "I have sought not only to present the several artists in their most pleasing light, but to convey, so far as I could in the limited space afforded, some idea of the atmosphere surrounding the art life of New York—really the centre of our American Bohemia."

The text is printed on heavy-coated paper. The cover is from a design by Mr. W. L. Metcalf; and the fifteen plates present the most representative illustrations reproduced by the processes best adapted to the subjects in hand.

LIST OF PLATES. *PRINTED UPON IMPERIAL, HAND-MADE JAPAN PAPER.*

E. A. ABBEY. *"Two Sisters."*
From the water-color painting, reproduced in fifteen colors and mounted.

C. S. REINHART. *"The Spanish Barber."*
A water-color furnished for the book by Mr. Reinhart, reproduced in colors and mounted.

HOWARD PYLE. *"A Wounded Enemy."*
From a drawing, reproduced by Goupil & Co., Paris (Boussod, Valadon & Co.), in photogravure.

A. B. FROST. *"On the Way to the Dance."*
From a drawing in India Ink, reproduced by Goupil & Co., Paris, in photogravure.

FREDERIC REMINGTON. *"A Russian Cossack."*
From a sketch made in Warsaw, reproduced in colors and mounted.

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY. *"At Noon Time."*
Reproduced from a water-color drawing in colors and mounted.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON. *"That Delicious Moment."*
From a pen drawing, Japan proof, mounted.

F. S. CHURCH. *"A Song."*
Original etching made by Mr. Church for the book. Printed on heavy Japan paper.

WILL H. LOW. *"Narcissus."*
Reproduced by the Heliotype process from a painting and printed on heavy Japan paper.

ROBERT BLUM. *"The Musmee."*
From a water-color, reproduced in fac-simile in colors and mounted.

WINSLOW HOMER. *"The Rower."*
From a water-color, reproduced by Heliotype, and printed on heavy Japan paper.

KENYON COX. *"Lilith."*
From an oil painting, reproduced by Albertype, printed on heavy Japan paper.

W. L. METCALF. *"A Sketch."*
From a painting, reproduced in colors and mounted.

R. F. ZOGBAUM. *"Napoleon at Waterloo."*
From a drawing, reproduced by Goupil & Co., Paris, photogravure.

ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. *"Engraving from Nature."*
Japan proof of this wood-engraving, which took first prize at the Paris Exposition in 1889.

Price, $10 net. **The right is reserved to increase the price after publication without further notice.**

COMPLETE IN FIVE PARTS, INCLOSED IN HANDSOME PORTFOLIO.

Circulars with further particulars sent upon application. The book will be ready for delivery in October.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

The "Jorrocks" Edition of the Handley Cross Sporting Novels

IN SIX LARGE CROWN 8VO VOLUMES,
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS,
$2.25 PER VOLUME.

This inimitable series of volumes is absolutely unique, there being nothing approaching to them in all the wide range of modern or ancient literature. Written by Mr. Surtees, a well-known country gentleman, who was passionately devoted to the healthy sport of fox-hunting, and gifted with a keen spirit of manly humor of a Rabelaisian tinge, they abound with incidents redolent of mirth and jollity. The artist, Mr. Leech, was himself also an enthusiast in the sport, and has reflected in his illustrations, with instinctive appreciation, the rollicking abandon of the author's stories.

SPECIMEN ILLUSTRATION.

LIST OF THE NOVELS:

Handley Cross;
Or, Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt.

Ask Mamma;
Or, The Richest Commoner in England.

Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds.

Sponge's Sporting Tour

Plain or Ringlets?

Hawbuck Grange;
Or, The Sporting Adventures of Thomas Scott, Esq.

"The 'Jorrocks' tales appear to be destined to attain longevity, and John Leech's comic illustrations are splendidly reproduced in this edition."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"This series of novels accurately reproduces sporting life in England half a century ago, and although most readers would hardly care to mingle in the society described, there is a breeziness and 'go' about the characters and incidents that lend the reading about them a fascination which one is half ashamed to acknowledge."—*Boston Transcript.*

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

J. B. Lippincott Company,

715 AND 717 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

WE WANT THE WHOLE WORLD

to get the benefit of the art education and the pleasure to be had from

THE ART INTERCHANGE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

36 to 50 Pages. Lavishly Illustrated.

Among the unequaled attractions offered for the coming year, those specially to be noted are innumerable designs for

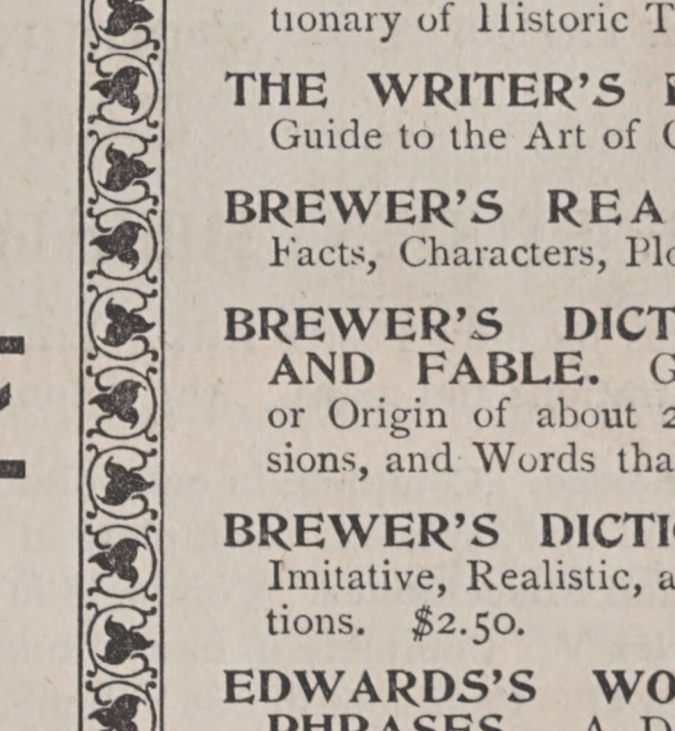
Embroidery,
Wood Carving,
China Painting,
Modeling,
Water Color and
Oil Painting,
Etc., Etc., with
Valuable Directions on
Home Decoration and
Furnishing,
Decorative Novelties,
Color Treatment.

AIDS SUBSCRIBERS in their work by answering all questions in its columns.

TO SECURE NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer **FREE** to all who will cut out this advertisement and send it to us with $4.00 (one year's subscription) the beautiful water color painting by Percy Moran, entitled "The Trysting Place" (companion to "Waiting"). This makes a most suitable holiday or wedding gift, and $10.00 will not secure for you anything that will compare with it. The limited number of copies of this painting necessitates early withdrawal of this unprecedented offer, and in order to be sure of obtaining a copy you should send your order at once direct to our office, accompanied with this advertisement.

36 Superb Colored Studies given with a Year's Subscription. **$4**

ESTABLISHED 1878.


Each Number of THE ART INTERCHANGE contains 8 Supplements—Three in Color, Two in Black and White
THE
ART
INTERCHANGE
AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE FOR AMATEURS AND STUDENTS, WITH HINTS ON ARTISTIC DECORATION
COPYRIGHT © 1892, BY THE ART INTERCHANGE COMPANY

Single Copies including 3 colored plates, 35 cents. New York

THE PRONOUNCED SUCCESS of "THE ART INTERCHANGE" enables the publishers to make this liberal and unparalleled offer to further extend the already large circulation of this Famous Household Magazine.

Send 25 cents for specimen copy of the Magazine with three colored pictures, or 75 cents for three months' trial (October, November, and December), with nine colored pictures and six design supplements. A copy of "Art Studies" (illustrated) sent for 2-cent stamp. Be sure and cut out this advertisement and send with your order. (*Nov. 1892, Lippincott's.*)

A year's subscription gives you 12 copies of this beautiful magazine, 36 superb colored studies, and 24 full-size art work design supplements.

THE ART INTERCHANGE CO., 9 Desbrosses Street, New York.

READER'S REFERENCE LIBRARY.

10 vols. Crown 8vo.
Half morocco, gilt top, in box.
Per set, $26.00.

*** For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent, transportation free, on receipt of the price.

J.B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS,
715 and 717 Market St., Phila.

BREWER'S HISTORIC NOTE-BOOK. A Dictionary of Historic Terms and Phrases. $3.50.

THE WRITER'S HANDBOOK. A General Guide to the Art of Composition and Style. $2.50.

BREWER'S READER'S HANDBOOK of Facts, Characters, Plots, and References. $3.50.

BREWER'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE. Giving the Derivation, Source, or Origin of about 20,000 Common Phrases, Illusions, and Words that have a Tale to Tell. $2.50.

BREWER'S DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES. Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. With Illustrations. $2.50.

EDWARDS'S WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES. A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. $2.50.

WORCESTER'S COMPREHENSIVE DICTIONARY. Revised, Enlarged, and Profusely Illustrated. $2.50.

ROGET'S THESAURUS. A Treasury of English Words. Classified and arranged so as to facilitate the Expression of Ideas and assist in Literary Composition. $2.50.

ANCIENT AND MODERN FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. From the Greek, Latin, and Modern Languages. $2.50.

SOULE'S ENGLISH SYNONYMES. A Dictionary of Synonymes and Synonymous or Parallel Expressions. $2.50.

WORKS OF WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

DE LUXE LIBRARY EDITION.

Complete in twelve volumes. Large 8vo. Large type, printed on fine paper, and neatly bound in half morocco, gilt top, $5.00 per volume, net.

History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Two volumes. Now ready.
History of the Conquest of Mexico. Two volumes. Now ready.
History of the Conquest of Peru. Two volumes. Now ready.
History of the Reign of Philip II. Three volumes. Now ready.
History of the Reign of Charles V. Two volumes. In preparation.
Biographical and Critical Miscellanies. One volume. In preparation.

This edition contains all the steel plates on India paper, and maps that have appeared in former editions, and about fifteen phototype illustrations to each volume, copied from photographs of cities, public edifices, and reproductions of paintings representing remarkable events narrated.

The edition is limited to 250 copies.

UNIVERSAL EDITION.

Complete, with notes by John Foster Kirk. 12mo. Large print.

Conquest of Peru. Two volumes. Per set, $1.00.
Conquest of Mexico. Three volumes. Per set, $1.50.

THE STUDENT'S EDITION.

In five volumes. With notes by John Foster Kirk. Printed from new plates on fine paper, with illustrations and maps. Any volume sold separately.

The Conquest of Mexico. Complete in one volume. $1.00.
History of Ferdinand and Isabella. Complete in one volume. $1.00.
Conquest of Peru and Miscellanies. Complete in one volume. $1.00.
The Reign of Charles V. Complete in one volume. $1.00.
The Reign of Philip II. Complete in one volume. $1.00.

Complete in five volumes. Price per set: cloth, $5.00; extra cloth, gilt top, $6.25; half calf, gilt top, $12.50; half calf, marbled edges, $12.50.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers,

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

RECENT RAMBLES;

OR,

IN TOUCH WITH NATURE.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF

"A NATURALIST'S RAMBLES ABOUT HOME," "OUTINGS AT ODD TIMES," ETC.

12mo. Cloth, $2.00.

CONTAINING NINETEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the literature of nature Dr. Abbott's books hold a peculiar place. With all their close observation they are not too *technical*, and their charm for the general reader is the more potent in that this is so. We all love nature, but we do not all care to embark in a study of ornithology, botany, and zoology in order to appreciate it; and in this new volume we find how keen our enjoyment can be, even if we do not possess such scientific knowledge. Those, on the other hand, who are already students of nature, will be fascinated by the wide and accurate information gained for them by the doctor's numerous tramps and multiplied hours of observant idleness. The book is full of touches of humor, unexpected turns and pungent sayings. The illustrations are all from nature, and form an especial feature of this otherwise attractive volume.

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by the Publishers, free of expense,
on receipt of the price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,

715 AND 717 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Recent Novels.

For His Sake.

By **Mrs. Alexander,** author of "The Wooing O't," etc. Copyrighted in *Lippincott's Series of Select Novels.* 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

"The novel is one of the best, both as a story and as a literary production, that has appeared this year."—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

Patience.

By **Anna B. Warner.** 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

"It is a pretty, wholesome story of country ways and a country home in the days of stage-coaches, spinning-wheels, and the district school. The heroine is captivating, and the rural scenes are charming."—*Literary World.*

From School Room to Bar.

By **W. H. W. Moran.** 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

"A true Southern story as to scenes, characters, and feeling, and a pleasing love-story adds to its interest."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Gold of Pleasure.

By **George Parsons Lathrop.** 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Her Brother Donnard.

By **Emily E. Veeder.** Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

"The author has a marked talent for originating clever phrases, and she has used these little brilliancies in her novel with a lavishness which is very gratifying."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers,

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Music

FOR

MALE VOICES.

The Latest Books issued to Date.

Emerson's New Male Quartettes

An especially valuable collection for every male quartette. 128 pages; 35 quartettes. Price 75 cents post-paid; $6.75 a dozen not prepaid. Paper 60 cents post-paid; $5.40 a dozen not post-paid.

American Male Choir.

By J. H. TENNEY. 160 large octavo pages, comprising 106 quartettes, songs, anthems, glees, etc. A very popular book. Price, paper 80 cents; $7.20 a dozen. Boards, $1.00; $9.00 a dozen.

Emerson's Male Voice Choir.

An admirable collection of gospel music, within the reach of an ordinary tenor voice. 112 pages; 90 pieces. 50 cents; $5.00 per dozen.

Emerson's Male Voice Gems.

57 compositions selected and arranged by L. O. EMERSON. 176 pages; a varied collection. $1.00.

Dow's Sacred Orpheus.

By HOWARD M. DOW. A collection of sacred quartettes, hymns, chants, and choruses for church service. 190 pages; 92 pieces. $1.00.

College Songs.

The greatest compilation ever made. Over 200,000 copies already sold. All the popular songs; over 100 in number. **Latest edition revised to date.**

New Harvard Song Book.

All the New Harvard Songs of the last three years, with some old favorites. 92 pages. $1.00.

Any book mailed post-paid on receipt of price.

Oliver Ditson Company,

453-463 Washington St., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., 867 Broadway, N. Y.

J. E. DITSON & CO., 1228 Chestnut St., Phila.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY'S Publications.

MEMORIALS OF SARAH CHILDRESS POLK,

Wife of the eleventh President of the United States. By ANSON and FANNY NELSON. Numerous Illustrations. Large 12mo. $1.75.

HISTORICAL MEMORIALS OF CANTERBURY.

By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D. With seven full-page illustrations reproduced from etchings, thirteen full-page photographs, and numerous cuts. Small 8vo. Cloth, Italian style. Uniform with the two-volume edition of "Westminster Abbey." $6.50. A sumptuous volume.

AUNT LIEFY.

By ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON, author of "Fishin' Jinny." Numerous Illustrations. 12mo. Holland or white cloth, 60 cents.

THE LAS' DAY.

By IMOGENE CLARK. Numerous Illustrations. Bound uniform with "Fishin' Jinny." 12mo. Holland cloth, 60 cents.

MEN'S THOUGHT FOR MEN.

A selection of prose and verse for every day in the year, from distinguished authors. 32mo. Cloth, 50 cents; white cloth, silver edges and stamping, in a box, 75 cents.

UP AND DOWN THE HOUSE.

Talks on the Life and Duties of Womanhood and Wifehood. By ANNA WARNER. 16mo. Cloth, $1.00.

Anson D. F. Randolph & Company,

(Incorporated,)

182 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

For sale by Booksellers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price

Pears' Soap

Pears' Soap is nothing but Soap—no medicine in it—pure soap. And yet—but read what a great authority says of it:

I have tried very many different soaps, including all the best known, whether English or foreign, pursuing my investigations with perfect independence; and I have now, after all these years of careful observation in very many thousands of cases, both in hospital and private practice, no hesitation in stating that *none have answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin as Pears' Soap*, an experience not only endorsed in their works on the skin by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson and Dr. Tilbury Fox, but vouched for by such eminent analytical chemists as Professors Redwood, Attfield, Cameron, and others. . . . Time and more extended trials have only served to ratify this opinion, and to increase my confidence in this admirable preparation.—*Milton's Hygiene of the Skin, p. 90. (ed. 1891.)*

It has no alkali in it—nothing but soap.

The more purely negative soap is, the nearer does it approach to perfection.

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW YORK, Sing Sing.

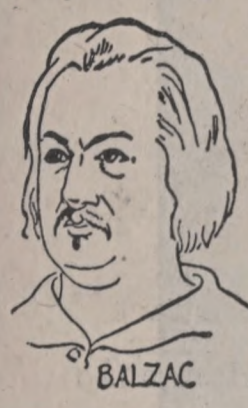
St. John's School.

24th year opens September 20, 1892. For catalogue and information, address

REV. J. B. GIBSON. D.D., Rector,
or WARREN S. ADAMS, A.M., Associate Principal.

SHORTHAND Writing *thoroughly taught* **by mail** or personally. **Situations procured** for pupils when competent. Send for circular. **W. G. CHAFFEE**, Oswego, N.Y. Book-keeping and Penmanship thoroughly taught by mail.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. **T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.**



PRIZE COMPETITION
TRANSLATIONS FROM THE
FRENCH GERMAN SPANISH AND ITALIAN
FOUR PRIZES OF $200.00 EACH:
SEND FOR RULES OF COMPETITION TO
BRENTANO'S PUBLISHING DEPT.
31 EAST 17TH STREET NEW YORK CITY.

BAKER sells recitations and 23 Winter St., Boston. CATALOGUES FREE. **PLAYS**

UNMOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS

OF
Ancient AND Modern
Works of Art,
EMBRACING
Famous Paintings,
Sculpture,
Architecture, etc.

Price, Cabinet Size, $1.50 per dozen; larger sizes in proportion. Send 15 cents for catalogue of 12,000 subjects.

J. E. McCLEES & CO., Ltd.,

SOLE AGENTS FOR SOULE PHOTOGRAPH CO.,

1417 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Please mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

ALUMINUM SOUVENIR

Charm (dime size) with the Lord's Prayer coined in smallest characters, and strung on blue silk ribbon, sent free to any one **FREE** sending 10 cents for sample copy of The St. Louis Magazine. Aluminum is the wonderful new metal, bright as silver, light as wood, strong as steel, will not tarnish.
St. Louis Magazine, 901 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

MARYLAND, 1214 Eutaw Place, Baltimore.

Miss Randolph's School.

Boarding and Day School for Girls.

Located in the most beautiful part of the city. Opens September 21, with a very able corps of teachers. Students prepared for college.

MRS. A. L. ARMSTRONG, Principal.

THE NEW YORK BUSINESS COLLEGE,

125th Street, New York, N. Y., for the practical education of MERCHANTS, FINANCIERS, and BUSINESS MEN, is now open for examination and enrollment of students.

Academic and professional courses. Instruction in **BOOK-KEEPING, BANKING, Insurance, Commission, Real Estate,** &c.; **STENOGRAPHY** and **TYPEWRITING, Telegraphy,** &c.; **Commercial Law** and **History, Civics, Political Economy,** &c.: **ARITHMETIC, BUSINESS WRITING,** *Spelling, Drawing, Geography, Correspondence, Grammar, Modern Languages,* &c. Terms reasonable. Situations furnished competent students without charge. Business houses promptly supplied with well-trained clerks. The School is **not** a university. Nor is it a gymnasium. **It is** a thorough academy. It is a live **AMERICAN** business school, affording to both sexes complete preparation for a successful start in life.

Address, for circulars,
CLEMENT C. GAINES, A.B., B.L., Principal,
2085 Seventh Ave.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

Christmas Selections containing bright new Carols and a Responsive Service. Best composers of Sunday School music represented. 16 pp. **Price, 5 Cents Postpaid.**

The New Born King, a New Christmas Service of Song and Responses, prepared by C. H. Gabriel. **Price 5 Cts., Postpaid.** Other Services, at the same price, are, **"Christmas Joy Bells," "Noel," "Good Will to Men," "Peace on Earth," "The Christ of Bethlehem."**

A Christmas Reverie, a Holiday Entertainment of Song and Dialogue, by W. L. Mason, **Price 10 Cents, Postpaid.**

The Wonderful Story, by Geo F. Root. **Price, 20 Cents Postpaid.**

Juvenile Cantatas:

"A Jolly Christmas," by C. H. Gabriel, (Just Issued). **"One Christmas Eve," "A Christmas Vision." "Catching KrissKringle." "Santa Claus& Co.," "The New Santa Claus," "Santa Claus'Mistake." "JudgeSanta Claus," "The Waifs' Christmas."** Price, of each 30 Cents, Postpaid.

"BETHLEHEM" a beautiful cantata for adults, by Weatherly and Root. **Price, 50 Cents.**

MUSICAL VISITOR for December will contain appropriate Christmas Anthems.

Catalogue of all kinds of Christmas music furnished on application.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, O.

Root & Sons Music Co.
200 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

The John Church Co.,
13 E. 16th St., New York.

FREE **For 30 Days.** Wishing to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to **THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO.** Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide

The { LATEST / BEST / CHEAPEST

Special Attention Given to American Subjects.

The New Chambers's Encyclopædia.

TWENTY YEARS LATER THAN ANY ENCYCLOPÆDIA IN THE MARKET.

NEW TYPE. **NEW SUBJECTS.** **NEW ILLUSTRATIONS.** **NEW MAPS.**

A Complete Dictionary of Art, Science, History, Literature, Fable, Mythology, Biography, Geography, etc. Handsomely Illustrated with Maps and numerous Wood Engravings.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

W. & R. Chambers, EDINBURGH, AND **J. B. Lippincott Company,** PHILADELPHIA.

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES.

NINE VOLUMES NOW READY. THE REMAINING VOLUME TO BE ISSUED IN DECEMBER.

Price, per vol.: Cloth, $3.00; cloth, uncut, $3.00; sheep, $4.00; half morocco, $4.50.
Complete in sets: Ten volumes, cloth, $30.00; cloth, uncut, $30.00; sheep, $40.00; half morocco, $45.00.

SPECIMEN PAGES SENT ON APPLICATION.

*** For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers,

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

A Xmas Gift 12 times a year.

WIDE AWAKE

A year of delight for all young people.

IN 1893 will Present over TWELVE HUNDRED PAGES of Entertainment and Instruction Beautifully Illustrated

FOUR GREAT SERIAL STORIES:

GUERT TEN EYCK. By William O. Stoddard. A story for young Americans.
THE MIDSHIPMAN'S MESS. By Molly Elliot Seawell. A story of Life among the Midshipmen.
PIOKEE AND HER PEOPLE. By Theodora R. Jenness. A story of real Indians of to-day.
THE OCALA BOY. By Maurice Thompson. A story of Florida—with a mystery.

A NEW FEATURE IN THE MAGAZINE WILL BE

WIDE AWAKE ATHLETICS.

The most eminent experts will contribute illustrated articles on BASE BALL—FOOT BALL—TENNIS—CRICKET—POLO—CROQUET—LaCROSSE—GOLF—CANOEING—BICYCLING—CURLING—SKATING—SPRINTING AND TRACK ATHLETICS—ROWING—YACHTING AND OTHER SPORTS.

The best writers for the boys and girls of to-day will be drawn on for STORIES OF ADVENTURE—HOME LIFE—PATRIOTISM—HOLIDAYS—TRAVEL—SCHOOL LIFE.

Twelve Splendid Frontispieces by the best American Artists. And a wealth of beautiful illustrations that really illustrate.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

THE LOTHROP MAGAZINES:

BABYLAND,	$0.50 a year.	THE PANSY,	$1.00 a year.
OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN,	1.00 "	WIDE AWAKE,	2.40 "

At the head of periodical literature for the young.

A sample set for 15 cents. Single magazines and premium list for 5 cents. Address D. LOTHROP COMPANY, BOSTON.

THE INDEPENDENT.

NEW YORK.

A Religious and Literary Newspaper and Review.

Undenominational, Unbiased and Unafraid.

A PAPER FOR CLERGYMEN, SCHOLARS, TEACHERS AND FAMILIES.

It discusses every topic of the day, Religious, Theological, Political, Literary, Social, Artistic, Financial and Scientific. Its contributed articles are by the most eminent writers of the English language.

If unacquainted with it, send postal card request for a specimen copy.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One month	$0.25	Six months	$1.50
Three months	0.75	Nine months	2.25
Four months	1.00	One year	3.00

THE INDEPENDENT,

P. O. Box 2787. New York.

NOW READY.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

A New Edition of the Celebrated Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield to His Son.

An exact reprint of *Lord Mahon's edition*, now very rare, issued in five octavo volumes, printed from pica type on superior paper. *The edition is limited.*

Price, $12.50, special cloth binding, gilt top.

Frequent cheap editions of portions of these letters have appeared, but no complete and satisfactory work, suitable for the library, can be procured except at a very high price. This enterprise will accordingly place within reach of those who have long desired "Chesterfield's Letters" an edition that is in every way the best ever issued.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,

- - - Publishers, - - -

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Entirely New and Cheap Edition of △ △ △ △ △

The Wide Wide World

By ELIZABETH WETHERELL.

Printed from new plates, and illustrated by eight full-page pictures and thirty engravings in the text from drawings by Frederick Dielman. 12mo. Cloth, attractively bound, $1.00. *Paper Edition.* Thirty illustrations in text, 50 cents.

"A friend of our youth comes before us in a new dress in the shape of Ellen Montgomery, the gentle and pious heroine of Susan Warner's 'The Wide, Wide World.' How many girls have made up their minds to be good girls because Ellen was? How many youthful tears have been shed over the deaths of Mrs. Montgomery and Alice Humphreys? Where is the girl that has not fallen in love with that prig John? The artist has made no attempt to modernize the personages, and has well preserved the characteristics of the period to which the story belongs."—*New York Critic.*

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by the Publishers, free of expense, on receipt of the price.

J. B. Lippincott Company,

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

SUPPLEMENT TO ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS. BY JOHN FOSTER KIRK. . . . . .

Two volumes. Imperial 8vo. Nearly 1600 pages. Cloth binding, $15.00; sheep, $17.00; half Russia, $20.00; half calf or half morocco, $22.00.

TESTIMONIALS.

FROM THE LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW.—"We have no hesitation in declaring our conviction that it is by far the most satisfactory work of the kind with which we are acquainted. It is ample in its information; it is accurate to a degree very rarely attained; it is catholic as to the persons included; and it is, with all this, eminently readable."

FROM THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.—"The whole five volumes will make a work which no student or writer who has much to do with books or authors will willingly consent to be without. So far as any test but that of long and various use can decide, the work is done well. It has thus far sustained the test for comparatively obscure or little known books to which we have subjected it, while on subjects of known and general interest we find it full and accurate,—a sure and ready key to the personal or authorship side of the entire mass of British and American literature."

FROM THE NEW YORK NATION.—"The work ought to be not only in every library, but in every school in which English literature is taught."

FROM THE PHILA. PUBLIC LEDGER.—"Mr. Kirk's volumes contain not only the results of the years of painstaking labor directed to the task in hand, but also show the work of a life spent in literary studies, and that scholarship of the very highest order of excellence has been used in perfecting and completing a book that is now more than ever valuable to every one who needs a reference hand-book for the names and works and life of all who have contributed to the vast stores of English literature."

ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY AND SUPPLEMENT.

Complete in Five Volumes.

THE ENTIRE WORK CONTAINING THE NAMES AND HISTORY OF OVER 83,000 AUTHORS.

Cloth . . .	$37.50
Sheep . . .	42.50
Half Russia .	50.00
Half calf . .	55.00
Half morocco	55.00

FROM THE BOSTON LITERARY WORLD.—"It can hardly be doubted that Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, taken as a whole, embracing as it does in its original three volumes the names of over 46,000 authors, and in its supplement those of 37,183 authors—with notices of their several hundred thousand books—will long remain without a rival as a bibliography of the literature of the English tongue."

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—"No dictionary of the authors of any language has ever before been undertaken on so grand a scale. For convenience and trustworthiness this work is probably not surpassed by any similar production in the whole range of modern literature."

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent, free of expense, upon - - - - - - receipt of the price, by the Publishers, - - - - - -
J. B. Lippincott Company, 715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

FINANCIAL

The American Fire Insurance Company.

Offices:
Company's Building,

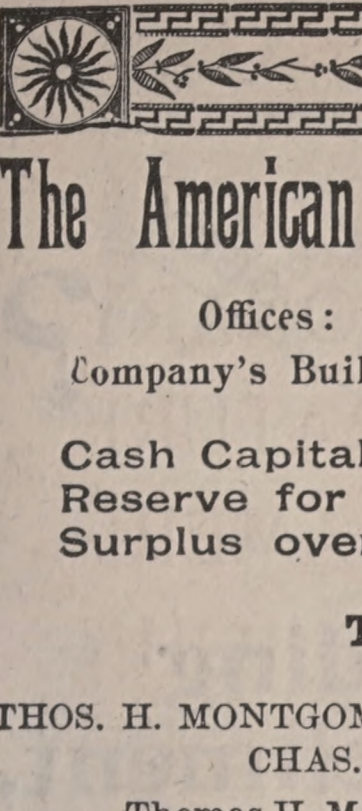
308 and 310 Walnut Street,
Philadelphia.

Cash Capital	$500,000.00
Reserve for Re-Insurance and all other claims	2,286,388.25
Surplus over all Liabilities	307,152.28

Total Assets, January 1, 1892, $3,093,540.53.

THOS. H. MONTGOMERY, *President.*
CHAS. P. PEROT, *Vice-President.*
RICHARD MARIS, *Secretary and Treasurer.*
JAMES B. YOUNG, *Actuary.*

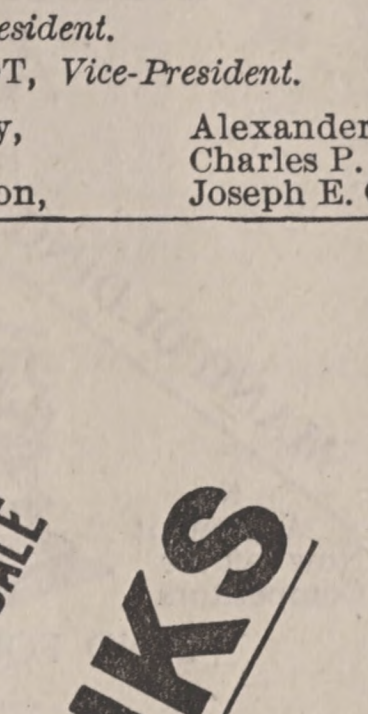
Thomas H. Montgomery, Alexander Biddle, Samuel Welsh,
Israel Morris, Charles P. Perot, Charles S. Whelen,
Pemberton S. Hutchinson, Joseph E. Gillingham. Edward F. Beale, Jr.



FOR SALE

ARNOLD'S INKS

EVERYWHERE.



"Some Winter Resorts, and How to Reach them." Ten cents in stamps. The Travellers' Bureaus of The News Series, Herkimer, New York office.

"WAY DOWN UPON THE"

FLORIDA PENINSULA is a FROST-FREE township of high, healthful land, dotted with clear lakes, free of marsh, filled with Northern people. No negroes, no liquor, no malaria; where pineapples, lemons, and oranges grow best, and fresh vegetables are gathered all winter. Homes sold on instalments, so cheap! "The Florida Homeseeker," monthly, tells all about it. Sample **Free.** Write

O. M. CROSBY, Editor, Avon Park, Florida.

TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY

THE PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY

FOR INSURANCES ON LIVES AND GRANTING ANNUITIES,

No. 517 CHESTNUT STREET,

INCORPORATED MARCH 10, 1812.
CHARTER PERPETUAL.

CAPITAL	**$2,000,000**
SURPLUS	**2,000,000**

Chartered to act as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, TRUSTEE, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE, COMMITTEE, RECEIVER, AGENT, etc.; and for the faithful performance of all such duties all its Capital and Surplus are liable.

ALL TRUST INVESTMENTS ARE KEPT SEPARATE AND APART FROM THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY.

INCOME COLLECTED AND REMITTED.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON MONEY DEPOSITS.

SAFES IN ITS BURGLAR-PROOF VAULTS FOR RENT.

The protection of its Vaults for the preservation of WILLS offered gratuitously.

Gold and Silver-Plate, Deeds, Mortgages, etc., received for safe-keeping under guarantee.

LINDLEY SMYTH, PRESIDENT.
HENRY N. PAUL, VICE-PRESIDENT.
JARVIS MASON, TRUST OFFICER.
L. C. CLEEMANN, ASS'T TRUST OFFICER.
WM. P. HENRY, SEC'Y AND TREAS.
JOHN J. R. CRAVEN, ASS'T SEC'Y.
WM. L. BROWN, ASS'T TREAS.

DIRECTORS.

LINDLEY SMYTH,	PETER C. HOLLIS,
HENRY N. PAUL,	JOHN R. FELL,
ALEXANDER BIDDLE,	WILLIAM W. JUSTICE,
ANTHONY J. ANTELO,	CRAIGE LIPPINCOTT,
CHARLES W. WHARTON,	GEORGE W. CHILDS,
EDWARD H. COATES,	EDWARD S. BUCKLEY,

BEAUVEAU BORIE.

9% **FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS!** Security perfect. Personal attention given. Highest ref. L. C. CROSSMAN, Salt Lake City, Utah. **10%**

COMBINATION

BOOK STANDS

One style made especially for the **CENTURY DICTIONARY** as shown in cut. ☞

Revolving Book Cases, Book Rests, Dictionary Holders, Utility Tables.

Send for Catalogue.

R. M. LAMBIE,
39 E. 19th St., N. Y.

"SUPERIOR NUTRITION—THE LIFE"

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD.

PURE, DELICIOUS, NOURISHING FOOD

AN ORIGINAL UNRIVALLED AND WORLD RENOWNED DIETETIC PREPARATION FOR

INVALIDS CONVALESCENTS AND THE AGED. FOR NURSING MOTHERS INFANTS AND CHILDREN

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS ♦ SHIPPING DEPOT—JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK

VITALIZED PHOSPHITES,

A BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD

Of unequalled value for relief of brain-weariness, failure of vital force, irritability, wakefulness, night-sweats, and all weaknesses caused by nervous strain, worry, excesses, or mental over-work. It sustains in vigor all the functions, prevents debility and premature age.

It is a *vital* phos*phite*, not a laboratory phos*phate*.

For thirty years endorsed by leading physicians. Formula on the label. Pamphlet with full information free. Druggists, or by mail ($1.00) from 56 West 25th Street, New York.

None genuine without this signature ☞ F. Crosby Co.

HAVE ? YOU SEEN ? ?

THE Hammond Manifolding Attachment,

BY WHICH

MANIFOLDING IS MADE EASY?

No Argument Now left for Competitors

To Attack The Hammond.

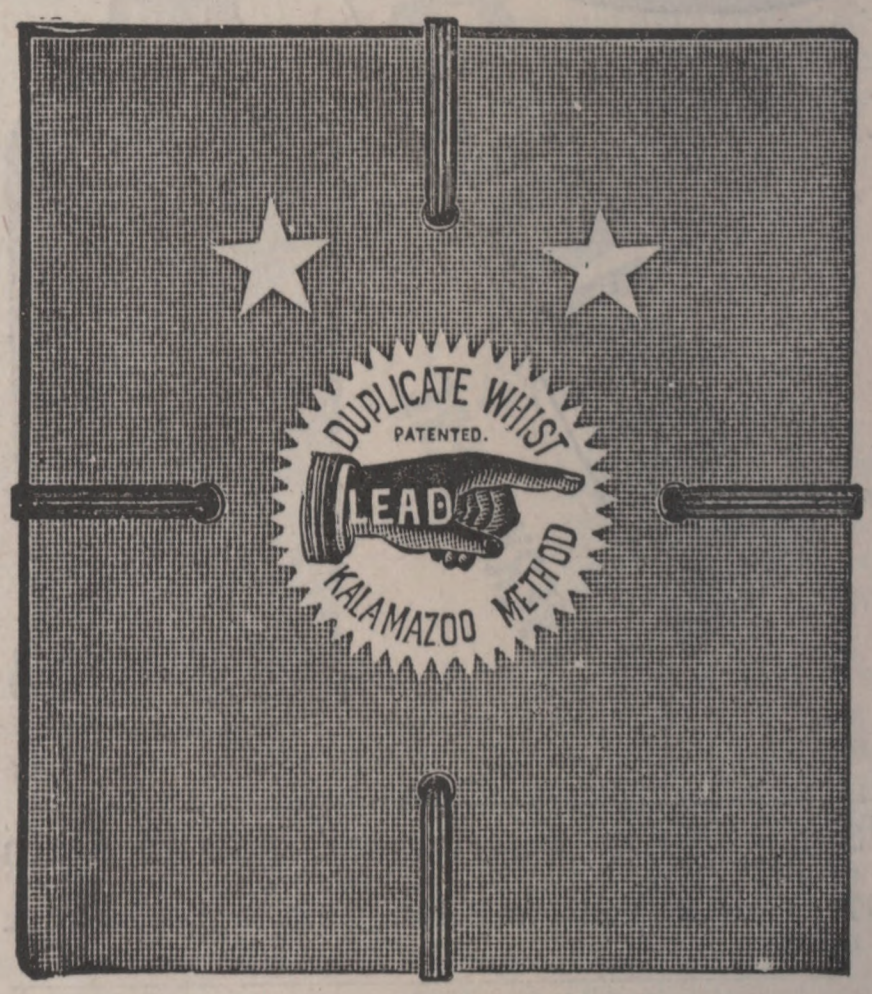
SEND FOR DESCRIPTION.

The Hammond Typewriter Co.,

447-449 East 52d Street,

NEW YORK.

Duplicate Whist.



Made in Two Grades only.

ALL CLOTH

—and—

ALL LEATHER

For Sale by all First-class Dealers.

Send for Rules, Description, and Price-List.

IHLING BROS. & EVERARD,

Kalamazoo, Mich.

FISCHER PIANOS.

ESTD. 1840.

Renowned for Tone and Durability.

Sold at Moderate Prices.

Rented and Exchanged.

ESTABLISHED 52 YEARS.

NOW IN USE, 90,000

The FISCHER PIANOS are used by the best artists, and will be found in homes of refinement, taste, and musical culture.

WAREROOMS:

110 FIFTH AVE.,

COR. 16TH STREET, N. Y. CITY.

Can't help

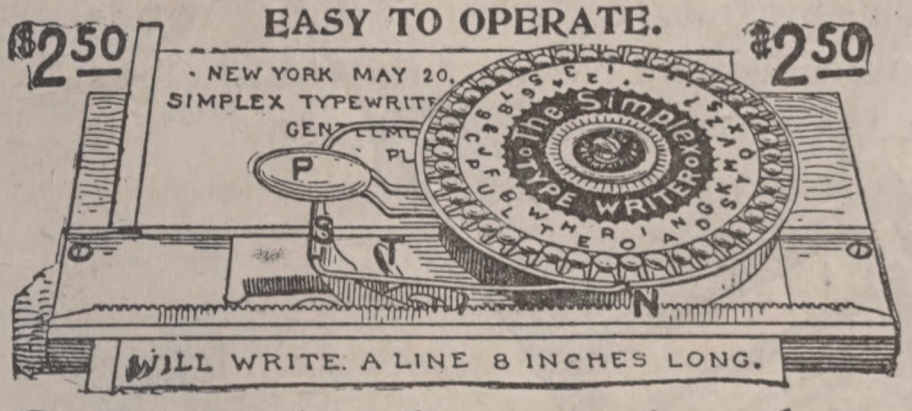
KEEPING AHEAD

Left to itself upon the coast Columbia trueness passes everything.

All about Columbias in Book about Columbias, free on application to Columbia agencies, or by mail for two two-cent stamps. Pope Mfg. Co., Boston, New York, Chicago.

Simplex Typewriter

EASY TO OPERATE.



Guaranteed to do as good work As any high price Machine.

Especially adapted for Professional and private use.

A MOST USEFUL HOLIDAY GIFT.

Send for circular.

Simplex Typewriter Co., 30 Great Jones St., N.Y.

SAVE MONEY on New and Second-Hand

TYPEWRITERS AND GUNS

A.W.GUMP & CO. Dayton, Ohio.	*Factory price.*	*Our price.*
Merritt Typ'r, new,	$15.	$12.
Odell, new,	15.	12.
Odell, dbl. case, new,	20.	15.
Victor, new.	15.	12.
Rapid, 2d hand,	70.	20.

Good 2d-hand Remingtons, Caligraphs, &c. Send for list New & 2d-hand Guns.

ORPHEA MUSIC BOXES

Are the sweetest, **most complete,** tone-sustaining, durable, and perfect Musical Boxes made, and any number of tunes can **be obtained** for them. Delightful family, wedding, anniversary, and holiday gift. Buy direct of the **makers,** the **oldest,** most **reliable,** and responsible firm. Inspect'n invited. No Music Box can be guaranteed to wear well without **Gautschi's** patented Safety Tune Change and Parachute. **Manufacturers Headquarters** for Gem and Concert Roller Organs; also **Symphonions** and **Polyphones** at Lowest Prices. Factory Established 1824.

OLD MUSIC BOXES CAREFULLY REPAIRED AND IMPROVED.

GAUTSCHI & SONS, { 1030 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.

A CENT SENT BENT.

Manufacturer of

"CROWN" PIANOS AND ORGANS.

YOUR curiosity is excited, a cent is spent (for postal), your address is sent, you get catalogue, you learn how best verses win prizes (value $1450), your cent is only lent, you never repent. if you need now, or ever, a Piano or Organ.

GEO. P. BENT. (Clerk No. 19). **Chicago. Ill.** (Estab. 1870)

HOW MANY YEARS Will my Piano last?

If it be this make it may outlive you. Interesting Catalogue.

C. C. BRIGGS & CO.,

5 and 7 Appleton Street, Boston.

"DEY ain't much for beauty, but dey saves me from totin' a sun umbrel'."

SAID Burns, "Some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us;"
But pleasing more to all the posing elves
If others saw them as they see themselves.

PERFUMERY

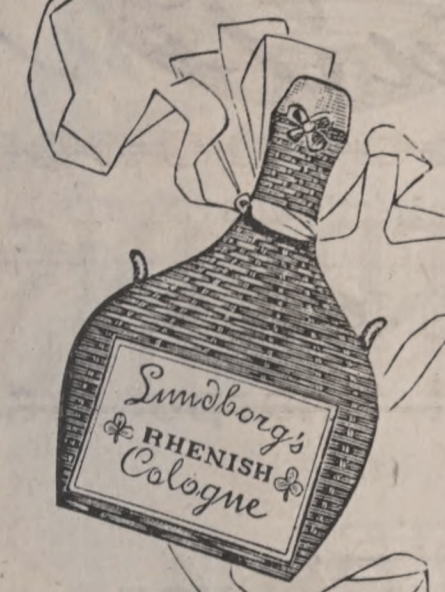
FOR HOLIDAYS

AND ALL DAYS,

Sundborg's

Famous

PERFUMERY



is most acceptable and appropriate. It can be obtained in Fancy Cases or the regular styles.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

LADD & COFFIN,

PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS,

24 Barclay Street,

NEW YORK.

STATIONERY

Paul E. Wirt

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Fountain Pen

Ask your dealer or send for catalogue. Mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

A. W. FABER'S LEAD PENCILS,

Pen-holders, Rubber Bands, and Pencil Sharpeners.

If you cannot obtain these goods from your Stationer, send 30 cents for samples.

EBERHARD FABER,

CHICAGO. SOLE AGENT AND MANUFACTURER. **NEW YORK.**

McGILL'S PATENT Fasteners &c.

FOR FASTENING PAPERS, SAMPLING DRY GOODS, PRICE TICKETING CLOTHINGS &c. AND FOR LIGHT BINDING OF ALL KINDS

OVER ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES AND SIZES

MANUFACTURED BY

HOLMES, BOOTH & HAYDENS.

FACTORIES WATERBURY CONN.

25 Park Place and 22 Murray Street, New York.

CUT THIS OUT and send with your name and express office address and we will send you free to examine and wear, a SOLID GOLD finished watch that you can sell for Ten Dollars. If it suits you, send us Four Dollars and express charges; if not, return it to me. Mention whether Ladies' or Gents' size is desired.

W. S. SIMPSON, 37 College Place, N. Y.

CRIPPLES, Ladies and girls. if you want air or exercise, buy a Fairy Tricycle—*foot or hand power* **BICYCLES.** Cheap for all.

Address **FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O.**

FAT ● FOLKS ●

using **"Anti-Corpulene Pills"** lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) **4c.** **WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.**

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL Co. N.Y.

Send 25c. for Samples worth double.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

FRANKLIN

PRINTING INK WORKS,

JOHN WOODRUFF'S SONS,

1217 and 1219 Cherry Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

This Magazine is printed with John Woodruff's Sons' Inks.

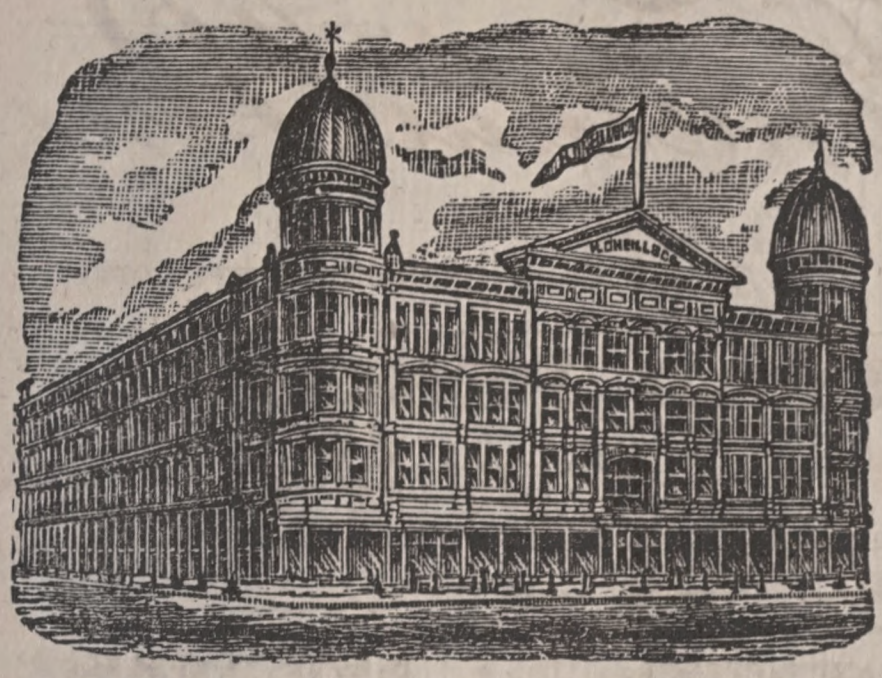
PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK.

For marking on Linen with a common pen. Established over 50 years. Sold by all Druggists and Stationers in the U. S. If your dealer does not keep it, send 25c. for a bottle, post-paid, to **A. L. Williston, Mfgr., Northampton, Mass.**

WEARING APPAREL

O'NEILL'S, SIXTH AVENUE, 20th to 21st St., NEW YORK,

Importers and Retailers.



THE LARGEST AND FINEST ESTABLISHMENT OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA.

SPECIAL.

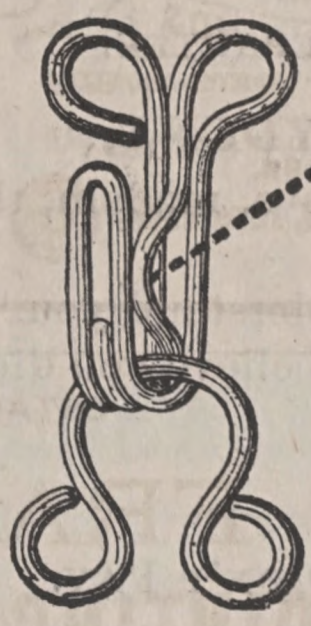
When the reader of LIPPINCOTT'S is in search of articles for household or personal use, he or she would do well to call and examine our line before purchasing elsewhere; for we feel sure we can offer better value than any house in the country. Our Millinery, Silk Dress Goods, and Hat Departments contain the latest styles and fabrics, and at the lowest prices. Our House-Furnishing, China and Glassware Department is specially interesting to housekeepers at this time; for we are offering a fine line of Dinner and Tea Ware at prices 50 per cent. lower than elsewhere. Our line of Imported Glassware cannot be surpassed.

Fall and Winter Catalogue now ready. Mailed free to out-of-town residents.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Paid Packages delivered free of charge to any address within 75 miles of the city.

H. O'NEILL & CO.,
6th Ave., 20th to 21st St., N.Y.

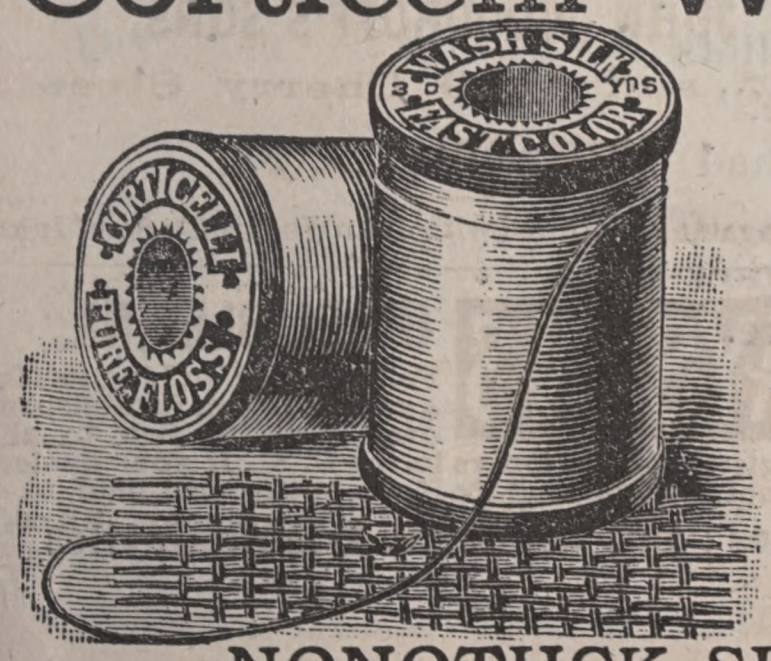
Embarrassing,



isn't it, when your dress flies open. It can't, if you use the De Long Hook and Eye. See that

hump?

Corticelli Wash Floss.



This is much used for the best effects in **Artistic Embroidery.** A loosely twisted silk thread should always be sold on Spools which keep the **Floss** clean and avoids shopwear and fraying. The use of skeins is not only wasteful and inconvenient, but the work produced is inferior. One trial of the Spool **Floss** will convince you of its superior quality. "Florence Home Needlework" for 1892, is now ready. It tells you all about Irish Lace, Sewing, Crocheted Scarfs (4 new styles), Belts, Garters, Passementeries, and other Fascinating Fancywork Fads; 96 pages, 160 illustrations. This book will be mailed on receipt of 6 cents.

NONOTUCK SILK CO., Florence, Mass.

Toilet-Counter Repartee.

Mrs. New-Rich.—"Young man, have you any scents?"

Mr. Fresh (somewhat surprised).—"I believe, madam, that I have the usual amount of gumption."

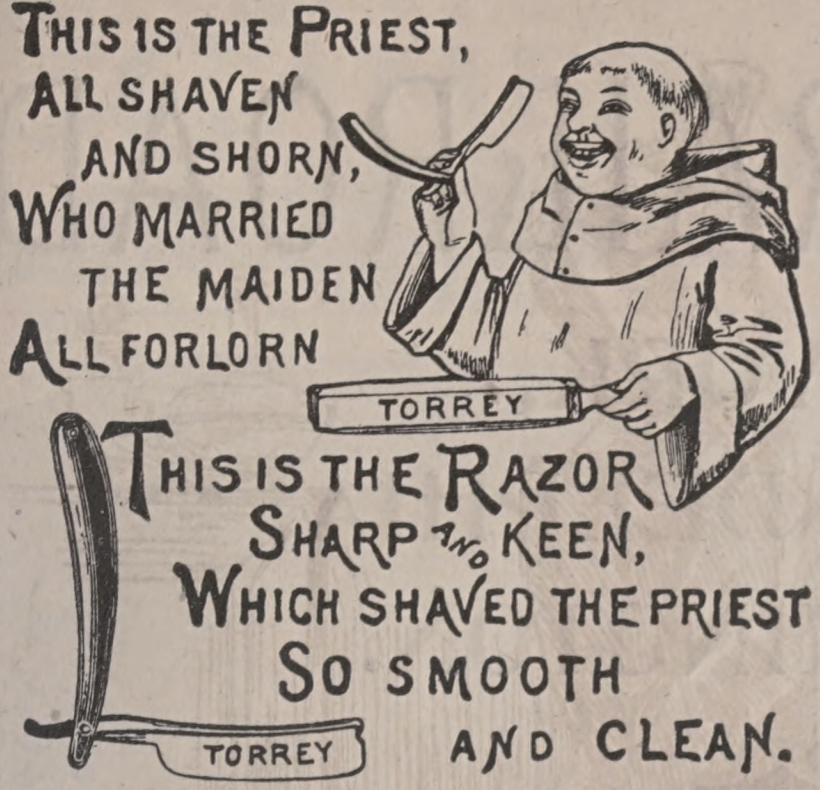
Mrs. New-Rich (stiffly).—"Sir, I do not understand you."

Mr. Fresh (getting in another).—"True; I believe you did inquire for scents."

Advertising that Didn't Pay.

There was a man of our town,
And he was wondrous wise:
Said he, "The blooming idiots
Are those who advertise."
And right he was, for he had "flunked"
Where others flunked before,
With one price in his window-front
And another in the store.

In battle the Highlander is kilted to the knees; but when an Irishman dies he's kilt entirely.



TORREY RAZORS AND STROPS

are known, used, and praised everywhere.

Every RAZOR and STROP sold under a guarantee to give satisfaction.

Ask your dealer for Torrey goods

Our Book, how to select, sharpen, and keep a Razor in order—Free.

J. R. Torrey Razor Co.,

P. O. Box 769. **Worcester, Mass.**

It is the BEST, Physicians Say

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Thickens the growth and restores the youthful color to Gray Hair. Prevents Baldness, cures Dandruff, Humors, and all Scalp Diseases. A fine hair dressing.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers

The most complete Brown or Black Dye ever discovered. The gentlemen's favorite.

R. P. HALL & Co., Proprietors, Nashua, N.H.
Sold by all Druggists.

What's the matter with a Solid Silver

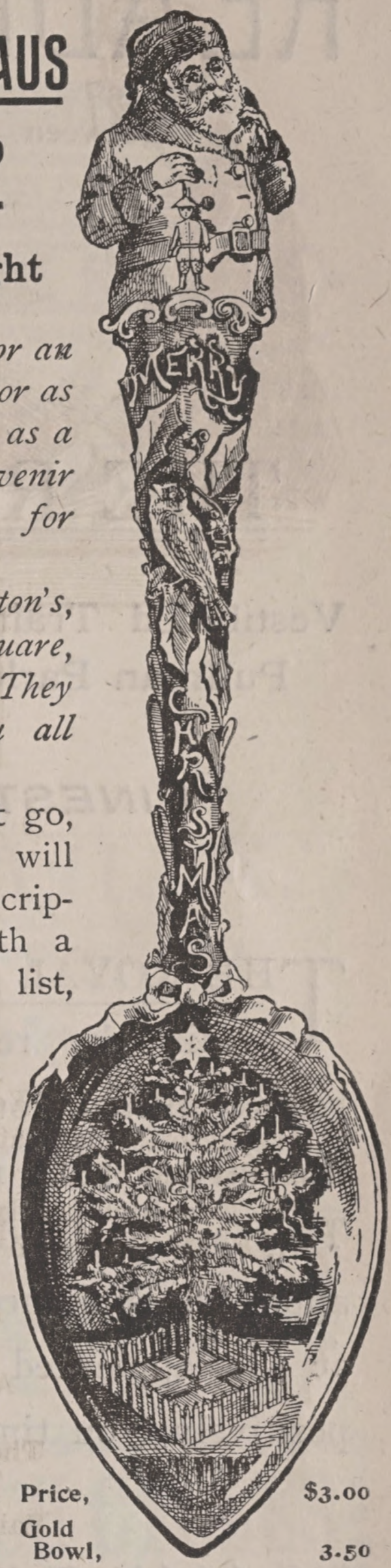
SANTA-CLAUS SPOON?

It's all right

For the baby for an oatmeal spoon, or as a tea spoon, or as a charming souvenir of the season for anybody.

Go to Johnston's, 17 Union Square, New-York. They will tell you all about it.

If you can't go, write and you will receive full description of it, with a complete new list, illustrated, of every souvenir spoon, and, if you ask it, their Fall Price-List full of Holiday suggestions and profusely illustrated. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware.



Price, $3.00
Gold Bowl, 3.50

SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

Jewelry, worn and out of style, accumulates in every household. If you will send us **yours** by registered mail, we will either credit your account in exchange for more serviceable articles, or purchase it outright if preferred.

J. H. JOHNSTON & CO.,

17 Union Square, N. Y.

READING RAILROAD

Between NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, and WASHINGTON.

THE ROYAL BLUE LINE.

Vestibuled Trains of Luxuriously Appointed Coaches, Pullman Parlor, Buffet, Dining and Sleeping Cars.

RUNNING ON THE

FINEST TRACK IN THE WORLD.

THE ROYAL BLUE LINE has achieved and will maintain the reputation of being the best-equipped and best-conducted route of travel in America. Its trains are the fastest that run between Philadelphia and New York. They are provided with every modern convenience and every approved appliance to ensure safety. They **start** promptly at the appointed minute, and **arrive** at their destination positively "on time."

Philadelphia Stations: TWENTY-FOURTH and CHESTNUT STS. and NINTH and GREEN STREETS.

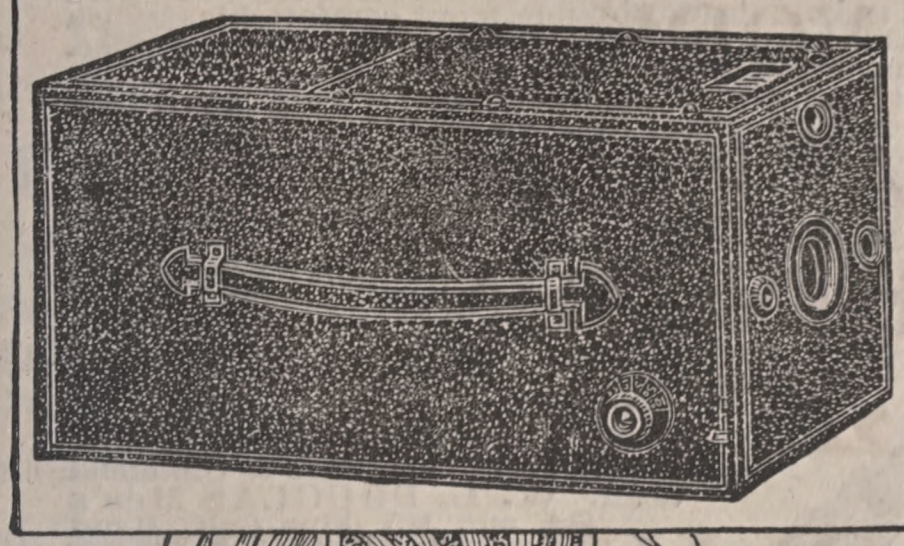
New York Station: FOOT OF LIBERTY STREET, NORTH RIVER.

A. A. McLEOD,
President and General Manager.

C. G. HANCOCK,
General Passenger Agent.

THE PREMIER CAMERA

THE·BEST·IN·MARKET



PRICE $18.00

SIMPLE OF MANIPULATION
PLATES OR FILMS ARE USED
THE SHUTTER IS ALWAYS SET
COVERED WITH LEATHER

Send for Catalogue & copy of Modern Photography

ROCHESTER OPTICAL COMPANY.
S. Water St. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations.

NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

Insist upon having the HARTSHORN.

"OUIJA."

(TRADE-MARK.)

PRONOUNCED WE-JA.

PATENTED 1890.

The Egyptian Luck-Board.

A TALKING-BOARD.

Most Wonderful Invention of the 19th Century.

THE "Ouija" is without doubt the most interesting, remarkable, and mysterious production of the Nineteenth Century. Its operations are always interesting and frequently invaluable, answering, as it does, questions concerning the past, present, and future, with marvellous accuracy. It furnishes never-failing amusement and recreation for all classes, while for the scientific or thoughtful its mysterious movements invite the most careful research and investigation,—apparently forming the link which unites the known with the unknown, the material with the immaterial. It forces upon us the conviction that a great truth was contained in the statement of the Danish Prince: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than were ever dreamed of in thy philosophy!"

Manufactured by the **"Ouija Novelty Co.," No. 909 East Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.** Also manufacturers of other novelties.

CARBUTT'S DRY PLATES AND "CELLULOID" FILMS.

TRADE MARK

CARBUTT'S ORTHO-PLATES and FILMS are now the favorites with all bright Professionals and Amateurs. Ask your dealer for them and take no other.

Write for reduced price list.

JOHN CARBUTT, Wayne Junction, Philadelphia.

Mention LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

Music Send stamp for complete catalogue of sheet and book music at less than one-half regular rates. E. J. KNOWLES, 3844 Aldine Place, Chicago.

MONARCH CYCLES

Thoroughly HIGH GRADE.

Pneumatic Tyres.

Cushion Tyres.

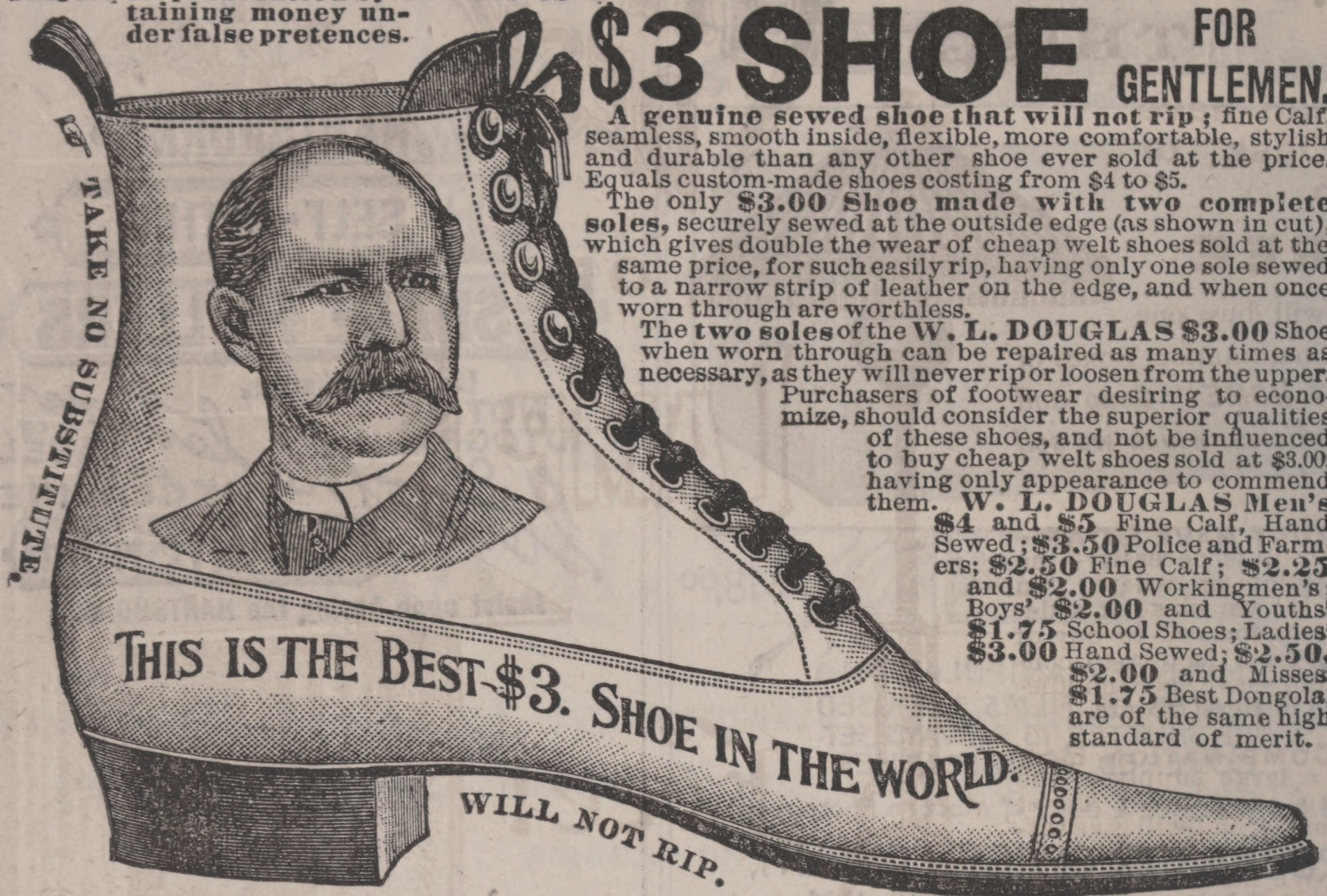
MONARCH CYCLE CO. Manufacturers,

42-52 No. Halsted St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE M.

CAUTION.—Beware of dealers substituting shoes without W. L. Douglas name and the price stamped on bottom. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.



A genuine sewed shoe that will not rip; fine Calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The only **$3.00 Shoe made with two complete soles,** securely sewed at the outside edge (as shown in cut), which gives double the wear of cheap welt shoes sold at the same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and when once worn through are worthless.

The **two soles** of the **W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00** Shoe when worn through can be repaired as many times as necessary, as they will never rip or loosen from the upper.

Purchasers of footwear desiring to economize, should consider the superior qualities of these shoes, and not be influenced to buy cheap welt shoes sold at $3.00, having only appearance to commend them. **W. L. DOUGLAS Men's $4** and **$5** Fine Calf, Hand Sewed; **$3.50** Police and Farmers; **$2.50** Fine Calf; **$2.25** and **$2.00** Workingmen's; Boys' **$2.00** and Youths' **$1.75** School Shoes; Ladies' **$3.00** Hand Sewed; **$2.50, $2.00** and Misses' **$1.75** Best Dongola, are of the same high standard of merit.

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

YPSILANTI DRESS REFORM UNDERWEAR

[*For FALL and WINTER WEAR.*]

NEW IMPROVEMENTS —IN— YPSILANTI EQUESTRIENNE TIGHTS.

☞ Send for new Catalogue. Samples, and revised Price List. Where we have no Agent, they can be obtained of the manufacturers.

HAY & TODD MFG. CO.,

O. N. S.

"Our New Shape" Combination Suits are now on sale. See new Fall Catalogue for particulars.

DON'T BE DECEIVED!

See that each garment is stamped with our Trade-Mark—

"Ypsilanti Health Underwear."

Ypsilanti Underwear is warranted perfect by the manufacturers, when stamped with the above trade-mark, and sold at regular prices.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

PILLOW SHAM HOLDER. Do not pay 2 or 3 dollars for a pillow sham holder. Mine are in sets of three, nicely nickel-plated, with screws complete and directions for putting up. They will last a lifetime. Mailed, post-paid, to any address for 10 cents a set; one dozen sets, 75 cents. Agents wanted **10 CENTS**

T. M. GANDY, Cedarville, Conn.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs **FREE**

THIS MACHINE $12

You can give this elegant machine a thorough test before sending us one cent. TRIAL FREE. All attachments free. Every machine warranted 5 years. For catalog, full particulars, etc., cut this adv. out and send to us to-day. ALVAH MFG. CO., Dept. **A. 27.** Chicago, Ill.

Please mention LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

IF OPIUM or any other drug has got the best of you send to DR. KANE, 86 5th Ave., New York, and receive a never-failing cure **FREE BY MAIL.**

FREE If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our finest $25.00 life-size **CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge.** This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo., and send same to **Tanquerey Portrait Society,** 741 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. References: **Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge,** all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture **Free** as per this offer.

WE GIVE THIS ☞ CHAUTAUQUA DESK OR LAMP Free!

You can have the Desk or Lamp FREE

If you will buy one of our Combination Boxes of *"SWEET HOME" Soap and Toilet Articles, which we sell on trial, too.*

YOU MUST HAVE SOAP—It is an absolute necessity—the only question is where you shall buy it; we make it a decided object for you to buy of us—direct from factory to consumer, and save all middlemen's and dealers' profits.

OUR COMBINATION BOX contains a large supply of the best Soaps and finest Toilet Articles made, and will give satisfaction to the most fastidious person. We have been manufacturing Soaps for over 17 years, and operate one of the largest and best equipped plants in this country, having a capacity of fifteen million pounds a year.

The "Chautauqua" Desk

is a "thing of beauty" and will be "a joy forever" to all who possess one. It is artistically designed, complete in appointments, a model piece of furniture, and affords what nine out of ten homes lack—a suitable and convenient place for writing letters, studying, drawing, etc., etc., which will be used and appreciated by every member of the family.

It is made of **SOLID OAK**, varnished and hand-rubbed finish, with brass trimmings. It stands five (5) feet high, is two and a half (2½) feet wide and ten and a half (10½) inches deep.

It is a perfect and complete desk, and also has three roomy book shelves, a top shelf for bric-a-brac, seven pigeonholes for papers, compartments for letter paper, ink, etc.

When placed in your home, filled with books which you prize, and ornamented with the gifts of friends, it will become a centre of attraction, and you will be grateful to us for adding a new pleasure to your life.

ORDER TO-DAY

YOU RUN NO RISK!

We do not ask you to remit in advance, or take any chances. We merely ask permission to send you a DESK and Combination Box, and if after 30 DAYS TRIAL you are fully convinced that the goods are all we claim, you can then pay the bill—$10. But if you are not satisfied in every way, no charge will be made for what you have used and we will take the Box and Desk away at our own expense. HOW CAN WE DO MORE? If you want the Lamp instead of the Desk, state it in your order.

Some people prefer to send cash with order—we do not ask it—but if you remit in advance, we will place in the Box, in addition to all the other extras named, a valuable present for the lady of the house. Where boxes are paid for in advance, we ship same day order is received. All other orders are filled in their regular turn. Persons remitting in advance can have their money refunded without argument or comment if the Box or Desk does not prove all they expect. PRICE OF BOX COMPLETE, ONLY $10.00, including the DESK or LAMP.

We can refer you to thousands of people who have used Sweet Home Soap for many years and still order at regular intervals, also Bank of Buffalo, Bank of Commerce, Buffalo; Henry Clews & Co., Bankers, New York; Metropolitan National Bank, Chicago, or any other Banker in the United States. Also R. G. Dun & Co.; and the Bradstreet Co.

EACH BOX CONTAINS

ONE HUNDRED CAKES (full size) *"SWEET HOME" Family Soap,* enough to last an average family one year.	*$6.00*
11 BOXES BORAXINE, a New and Wonderful Discovery! Cannot Possibly Injure the Fabric. Simple--Easy—Efficient. *In each package is a coupon for 10c., payable in goods,*	*1.10*
One Box (1-4 Doz.) Modjeska Complexion Soap. It removes all roughness, redness, blotches, pimples and imperfections from the face. Especially adapted for the nursery or children's use,	*1.10* / *.60*
One Bottle Modjeska Perfume, A DELICATE, refined, delicious perfume. Most popular and lasting made,	*.30*
One Box (1-4 Doz.) Ocean Bath Toilet Soap. A delightful and exhilarating substitute for sea bathing,	*.30*
One Box (1-4 Doz.) Creme Oat Meal Toilet Soap,	*.25*
One Box (1-4 Doz.) Elite Toilet Soap,	*.30*
One English Jar Modjeska Cold Cream, Delightfully Pleasant, Soothing, Healing. Cures Chapped Hands and Lips,	*.25*
One Bottle Modjeska Tooth-Powder. Preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath,	*.25*
One Packet Clove Pink Sachet Powder, Refined, Lasting,	*.25*
One Stick Napoleon Shaving Soap,	*.30*
Price of Articles if Bought Separately,	$11.00
DESK or LAMP if Bought of Dealer,	10.00
All for $10 { YOU GET THE DESK GRATIS. }	$21.00

ESTABLISHED 1875. INCORPORATED 1892.

PAID UP CASH CAPITAL, $500,000.00.

Over Ten Thousand persons who have used "SWEET HOME" Soap for several years have become Stockholders in our Company.

Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FACTORIES: SENECA, HEACOCK & CARROLL STS.

In Darkest Africa.

It's getting as dark as it can, and darker.—*Lewis Carroll.*

A very mournful thing it is to think that each fond mother
Should be, without the slightest cause, so jealous of the other;
For, though their little argument has come to such a pitch,
Not Solomon himself could tell which lovely babe was which.

If only they would compromise,—if one would but admit,
"Your baby's wool *is* kinkier than mine's, a little bit,"
Perchance the other one would say, "They both are little dears,
But, now I look more closely, yours *has* the larger ears."

But no, they will not do it; each has a mother's pride;
With naught but full retraction will each be satisfied;
And as this is impossible, and blows are threatened, maybe
Each absent-mindedly may make a club of her sweet baby.

Margaret Vandegrift.

Taking One's Place.

He.—"They say that three makes a crowd."
She.—"Yes; but two can make a worse one."
He (uneasily).—"How?"
She (reassuringly).—"When another tries to stand in your shoes."

A little sin's a little leaven,
Because we rise from it to heaven.

BABY'S BATH OF BEAUTY

For baby's skin, scalp, and hair, nothing in the whole world is so cleansing, so purifying, and so beautifying as the celebrated **Cuticura Soap**, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. For irritating and scaly eruptions of the skin and scalp, with dry, thin, and falling hair, red, rough hands, with shapeless nails, and simple rashes and blemishes of infancy and childhood, it is absolutely incomparable. Thousands of grateful mothers pronounce it the only perfect baby soap.

CUTICURA SOAP

Is the only cure for pimples and blackheads, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of minor affections of the skin, scalp, and hair. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps.

How Babies Suffer when their tender skins are literally on fire with itching, scaly, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, none but mothers realize. A single application of the CUTICURA REMEDIES will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure. Price: CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, 50c. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1.00. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston. "ALL ABOUT THE SKIN, SCALP, AND HAIR," mailed free.

PERFECTION

KEEPS FLOUR PERFECTLY DRY AND FREE FROM DIRT VERMIN ETC.

COMBINES BIN SIFTER PAN & SCOOP. AERATES AND PRESERVES FLOUR FROM MOLD

FLOUR BIN AND SIEVE

Avoids the great inconvenience of reaching into a barrel or sack. No scattering. Saves time and waste. Once tried you would not be without it for many times its cost. Send for circular.

Prices to hold { 25 lbs. **$2.50** | 50 lbs. **$3.00** | 100 lbs. **$4.00** | Your dealer sells them or ought to. If he does not please write to us.

SHERMAN & BUTLER, Manufacturers,
26-28 W. Lake Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

$10 worth of amusement for 15c.!

With the 176 different problems of the
"ANCHOR PUZZLE,"
(postage prepaid—price 20c.)
Apply for **free** beautiful, illustr. Catalogues, also about other Puzzles, etc., to
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
17 Warren St., New York.

"ACTINA,"

The Great Restorer!

ONLY **CATARRH** CURE.

THROW AWAY YOUR SPECTACLES.

ACTINA is the marvel of the Nineteenth Century, for by its use the **Blind See, the Deaf Hear, and Catarrh is impossible.** *Actina* is an absolute certainty in the *cure of Cataracts, Pterygiums, Granulated Lids, Glaucoma, Amaurosis, Myopia, Presbyopia, Common Sore Eyes, or weakened vision from any cause.* **No animal except man wears spectacles. THERE NEED NOT BE A SPECTACLE USED ON THE STREETS OF THE WORLD, AND RARELY TO READ WITH. STREET GLASSES ABANDONED.** *Actina also cures Neuralgia, Headaches, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and Weak Lungs.* *Actina* is not a snuff or lotion, but a **Perfect ELECTRIC POCKET BATTERY,** usable at all times and in all places by young or old. The one instrument will cure a whole family of any of the above forms of disease.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE on application. Contains Treatise on the Human System, its diseases and cure, and thousands of References and Testimonials.

Beware of fraudulent imitations. See that the name W. C. Wilson, Inventor, Patent No. 341,712, is stamped on each instrument. None genuine without.

☞ **AGENTS WANTED. WRITE FOR TERMS.**

New York and London Electric Ass'n,
1021 MAIN ST., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MISCELLANEOUS

$20,000 FORFEIT

If Your Freckles and Tan are Not Removed.

MME. RUPPERT makes the above offer for any case in which her world renowned FACE BLEACH is unsuccessful.

The Greatest Discovery of the Nineteenth Century.

Millions of bottles have been sold throughout the world, and everywhere its great merit is appreciated.

Its price, $2 per bottle, is reasonable. Think of it. One bottle is often sufficient to clear a bad complexion.

Call or send 6c. postage for my book. "How to be Beautiful." Every one should read it.

Sent in plain wrapper on receipt of price.

MME. A. RUPPERT,

6 East 14th St., NEW YORK.

Branch Offices in all large cities.

LADIES! If you desire a transparent, CLEAR, FRESH complexion, FREE from blotch, blemish, roughness, coarseness, redness, freckles or pimples use DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS. These wonderful wafers have the effect of enlarging, invigorating, or filling out any shrunken, shrivelled or undeveloped parts. Price, by mail, $1, 6 Boxes, $5. Depot, 216 6th Ave., New York, and all Druggists.

Prof. I. HUBERT'S

MALVINA CREAM

For Beautifying the Complexion.

Removes all Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Pimples, Liver Moles, and other imperfections. *Not covering* but *removing* all blemishes, and permanently restoring the complexion to its original freshness. For sale at Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. Use MALVINA ICHTHYOL SOAP 25 Cents a Cake.

Prof. I. Hubert TOLEDO, O.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

A cure for Piles, External, Internal, Blind, Bleeding, and Itching, Chronic, Recent, or Hereditary. This remedy has positively never been known to fail. $1 a box, six for $5, by mail. A written guarantee given with six boxes, when purchased at one time, to refund the $5 if not cured. Guarantee issued by FINNERTY, MCCLURE & Co., Wholesale and Retail Agents, 106 Market Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

SILK ELASTIC

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER

Safely sent by mail on receipt of price, **$5. Elastic Stockings, Trusses.** Pamphlet *free.*

C. W. FLAVELL & BRO. 1005 Sp. Garden St., Phila. Pa.

18th Edition—post-paid for 25 cents (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Gray, and the Remedy.

By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F.R.A.S.

A. K. LONG & CO.,

1013 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

Lace Curtains, RETAIL AT FACTORY PRICES. Send 2 cents for Illustrated Catalogue. **J. Wallis & Co.,** 290a Church St., N. Y.

LOVELY FACES,

WHITE HANDS.

Nothing will WHITEN and CLEAR the skin so quickly as

Derma-Royale

The new discovery for dissolving and removing discolorations from the cuticle, and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach for fine fabrics it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan, and other discolorations were quickly removed from the hands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who prepared for us the formula of the marvelous Derma-Royale. THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. It quickly dissolves and removes the worst forms of moth-patches, brown or liver spots, freckles, blackheads, blotches, sallowness, redness, tan and every discoloration of the cuticle. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated case and thoroughly clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion. It has never failed—IT CANNOT FAIL. It is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering

$500 REWARD.—To assure the public of its merits we agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars CASH, for any case of moth-patches, brown spots, liver spots, blackheads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan or any other cutaneous discolorations, (excepting birth-marks, scars, and those of a scrofulous or kindred nature) that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. We also agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars to any person whose skin can be injured in the slightest possible manner, or to anyone whose complexion (no matter in how bad condition it may be), will not be cleared, whitened, improved and beautified by the use of Derma-Royale.

Put up in elegant style in large eight-ounce bottles.

Price, $1.00. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

Derma-Royale sent to any address, safely packed and securely sealed from observation, safe delivery guaranteed, on receipt of price, **$1.00 per bottle.** Send money by registered letter or money order with your full post-office address written plainly; be sure to give your County, and mention this paper.

Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash.

AGENTS WANTED Send for Terms Sells on Sight **$10 A DAY.**

Address **The DERMA-ROYALE COMPANY,**

Corner Baker and Vine Streets. CINCINNATI OHIO.

BEATTY Piano. Organ. $23 up. Want agents. Catalogue free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

---

30 days on trial, Rood's Magic Scale, the popular Ladies' Tailoring System. Illustrated circular free. Rood Magic Scale Co., Chicago, Ill.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS For Sale and Wanted. MUSIC BOXES, ORGANETTES, Photo. Outfits, Steam Engines, ELECTRIC MECHANICAL NOVELTIES, ETC. Catalogue Free. HARBACH & CO., 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

Asthma The African Kola Plant, discovered in Congo, West Africa, is Nature's Sure Cure for Asthma. **Cure Guaranteed or No Pay.** Export Office, 1164 Broadway, New York. For **Large Trial Case, FREE by Mail,** address KOLA IMPORTING CO., 132 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

TOLSON'S PATENT-SHAPED DRESS BANDING

and Binding combined. A new article for ladies' skirt-bands Binding. Woven in shape to fit the waist. For sale at all leading dry-goods houses.

SECKENDORF & CO., Sole American Agents,

26, 28, 30, and 32 E. Houston St., N. Y.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

The Celebrated

CHOCOLAT MENIER

***Annual Sales Exceed* 33 MILLION Lbs.**

Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

"THE BELLE OF NELSON"

an elegant **HAND-MADE** sour-mash whiskey, distilled, on the Ante-Bellum plan, in the mountains of Kentucky,—especially for gentlemen as a beverage, or a restorative for brain-workers and nervous debility.

To suit this demand, we bottle our oldest stock, which was distilled in 1875, and put in cases, containing 12 bottles, at $15 per case; or can supply it by the gallon, keg, or barrel, from 5 to 15 years old, at $4 to $7.50 per gallon.

For the character of our house, established in 1845, we refer to the Governor of Kentucky, Judges of our Supreme Court, and all Louisville Banking Institutions.

The absolute purity of "The Belle of Nelson" is guaranteed. Address

BELLE OF NELSON DISTILLERY CO.,

123 and 25 E. Main Street,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

SHREWSBURY TOMATOKETCHUP.

"Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste," but not even fastidious love could find anything gross in the taste of Shrewsbury Tomatoketchup.

E. C. Hazard & Co. New York

CLARKE'S PURE RYE

ABSOLUTELY PURE. The purity—age and elegant bouquet of **Clarke's Pure Rye** has won for it the title—

The Finest Whiskey In the World

and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark C. B. & Co., on label. Price: per Bottle, $1.50; per Doz. $12; per Gal. $4; per 2 gal. $3.50, securely packed. We ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or **COLBURN, BIRKS & CO.,** Sole Props., 20 Ash St., **Peoria, Ill.**

Pure Wines and Liquors

$4.00 per Case and upwards,

Via Express or Freight.

Cigars by mail post paid, **$1.50** per 100 and up. Complete price list free.

J. C. Childs & Co., 346 8th Ave., N. Y.

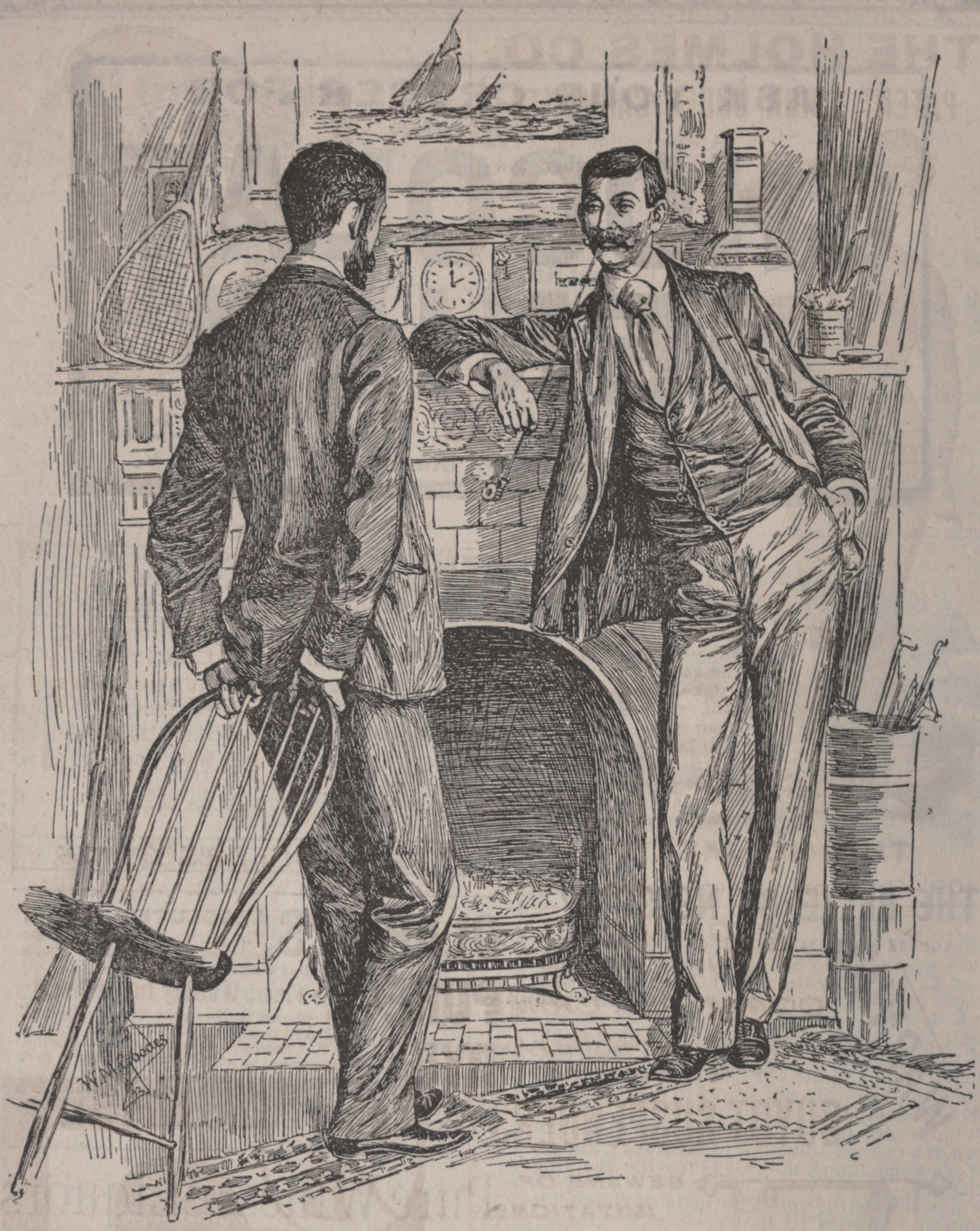
TOBACCO HABIT

HILL'S CHLORIDE OF GOLD Tablets will completely destroy the desire for Tobacco in any form in from 3 to 5 days. Perfectly **harmless,** cause no sickness, and may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the patient, who will voluntarily stop Smoking or Chewing in a few days.

EASILY CURED

For sale by all first-class druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of **$1.00.** Ask for **HILL'S Tablets,** and take no others.

Particulars free by mail. Address } **THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO., 51, 53, and 55 Opera Block, LIMA, O.**



BOTH.—"Busted!"

First Broke.—"Well, Jim, what are we going to do about it?"

Second Broke.—"Let's organize an expedition to the North Pole, and go. Then the government will have to come to our relief."

THE difference between a jeweller and a physiognomist is that the former faces the watch and the latter watches the face.

WHEN rival clothiers go into litigation, it is not so apt to be on account of breaches of the peace as on account of a piece of the breeches.

THE HOLMES CO.

PATENT UNION UNDER-GARMENTS

Are perfection in fit and unlike any other garment, as shown by cut, in which the points of interest are delineated.

The question, "who makes the **best fitting garment?**" is easily answered by the great success we have made with our **two patents,** which are endorsed by thousands of society ladies as the **best** and **most perfect fitting** under-garment made.

None genuine unless marked inside sateen lining "THE HOLMES CO."

See our new Catalogue with full descriptions of our new Patents and important facts connected with them, unknown to Ladies not acquainted with our Garments which would be useful to any who intend to buy Union Under-garments. Any one who will take the trouble to see for herself, will buy no others.

If our garments are not found at your best stores, send stamp direct to us and we will send swatches and self-measurement blank to any part of the world. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE HOLMES CO.,

109 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.

BLACK CORSETS A SPECIALTY.

Coraline has stood the test twelve years in over 20 million corsets and dresses. Though costing more than French horn, and much superior in quality, the corsets boned with it are sold at the same price.

DR. WARNER'S CORALINE CORSETS lead the world in amount of sales, in perfection of shape, and in their high standard of excellence. Made in 24 styles to fit every figure. Prices from one to five dollars each.

Sold everywhere.

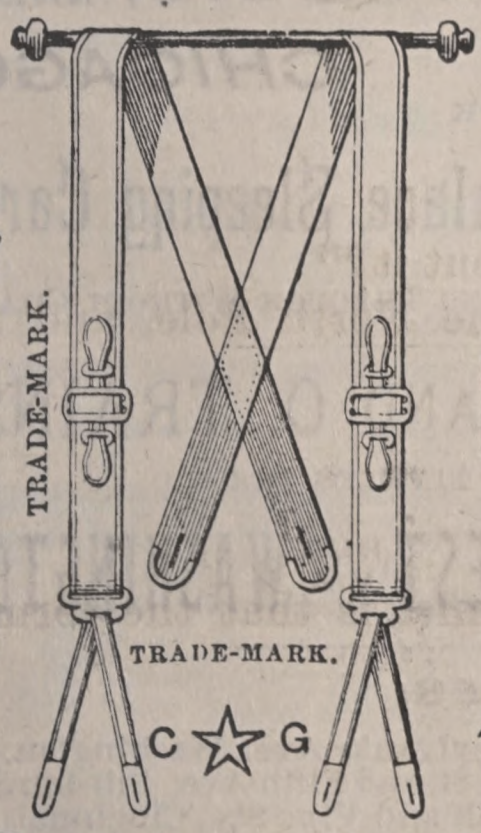
WARNER BROTHERS,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

WARNING

HYGIENICALLY EVERY MAN COMMITS A CRIME

AGAINST COMMON SENSE IF HE DOES NOT WEAR THE GENUINE

GUYOT SUSPENDERS.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE NAME OF

CH. GUYOT

ON EVERY PAIR.

ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

For sale by every Men's Furnishing, Dry Goods, and Clothing Store in the United States and Canada.

If you are unable to procure from your dealer, send 50 cents in stamps for a sample pair to

OSTHEIMER BROS.,
New York:
406 Broadway.

Sole Representatives for U. S. and Canada.
Philadelphia:
917-919 Filbert Street.

SAFEST FASTEST FINEST

TRAINS IN THE WORLD

ARE THE

ALL · TRAINS · RUN · VIA · WASHINGTON · B O

ROYAL BLUE LINE TRAINS

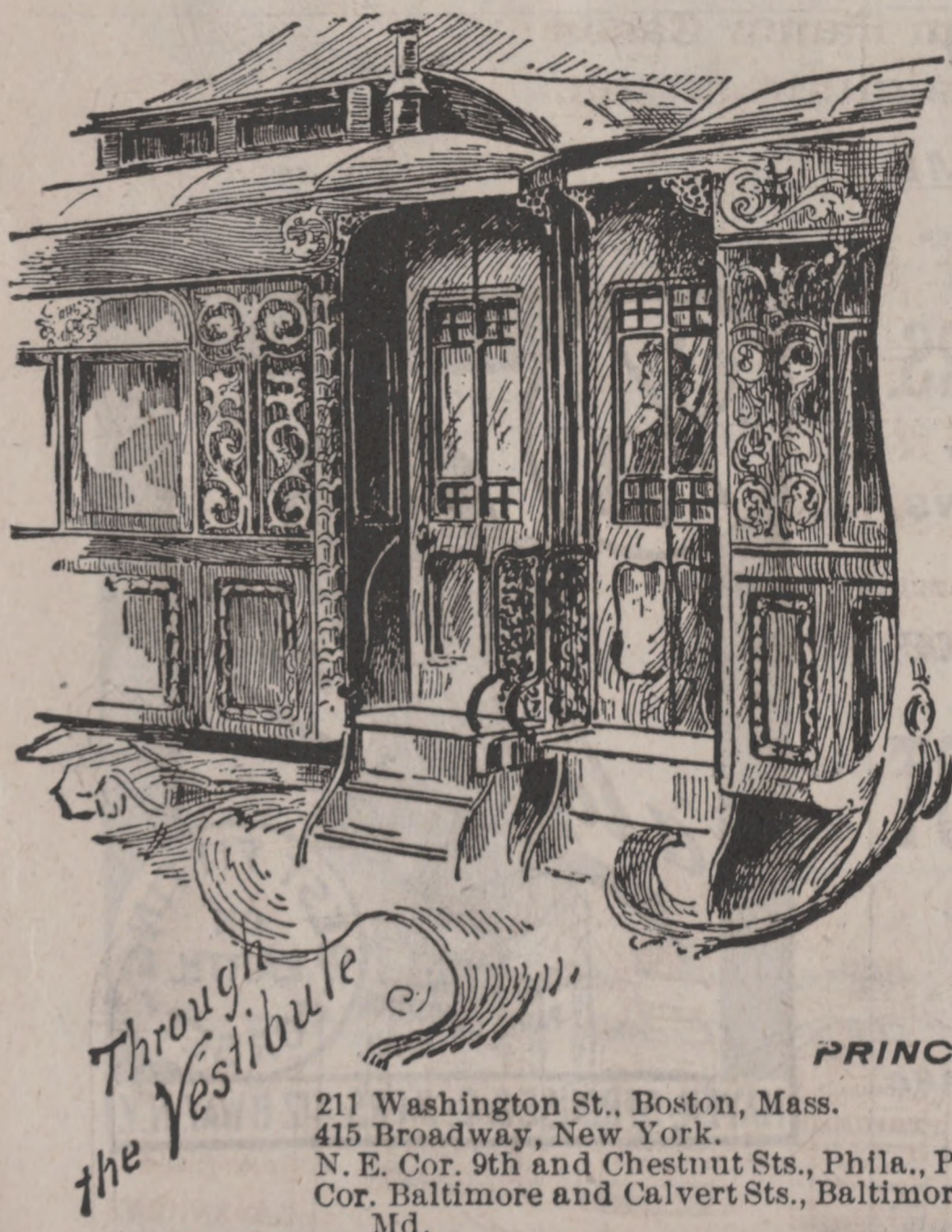
BETWEEN

NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON.

RUNNING VIA

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

All trains are **Vestibuled** from end to end, **Heated** by **Steam, Lighted** by **Pintsch Gas, Protected** by **Pullman's Anti-Telescoping Device,** and operated under **Perfected Block Signal System.**



The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad

Maintains a Complete Service of Vestibuled Express Trains between

NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, ST. LOUIS, AND CHICAGO,

EQUIPPED WITH

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars,

RUNNING THROUGH WITHOUT CHANGE.

ALL B. AND O. TRAINS

BETWEEN THE

EAST and WEST RUN VIA WASHINGTON.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES:

211 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
415 Broadway, New York.
N. E. Cor. 9th and Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa.
Cor. Baltimore and Calvert Sts., Baltimore, Md.

1351 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C.
Cor. Wood St. and Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Cor. Fourth and Vine Sts., Cincinnati, O.
193 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
105 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

J. T. ODELL, General Manager. } **BALTIMORE, MD.** { **CHAS. O. SCULL,** General Passenger Agent.

NEPONSET

Are necessary in the erection of every well-constructed building.

WATER-PROOF

RELIABLE ARCHITECTS ALL INDORSE

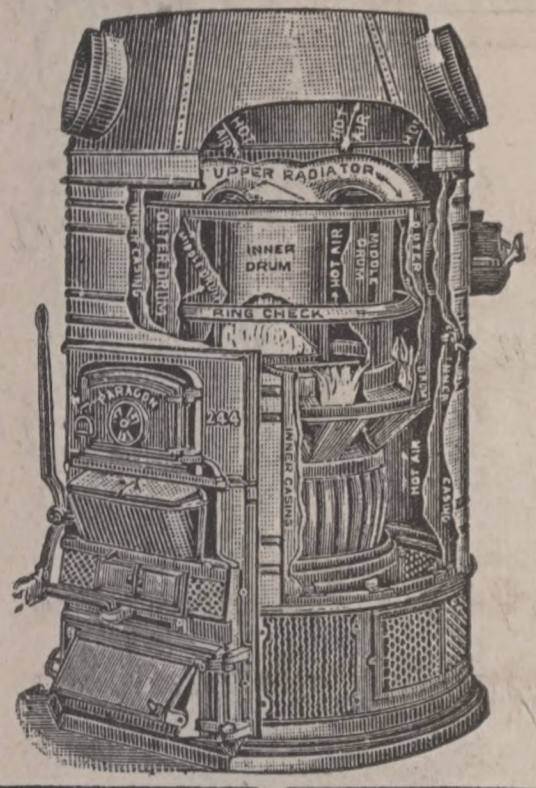
Better and cheaper than back plaster, and does not crumble. Always in place.

FABRICS

Samples and full information FREE.

ON EACH ROLL OF ALL GENUINE "NEPONSET."

F. W. BIRD & SON, SOLE MANUFACTURERS, **EAST WALPOLE, MASS.**



HEAT YOUR HOUSE WITH

A GOOD HOT-AIR FURNACE!

Steam and hot-water apparatus are far more costly in the first instance, troublesome to manage, and expensive to keep in repair. A *good* Hot-Air Furnace is both an inexpensive and healthful means of house-warming. There are many that *are not good.*

The Paragon Steel Plate Furnaces are *thoroughly good.* Do you want to know about them?

Write for the pamphlet, **"HINTS ABOUT HEATING,"** to the manufacturers,

ISAAC A. SHEPPARD & CO.,

Third and Berks Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN ROOFING.. PLATES...

MERCHANT'S ROOFING

(Extra Coated.)

ALASKA

(Heavily Coated.)

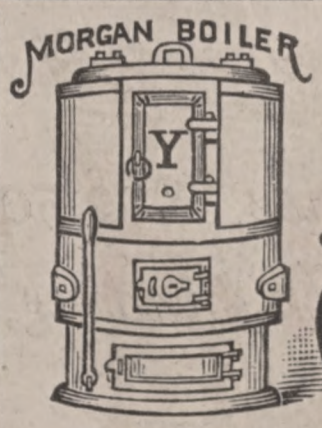
Manufactured in Philadelphia.

Every box guaranteed. Every sheet stamped with brand and thickness.

NO WASTERS.

MERCHANT & CO.,

Philadelphia. **New York.**
Chicago. **London.**



STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATERS

THE D.F. MORGAN BOILER CO.
AKRON, O. AND CHICAGO.

The Celebrated Hygienic **AIR MATTRESS** is the only mattress made that is always pure, clean and healthy; comfortable and luxurious. It has no superior for general use and is indispensable in cases of sickness, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and Asthma. Write for catalogue and testimonials.
METROPOLITAN AIR GOODS CO., 7 Temple Place, Boston.

CASH. **FOR XMAS.** paid for old Gold or Silver Watches, Jewelry or Diamonds. Send by registered package or express. We remit check by return mail. H. HART, 45 Reynolds Arcade, Rochester, N. Y. Established 1880.

WALL PAPER

100 Samples, latest styles, and complete instruction book, **How to paper** **FREE**

Order direct from the manufacturers. You get the very latest styles, at less price than others. Good paper **3**c. Gold paper **4**c. Handsome Gold parlor papers, **8** and **10**c. per roll, wide borders and ceilings to match. Agents send for large sample books, money easily made taking orders.

WM. WALLACE, 1625 Pine St., Phila., Pa.

WALL PAPERS

The most complete set of samples and instructions how to paper sent **FREE!**
We have the largest and best selected stock in the U. S. It will pay you to see our samples before purchasing.
CHAS. M. N. KILLEN, 614 & 616 So. 20th St. Phila.

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

Smythe (concluding the exhibition of his burglar-alarm).—"So, you see, even if the thief does understand the working of the thing, he can't prevent it from ringing. That's why I have no uneasiness in showing it to you."

A KANGAROO about to spring is not a lifeless object by any means; and yet it is on its last legs.

RICHARDSON'S DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS

To be had of all large Retail Houses!

Woven in their own Looms and Bleached on their own Greens.

DESIGNS by the BEST ARTISTS.

The following are a few of the Patterns to which the attention of Purchasers is specially directed:

No. 941. Black Thorn.	No. 852. Primrose.	No. 883. Mistletoe and Oak.
" 944. Jessamine.	" 860. Persian.	" 975. Egyptian.
" 764. Wild Rose, Asparagus, Bignonia.	" 861. Flax.	" 976½. Assyrian.
" 769. Chrysanthemum and Acacia.	" 862. Palm and Stephanotis.	" 979. Moire Antique.
" 509. Rose and Fern.	" 863. Wheat.	" 596⅞. Classic Greek.
" 531. Gothic.	" 869. Autumn Fruit.	" 598. Egyptian Water Lily
" 534. Early English.	" 964. Passion Flower, Rose and Palm.	" 607. Japanese Fans.
" 550½. Hibiscus and Tiger Flower.	" 574. Birds and Fishes.	" 608. Australian Plants and Birds.
	" 578. Japanese.	" 620. Arum Lily.
	" 583. Pompeian.	" 24E. Rose, Shamrock and Thistle.

LINEN DRESS FOUNDATIONS

ARE THE BEST FOR ALL MATERIALS

THEY DO NOT CLING
THEY DO SPLIT
THEY DO SHRINK

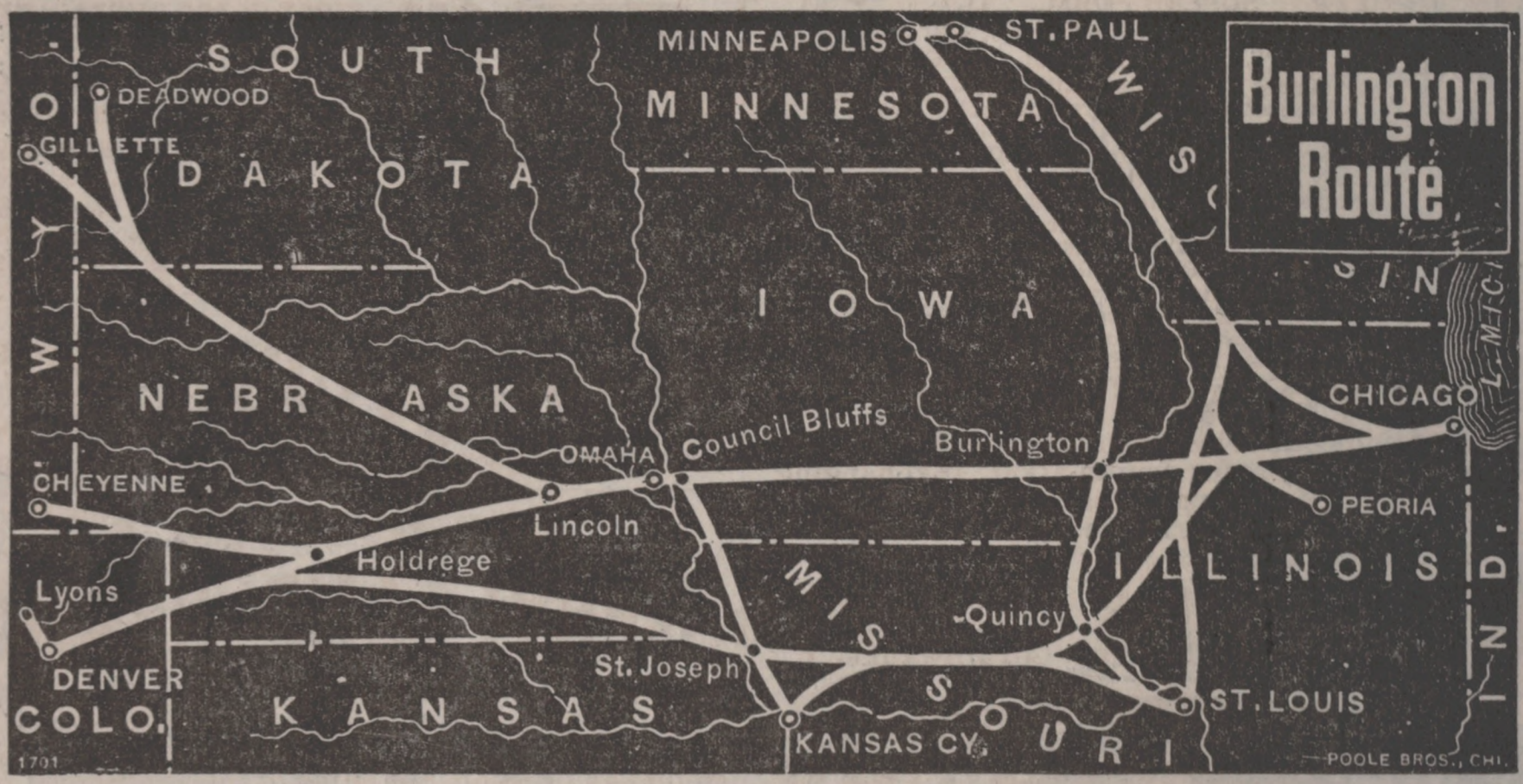
They slip on easily and in Use are equal to Silk.

OUR NAME ON SELVEDGE

To be had of all large Retailers

J.N. RICHARDSON, SONS & OWDEN Ltd., New York

THE BEST RAILWAY



FROM

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

TO

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, DENVER

AND ALL POINTS IN COLORADO, UTAH, AND CALIFORNIA.

P. S. EUSTIS, GEN'L PASS'R AND TICKET AGENT, CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS

Mme. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

Its wonderful effect is known in almost every household. Thousands who had diseases and discoloration of the skin (including moths, freckles, sallowness, excessive redness, pimples, blackheads, oiliness, etc.) have had their hearts gladdened by its use.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS, all prominent physicians recommend it. It does not drive the impurities in, but draws them out. It is not a cosmetic to cover up, but a cure.

ITS PRICE IS REASONABLE. One bottle, which costs $2, is often sufficient to cure; or three bottles, usually required, $5. Preparations sent, securely packed in a plain wrapper. Mme. Ruppert's book "How to be Beautiful," sent for 6 cents. MME. A. RUPPERT, 6 East 14th St., N. Y.

FREE.

SUPERB FORM.
LOVELY COMPLEXION,
PERFECT HEALTH.

These are my portraits, and on account of the fraudulent air-pumps, "wafers," etc., offered for development, I will tell any lady FREE what I used to secure these changes. HEALTH (cure of that "tired" feeling and all female diseases) Superb FORM, Brilliant EYES and perfectly Pure COMPLEXION assured.

Will send sealed letter. Avoid advertising frauds. Name this paper, and address MRS. ELLA M. DENT, STATION B, San Francisco, Cal.

TYPEWRITERS.

Unprejudiced advice given. All makes half-price. Shipped anywhere for examination. Exchanging a Specialty. Monthly payments. 52-page cat. free.

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS, { 31 Broadway, New York. 186 Monroe St., Chicago.

WHIST PLAYERS Send for free copy of "Whist," the great Whist Monthly. Whist Pub. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

EMERSON PIANOS
60,000 SOLD

43 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

SWEET TONED. SOLD ON MERIT.

MODERATE PRICES, TERMS REASONABLE
EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.
CATALOGUES FREE.

EMERSON PIANO CO.,
174 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS. | 92 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

FITS EPILEPSY, ETC., permanently cured. Treatise, testimonials and Remedy for trial sent FREE to any sufferer. Established 22 years. Address Dr. ROSS. Richmond, Indiana.

MME. BAILEY'S SURE HAIR GROWER

is guaranteed to produce a **Thick, Soft and Beautiful** head of **Long, Flowing HAIR** in **8** to **12 weeks.** A purely vegetable and positively harmless compound. Endorsed by leading physicians. Two or three packages will do it. Price, 50 cents per package, or three for $1. Sent by mail prepaid.

Bailey Supply Co., Cooperstown, N. Y.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY.

PAINT YOUR ROOFS WITH DIXON'S SILICA GRAPHITE PAINT

Water will run from it pure and clean. It covers double the surface of any other paint, and will *last four or five times longer.* Equally useful for any iron work. Send for circulars. JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

$22. FIRST CLASS CURTAIN DESK Four and a Half feet long. Unlimited variety in stock and to order.
American Desk & Seating Co.
270-272 Wabash Av., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

PERNIN SHORTHAND LEADS ALL. 8 to 12 weeks' study. No shading, no position, read like print. Trial lesson free. Write PERNIN INSTITUTE Detroit, Mich.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED

Full written prediction of your life, 20c. Give date of birth.
ASTROLOGER, Drawer K, Kansas City, Mo.

DR. E. C. WEST'S

NERVE AND BRAIN

Treatment, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity, misery, decay, and death. Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion of the Brain. Each box contains 1 month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or 6 boxes for $5.00, by mail.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES.

With each $5 order we will send a written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not cure. Guarantees issued only by FINNERTY, MCCLURE & Co., Sole Agts., 106 Market St., Philadelphia, Penna

---

FREE TO BOYS & GIRLS

BICYCLE BICYCLE is large enough for any boy or girl of 18. The best bicycle made. WATCH is the finest quality GOLD FILLED. GUN is the finest breech loader. YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE of these 3 on very easy conditions. NOT 1 CENT OF MONEY wanted from anyone for the choice. They are absolutely free. If you want **WATCH** Bicycle, Watch or Gun, cut this advt. out and send to us, we send full explanation by mail, bicycle, watch, gun by express. **GUN**
A. CURTIS & CO., Dept. a 27, 170 W. Van Buren St., Chicago.

CANCER and Tumors scientifically treated and cured. Book free. 163 Elm St., Dr. L. H. Gratigny, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.

An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, gray hair, and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. All druggists or by mail 50 cts. 44 Stone St. N.Y.

CHICAGO BLOOD WILL TELL.

Arizona Pete.—"Is that the trotter you bought in Chicago?"

Buffalo Eulamb.—"Yes. She ain't much on the trot; but she kin cover a lot of ground, notwithstandin'."

Arizona Pete.—"Is she got the wind?"

Buffalo Eulamb.—"You bet! She's got the wind, an' she's got the feet."

THE difference between patriots and mercenaries is that the former, in time of war, charge by platoons, and the latter charge by the month.

A PROGRESSIVE degree of perfection is embodied in the expression "getting his hand in." As regards the pocket of the gullible client, the sentiment applies with singular directness to certain shining lights in the legal profession.

WANAMAKER'S.

The greatest retail Shoe Trade of this market is done here. The greatest, with one exception, in the country.

The amount is *phenomenal*, the growth *natural*. Sound principles beneath, sound progress on top.

And yet until now we have never had the ideal Shoe store. Once before we thought we had but found our mistake.

You are invited to the latest contribution to the *New Philadelphia*—our new Shoe store.

Hardly a scrap of the old furniture or fixtures, not a shred of old carpet remains. The decorative art touch is over it all. It is beautiful. It is commodious.

The new furniture holds *fifteen thousand* pairs more of forward stock than the old, and is so arranged that you can be served with increased promptness.

Thought and money have been lavished upon this Shoe store. We have tried to find how much we could wisely spend upon it. The greatest Shoe business deserves the best outfit.

But we have been more proud of the Shoes than of the Shoe store. Altho' the store attractions are so much increased we shall still think more of the Shoes. They shall be more worthy—as the jewel is more worthy than the setting.

Are you interested in shoes?

JOHN WANAMAKER.

SOULE'S SYNONYMES.

A Dictionary of English Synonymes and Synonymous or Parallel Expressions, designed as a Practical Guide to aptness and variety of Phraseology. By RICHARD SOULE. *New Edition, Revised and Enlarged.* By GEORGE H. HOWISON, LL.D., Mills Professor of Philosophy in the University of California.

Cloth, $2.25; half morocco, $2.75.

FROM THE PHILA. EVENING TELEGRAPH.

"It has long been a standard work, and this new edition will serve to extend its usefulness. It first appeared in 1871, and at once took its place among the most valued works of its kind. Its design is to give the fullest possible lists of synonymous or parallel expressions. If systematically used, it cannot fail to give any writer variety of phraseology, and thus its service is of a most practical kind. Professor Howison has done his part in the new edition exceedingly well."

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE.

"Soule's Synonymes has been before the public for twenty-one years, in which time it has become a standard work, accepted in this country and England. It now reappears in a handsome new edition, revised and enlarged by George H. Howison, LL.D., who has not only discriminated the various senses of leading words more exactly than was done in the original version, but has, in addition, extended the lists of synonymous words and phrases by about one-third. The work, therefore, becomes more useful and indispensable than ever. Its arrangement is alphabetical, and each word has its various shades of meaning followed by their appropriate synonymes, thus rendering reference simple and rapid. The volume is well printed, and that it will meet with immediate favor admits of no doubt."

FROM THE PHILA. PUBLIC LEDGER.

"Soule's Dictionary of Synonymes or Parallel Expressions is a gift to be coveted by all who exercise a choice of phraseology, for, as Professor Seeley teaches, the exertion of clothing a thought in a completely new set of words increases both the clearness of the conception and mastery over the language. 'It is the test of a solid thought that it will bear a change of clothing.' The Dictionary occupies nearly five hundred pages, which may be consulted as a standard and practical guide to aptness of speech. Trained writers are apt to fall into the custom of using a set of words continuously, without being aware of the habit of repetition. This class will derive more than common assistance from the trim columns of this discriminating 'guide, philosopher, and friend.'"

FROM THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.

"The number of additions made by Professor Howison amounts to about one-third of the original work. Our computation, based on a partial count, indicates that the whole work contains some twenty-four thousand main words, more or less. This is practically the entire language. If the subordinate lists of synonymes are worked out with corresponding fulness, the work may be said to have substantially reached the limits of what was possible under its plan. No attempt whatever is made to distinguish shades of meaning. That is done better in the larger dictionaries and other treatises. We welcome the Dictionary to our table, and have found it helpful in our private use."

For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, by the Publishers, on receipt of price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

The December Number

OF

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE,

READY NOVEMBER 20

Will contain a Complete Novel
entitled

PEARCE AMERSON'S WILL

BY

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON,

Author of "Dukesborough Tales," "Widow Guthrie," "Old Mark Langston," etc.

Also, in the Journalist Series,

A Special Correspondent's Story,

By MOSES P. HANDY.

ALSO, STORIES, ESSAYS, AND POEMS.

This Number will be profusely Illustrated.

FOR LIST OF COMPLETE NOVELS CONTAINED IN FORMER NUMBERS,

SEE NEXT PAGE.

The COMPLETE NOVELS which have already appeared in **LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE,** and which are always obtainable, are :

No. 299. "MORE THAN KIN".....By Marion Harland.
No. 298. "THE KISS OF GOLD".....By Kate Jordan.
No. 297. "THE DOOMSWOMAN".....By Gertrude Atherton.
No. 296. "THE MARTLET SEAL".....By Jeannette H. Walworth.
No. 295. "WHITE HERON".....By M. G. McClelland.
No. 294. "JOHN GRAY" (A Kentucky Tale of the Olden Time)....By James Lane Allen.
No. 293. "THE GOLDEN FLEECE".....By Julian Hawthorne.
No. 292. "BUT MEN MUST WORK".....By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
No. 291. "A SOLDIER'S SECRET".....By Captain Charles King, U.S.A.
No. 290. "ROY THE ROYALIST".....By William Westall.
No. 289. "THE PASSING OF MAJOR KILGORE".....By Young E. Allison.
No. 288. "A FAIR BLOCKADE-BREAKER".....By T. C. De Leon.
No. 287. "THE DUKE AND THE COMMONER".....By Mrs. Poultney Bigelow.
No. 286. "LADY PATTY".....By the Duchess.
No. 285. "CARLOTTA'S INTENDED".....By Ruth McEnery Stuart.
No. 284. "A DAUGHTER'S HEART".....By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron.
No. 283. "A ROSE OF A HUNDRED LEAVES".....By Amelia E. Barr.
No. 282. "GOLD OF PLEASURE".....By George Parsons Lathrop.
No. 281. "VAMPIRES".....By Julien Gordon.
No. 280. "MAIDENS CHOOSING".....By Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk.
No. 279. "THE SOUND OF A VOICE".....By Frederic S. Cozzens.
No. 278. "A WAVE OF LIFE".....By Clyde Fitch.
No. 277. "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED".....By Rudyard Kipling.
No. 276. "AN ARMY PORTIA".....By Captain Charles King.
No. 275. "A LAGGARD IN LOVE".....By Jeanie Gwynne Bettany.
No. 274. "A MARRIAGE AT SEA".....By W. Clark Russell.
No. 273. "THE MARK OF THE BEAST".....By Katharine Pearson Woods.
No. 272. "WHAT GOLD CANNOT BUY".....By Mrs. Alexander.
No. 271. "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY".....By Oscar Wilde.
No. 270. "CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE".....By Mary E. Stickney.
No. 269. "A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS".....By Bret Harte.
No. 268. "A CAST FOR FORTUNE".....By Christian Reid.
No. 267. "TWO SOLDIERS".....By Captain Charles King, U.S.A.
No. 266. "THE SIGN OF THE FOUR".....By A. Conan Doyle.
No. 265. "MILLICENT AND ROSALIND".....By Julian Hawthorne.
No. 264. "ALL HE KNEW".....By John Habberton.
No. 263. "A BELATED REVENGE".....By Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird.
No. 262. "CREOLE AND PURITAN".....By T. C. De Leon.
No. 261. "SOLARION".....By Edgar Fawcett.
No. 260. "AN INVENTION OF THE ENEMY".....By W. H. Babcock.
No. 259. "TEN MINUTES TO TWELVE".....By M. G. McClelland.
No. 258. "A DREAM OF CONQUEST".....By General Lloyd Brice.
No. 257. "A CHAIN OF ERRORS".....By Mrs. E. W. Latimer.
No. 256. "THE WITNESS OF THE SUN".....By Amélie Rives.
No. 255. "BELLA-DEMONIA".....By Selina Dolaro.
No. 254. "A TRANSACTION IN HEARTS".....By Edgar Saltus.
No. 253. "HALE-WESTON".....By M. Elliot Seawell.
No. 252. "DUNRAVEN RANCH".....By Captain Charles King, U.S.A.
No. 251. "EARTHLINGS".....By Grace King.
No. 250. "QUEEN OF SPADES," and Autobiography.....By E. P. Roe.
No. 249. "HEROD AND MARIAMNE." A tragedy.....By Amélie Rives.
No. 248. "MAMMON".....By Maude Howe.
No. 247. "THE YELLOW SNAKE".....By Wm. Henry Bishop.
No. 246. "BEAUTIFUL MRS. THORNDYKE".....By Mrs. Poultney Bigelow.
No. 245. "THE OLD ADAM".....By H. H. Boyesen.
No. 244. "THE QUICK OR THE DEAD?".....By Amélie Rives.
No. 243. "HONORED IN THE BREACH".....By Julia Magruder.
No. 242. "THE SPELL OF HOME." After the German of E. Werner. By Mrs. A. L. Wister.
No. 241. "CHECK AND COUNTER-CHECK"...By Brander Matthews and Geo. H. Jessop.
No. 240. "FROM THE RANKS".....By Captain Charles King, U.S.A.
No. 239. "THE TERRA-COTTA BUST".....By Virginia W. Johnson.
No. 238. "APPLE SEED AND BRIER THORN".....By Louise Stockton.
No. 237. "THE RED MOUNTAIN MINES".....By Lew Vanderpoole.
No. 236. "A LAND OF LOVE".....By Sidney Luska.
No. 235. "AT ANCHOR".....By Julia Magruder.
No. 234. "THE WHISTLING BUOY".....By Chas. Barnard.
No. 233. "THE DESERTER".....By Captain Charles King, U.S.A.
No. 232. "DOUGLAS DUANE".....By Edgar Fawcett.
No. 231. "KENYON'S WIFE".....By Lucy C. Lillie.
No. 230. "A SELF-MADE MAN".....By M. G. McClelland.
No. 229. "SINFIRE".....By Julian Hawthorne.
No. 228. "MISS DEFARGE".....By Frances Hodgson Burnett.
No. 227. "BRUETON'S BAYOU".....By John Habberton.

Single Numbers, 25 Cents. $3.00 per Year.

B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY'S MONTHLY BULLETIN OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

List of New Publications, with brief notices of their contents, together with an announcement of works now in press to be issued shortly. . . . . For sale by Booksellers generally, or will be sent by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of price.

HOLIDAY AND GIFT BOOKS.

Strickland's Queens of England.

New Edition. Printed from new plates. With portraits of the Queens and other illustrations. Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest. Compiled from Official Records and other Authentic Documents, private as well as public, by Agnes Strickland. In eight volumes. 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, $16.00; half calf, $28.00; three-quarters calf, $32.00.

Special Edition. Eight volumes in sixteen. Cloth, gilt top, $20.00; half calf, gilt top, $40.00; three-quarters calf, $48.00.

A reprint of the author's latest revised edition, containing illustrations that have never appeared in any other issue.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

A New Edition of the Celebrated Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield to His Son. An exact reprint of Lord Mahon's edition, now very rare, issued in five octavo volumes, printed from pica type on superior paper. Limited edition. Special cloth binding, gilt top, $12.50 per set; half calf, $20.00; three-quarters calf, $22.50.

De Luxe Library Edition of the Works of

William H. Prescott. Complete in twelve volumes, containing all the steel plates on India paper and maps that have appeared in former editions, and about fifteen phototype illustrations to each volume, copied from photographs of cities, public edifices, and reproductions of paintings representing remarkable events narrated. Large 8vo. Large type, printed on fine paper, and handsomely bound in half morocco, gilt top, $5.00 per volume, net.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. Two volumes. Now ready.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. Two volumes. Now ready.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU. Two volumes. Now ready.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP II. Three volumes. Now ready.

Tales from Ten Poets.

By Harrison S. Morris, author of "In the Yule Log Glow," etc., etc. Three volumes. 16mo. Illustrated. Cloth, extra, $3.00; half calf and half morocco, $6.00; three-quarters calf, gilt top, $7.50.

These three volumes contain the most famous narrative poems of ten great Victorian poets done into prose, which has preserved the charm of the poetry in so far as it was possible while giving the story pure and simple. The Poets represented are Tennyson, Swinburne, Robert Browning, Wm. Morris, Rossetti, Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, Robert Buchanan, Lord Lytton, and George Eliot.

Tales from the Dramatists.

By Charles Morris, author of "Half Hours with the Best American Authors," etc. Four volumes. 16mo. Illustrated. Cloth, extra, $4.00; half polished calf or morocco, $8.00; three-quarters calf, gilt top, $10.00.

A series of entertaining stories taken from the leading plays of the most noted Dramatic Authors, from Ben Jonson to the present day. This work is based on the general plan of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," and deals with the most popular plays of the best known English playwrights.

The Dragon of Wantley.

His Rise, His Voracity, and His Downfall. A Romance. By Owen Wister. Illustrations by John Stewardson. 8vo. Extra cloth, gilt top, $2.00.

Every one knows of the old ballad from which Mr. Wister has borrowed his title; the characters and the plot, however, are entirely his own. The story deals with the old days of chivalry in England, and knights, monks, dragons, and crusades afford abundant material for a romantic tale. The illustrations are unique and full of humor and in complete harmony with the text, carrying out its ideas with vivid appropriateness.

Atlina, the Queen of the Floating Isle.

By M. B. M. Toland, author of "Eudora," "Legend Laymone," "Tisáyac of the Yosemite," etc. Illustrated by full-page photogravure reproductions of drawings by Bloomer, Weir, Church, Dielman, Jones, Jaccaci, Denman, Du Mond, and Twachtman, and numerous decorative designs throughout the text by A. F. Jaccaci. Cloth, gilt, $2.50; full silk, $3.50; morocco, $4.00.

In Plato's Atlantis, with its tropical splendor, its peace and prosperity, Mrs. Toland finds a theme well adapted to her own flowing and melodious verse. The artists have caught the spirit of the poem, and each in his own way interprets the life and scenery of that wondrous land of old.

Recent Rambles, or In Touch with Nature.

By Charles C. Abbott, M.D., author of "A Naturalist's Rambles about Home," "Outings at Odd Times," etc. 12mo. Cloth. With nineteen half-tone illustrations. $2.00.

In the literature of nature Dr. Abbott's books hold a peculiar place. With all their close observation they are not too *technical*, and their charm for the general reader is the more potent in that this is so. The book is full of touches of humor, unexpected turns, and pungent sayings. The illustrations are all from nature, and form an especial feature of this attractive volume.

Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities.

By William S. Walsh, author of "Literary Life." Small 8vo. Uniform with Reader's Hand-Book. Half morocco, $3.50; three-quarters calf, $5.00.

A collection of the bric-a-brac of literature, literary forgeries, hoaxes, jests, enigmas, conundrums, paradoxes, etc., exploited; proverbs, sayings, slang phrases, and familiar lines correlated and traced to their source; plagiarisms, analogies, and coincidences detected; the whole forming a complete encyclopædia of all that is most amusing and entertaining in the ana of the past and present, and an indispensable reference-book of curious, quaint, and out-of-the-way information that has never before been collected in book form.

Gleams and Echoes.

By A. R. G., author of "Night Etchings," etc. Illustrated from drawings by Turner, Jones, Schell, Clinedinst, Dielman, and Lippincott, engraved by Anderson, Reed, and Williams. Cloth, gilt top, $2.00; full silk, $3.00.

Every fern and flower has its story to tell to the true poet, a story full of interest and beauty. Our author takes us into field and wood that we may listen to these voices of nature, which are skilfully interpreted to us. Each poem is accompanied by an illustration, and the volume is a very handsome one, adapted to gift purposes.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

An Affair of Honour.

With numerous Illustrations. Small 4to. Cloth, gilt, $1.25.

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now, but yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put in theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."—*George Eliot.*

Maid Marian and Robin Hood.

By J. E. Muddock. With twelve illustrations by Stanley L. Wood. 12mo. Cloth extra, $1.25.

It is a skilful variation on the old theme, and one which will please the lovers of rustic romance. The threads of tradition and balladry are skilfully combined with those of invention, and the result is a pleasantly readable version of the adventures of the bold and merry outlaw and his merry followers. The introduction of Maid Marian as a chief character gives a fresh flavor to the whole."—*Boston Courier.*

Boys' Own Book of Out-Door Games and

RECREATIONS. Edited by G. A. Hutchison. Over three hundred illustrations. Small 4to. Cloth, $1.75.

This is the most comprehensive, thorough-going, and attractively-written book of the kind published. When we say that Dr. W. G. Grace contributes the chapter on "Cricket, and How to excel in It;" that swimming is dealt with by the late Captain Webb; and that boating and canoeing, cycling, hare and hounds, skating and scuttling, bowls, racquets, la-crosse, golf, and a score of other out-door pastimes, are dealt with by masters of their various subjects, we have said enough to justify this statement. The volume contains over three hundred illustrations.

Bimbi.

Stories for Children. By Louisa de la Ramé ("Ouida"). With illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett. 4to. Cloth, $1.50.

"The nine stories for children, which 'Ouida' has written for the little Prince of Naples, and published under the title of 'Bimbi,' are the most fascinating tales imaginable,—pure in thought and purpose, charming in style, with surprising touches of wit, humor, and pathos."—*Boston Traveller.*

Axel Ebersen:

THE GRADUATE OF UPSALA. By A. Laurie, author of "Maurice Kerdic," "A Marvellous Conquest," etc. Profusely illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

The author of this instructive and entertaining work has long been favorably known as an excellent writer of stories for boys, and in the history of "Axel Ebersen" has well sustained this reputation. The lesson taught by the story is an impressive one, and boys will find the book very pleasant reading.

Treasury of Pleasure-Books.

Containing the popular stories of "Puss in Boots," "The House that Jack Built," "Cock Robin," "Old Mother Hubbard," "The Old Woman and Her Pigs," "Goody Two Shoes," "Peter Piper," and "An Apple Pie." 4to. Very fully illustrated. Cloth, $1.50.

Treasury of Old-Fashioned Fairy-Tales.

Containing "Cinderella," "Dame Trot," "Whittington and His Cat," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Alla Baba," "Bluebeard," "Aladdin," "Fairy-Tale Alphabet." 4to. Very fully illustrated. Cloth, $1.50.

Uncle Bill's Children.

By Helen Milman, author of "Little Ladies." With illustrations by the author. Small 4to. Cloth, extra, $1.00.

On more than one occasion Uncle Bill wished himself well rid of the precocious young ones he promised to take care of on their forced sojourn to the sea. They were not bad children by any means, but the embarrassing positions in which they occasionally placed their foster-father and the worriment they needlessly caused him were certainly enough to try his patience. However, he came through the ordeal bravely and learned to love his little niece and nephew very dearly. The tale is prettily told, is true in its pathos, genial in its humor, and is admirable reading for young children.

The Triumphs of Steam.

A *New Edition*, revised and partly rewritten. By Henry Frith, author of "Triumphs of Modern Engineering." With many illustrations by John Gilbert and other artists. One volume. 16mo. Cloth, $1.25.

This volume contains the early history and progress of steam, its application to manufactures and navigation; also sketches of the lives of Watt, Stephenson, and others, the story of whose inventions is so full of interest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Itinerary of General Washington

FROM JUNE 15, 1775, TO DECEMBER 23, 1783. With Portrait. By William S. Baker, author of "The Engraved Portraits of Washington," etc. Special cloth, gilt top, rough edges, $2.50.

Mr. Baker's contributions to Washingtoniana are well known. In the compilation of the present work he exhibits every evidence of extensive research, judgment in selection and entire reliability. His sources of information are the letters of Washington, published and unpublished, "Orderly" books, and contemporaneous diaries and newspapers. The material brought together, covering the period from Washington's appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces, June 15th, 1775, to the surrender of his commission, December 23, 1783, is of the most interesting character.

Practice in Parsing

AND ANALYSIS. By Helen Arnold, A.B. 12mo. Cloth, 40 cents.

These exercises presuppose a very elementary though practical knowledge of the parts of speech. For the sake of clearness and simplicity the instruction preceding each exercise has been put in very brief outline, leaving to be made orally any further explanation that may be needed. All difficulties of idiom and irregularities of construction have been most carefully excluded, and much of the material has been already thoroughly tested in the class-room. The one aim has been to provide for beginners a direct, simple, and abundant application of the definitions of the parts of speech.

Souvenirs of Occasions.

By Sara Louisa Oberholtzer, author of "Come for Arbutus," "Hope's Heart Bells," etc. 12mo. Cloth, $1.00.

Several years ago appeared a little book of verse by Mrs. Oberholtzer, entitled "Come for Arbutus," of which John G. Whittier said, "It contains many nice bits of poetry, which I have read with much pleasure." The same commendation might also apply to this new volume of poems. So sweet is their tone and so clear the writer's thought and expression, they cannot fail to appeal to a large circle of thoughtful readers.

The Human, and Its Relations to the Divine.

By Theodore F. Wright, Ph.D. 12mo. Cloth, extra. $1.00.

The author has here endeavored to solve, by means within the reach of all, the problems which present themselves to him who seeks to know man and his relation to God, hoping thus to be of some use in resisting the tendency of studious minds to cast off faith, and in leading them to build on firm foundations houses which shall be both sanctuaries and fortresses. The word of God is frequently referred to, but undogmatically, and many writers are cited.—*Preface.*

Where Art Begins.

By Hume Nisbet, author of "Lessons in Art," etc. With twenty-seven illustrations. Large 12mo. Cloth, $2.50.

This is certainly a most entertaining and instructive volume. It is the work of an accomplished painter and the outcome of long years of study and practice. Mr. Nisbet possesses such an enviable faculty of clear and attractive exposition that the volume is sure to make its own welcome.

Night Etchings.

By A. R. G. 12mo. Printed on hand-made paper. Cloth, extra, gilt top, $1.25.

A handful of poems that will win the interested attention of those who care for poetry which thinks and thought which is poetical. Among the more pensive verses "The Old Place" is pathetic and tender, "Selection" is a very graceful allegory full of quiet emotion, and "To Catharine Van Nest" is a lyric which carries with its warm friendship the willing heart of the reader. It is simple, direct, musical.

Columbian Selections.

American Patriotism. For Home and School. By Henry B. Carrington, U.S.A., LL.D., author of "Patriotic Reader," etc. With tributes to Columbus by Joel Barlow, Washington Irving, Francis Bellamy, and others. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

A collection of standard selections from the literature and oratory of all ages, with an introductory symposium, including tributes to Columbus from Washington Irving, Joel Barlow, Robert C. Winthrop, and others. The selections are suited to the home, the general reader, and for schools, and include programmes for the celebration of Columbus Day, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Independence Day, etc.

My Flirtations.

By Margaret Wynman. Illustrated by J. Bernard Partridge.

One of the most fetching books of the year is this frank and amusing recital of the successive loves of a young London girl. Her suitors are many and various, and Mr. Partridge has hit them off as characteristically in his sketches as Miss Wynman has in her clever and satirical prose.

By Subtle Fragrance Held.

By Mary Fletcher Stevens. 12mo. Cloth, $1.00.

In the life of Frances Russell, the heroine of this interesting story, the author has cleverly brought out the varying effects of an alternation of the fashionable and of the quiet life upon the developing character of a young society girl. Gay, pleasing, pretty, and accomplished, and, above all, indifferent, her social success was assured upon her entrance into society. On the other hand, the strong and free existence in a Massachusetts country-seat had its influence, and in after months the "subtle fragrance" of a flower brought back a remembrance strong enough to save her from being false to herself.

A Shadow's Shadow.

By Lulah Ragsdale. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

A brilliant novel in which the contest for the mastery of a girl's heart between love and ambition (called, in "Hamlet," "A Shadow's Shadow") is a long and passionate one. The book is manufactured in attractive style, with large type and specially-designed cover.

Gold of Pleasure.

By George Parsons Lathrop. Issued in **American Novel Series.** 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

"The story reveals the secrets of a lighthouse-keeper's daughter, and brings her into prominence as being unwittingly the sweetheart of the two men who play the most important part in this little drama. The purpose of the narrative is to unfold the simple and attractive details of her life, to reveal the nobleness and sweetness of her character, and to finally bring her under the wise guidance of the lover and friend who waited patiently until she could share his love and home."—*Boston Herald.*

A Sister's Sin.

By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, author of "Jack's Secret," "A Daughter's Heart," etc. Published by arrangement with the author, and copyrighted in **Lippincott's Series of Select Novels.** 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

"A wide circle of admirers always welcome a new work by this favorite author. Her style is pure and interesting, and she depicts marvellously well the daily social life of the English people."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Amor in Society.

A Study from Life. By Julia Duhring, author of "Philosophers and Fools" and "Gentlefolks and Others." Large 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

Frankness of expression, combined with clear insight into the psychical and physical results of the passion of love, are the chief characteristics of this entertaining volume. "Read two or three pages anywhere,—beginning, middle, end," says the author, "that done, you will know whether to go on or stop." We apprehend, however, that, having once commenced, the reader will be loath to lay aside the work until finished. It is both a study of society life and of the subtle passions of the human heart.

The International Magazine Pocket Visiting

List. Thirty and Sixty Patients each week. 1893. Arranged for the use of Practitioners. By J. C. Wilson, M.D. Pocket-Book form. Thirty Patients, $1.25; Sixty Patients, $1.50.

Mother and Child.

Part I., Mother. By Edward P. Davis, A.M., M.D. Part II., Child. By John M. Keating, M.D., LL.D. Crown 8vo. Cloth, $2.00.

"The aim of this instructive and readable manual has been to supplement his advice and render intelligible those matters that mothers and nurses find difficult to understand. As the result of large experience, the views of the authors are necessarily definite and positive; but the experience of others causes them to differ in many points of detail and management, and, in order to make the book cover as large a field as possible, they have added much material from the writings of other physicians whose opinions have great weight and whose advice is of incalculable value."—*Preface.*

Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder.

A Text-Book for Students of Medicine. By W. F. McNutt, M.D., M.R.C.S. Ed., L.R.C.P. Ed., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine, University of California, etc. Crown 8vo. Cloth, $2.50.

The medical student alone will value at its full worth this exhaustive text-book on a topic scarcely ever before treated with such thoroughness. There have been innumerable writers on special diseases of the kidneys, and the subject necessarily forms a part of all comprehensive works on pathology. But a single work devoted to this subject in all its varying phases and prepared by an eminent specialist is a convenience which every owner of a medical library will consider essential to his collection, no matter how full his shelves may be of the less complete material.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

A Soldier's Secret.

A STORY OF THE SIOUX WAR OF 1890, and AN ARMY PORTIA. Two Novels. By Captain Charles King, U.S.A., author of "The Colonel's Daughter," etc.

Persian Tales.

Edited by Justin H. McCarthy. With photogravure frontispiece to each volume. By Stanley L. Wood. 2 vols.

A Family Likeness.

A new story by Mrs. B. M. Croker, author of "Two Masters," "Interference," etc. Published by arrangement with the author, and copyrighted in the United States.

Barbara Dering.

A Sequel to "THE QUICK OR THE DEAD?" By Amélie Rives. Ready early in November.

Hermetic Philosophy.

Can Virtue and Science be taught? A comedy founded on Plato's "Meno," applied to modern discoveries in Theosophy, Christian Science, Magic, etc., and to those who are making these discoveries. By Styx. Vol. III.

I Married a Soldier;

or, OLD DAYS IN THE OLD ARMY. By Lydia Spencer Lane. Ready early in November.

Broken Chords

CROSSED BY THE ECHO OF A FALSE NOTE. A Novel. By Mrs. George McClellan, author of "Cupid and the Sphinx," etc. Ready early in November.

The History and Theory of Money.

By Sidney Sherwood, Ph.D., Wharton School of Finance and Economy, University of Pennsylvania. 8vo.

Practical Pathology.

A Manual for Students and Practitioners. By G. Sims Woodhead, M.D., F.R.C.P. Ed., Fellow of the Royal Society, Edinburgh, etc. With one hundred and ninety-five colored illustrations. *Third Edition.* Greatly enlarged and revised. 8vo. Cloth.

Clinical Diagnosis:

THE CHEMICAL, MICROSCOPICAL, AND BACTERIOLOGICAL EVIDENCE OF DISEASE. By Prof. von Jaksch, of Prague. Translated from the Third German Edition by Jas. Cagney, M.A., M.D., of St. Mary's Hospital. With additional illustrations, many in colors. *Second Edition.*

Do You Think

You are doing your duty as Father or Husband if you run the risk of dying uninsured and leaving your loved ones to battle with the uncertainties of life, unprotected and in misery and want? Begin to

?

Think Now,

And when done thinking send a postal for Circulars describing plan of Life Insurance at cost, to the

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY STATE.

Home Office,
Potter Building, 38 Park Row,
New-York,

E. B. HARPER, President.

BURNETT'S

PERFECTLY PURE HIGHLY CONCENTRATED

Standard Flavoring

EXTRACTS

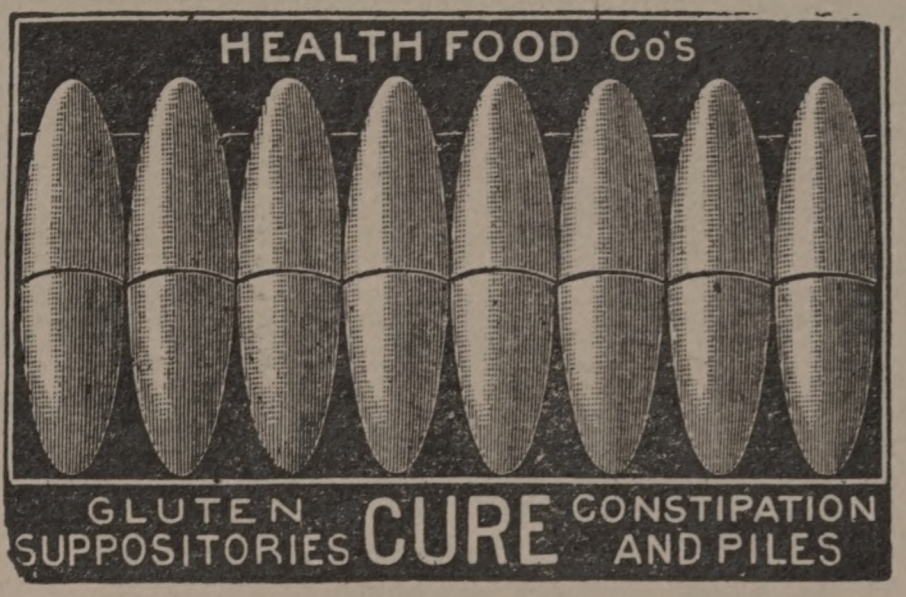
ABSOLUTELY PURE.

FULL MEASURE.

No cartoons to hide long-necked and panelled bottles.

Testimony of Popular Hotels.

"The best in the world." **Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y.**
"We use only Burnett's." . **Young's Hotel, Boston.**
"Pre-eminently superior." **Parker House, Boston.**
"The ne plus ultra." **United States Hotel, Saratoga.**
"Far superior to any." . **Riggs House, Washington.**
"None compare with yours." **Burnet House, Cincinnati.**
"We find them the best." **Southern Hotel, St. Louis.**
"We use them exclusively." **Auditorium, Chicago.**
"Far better than any other." **Russell Hotel, Detroit.**
"Find them excellent." **Occidental Hotel, San Francisco.**



NUMBER 1 FOR ADULTS.
NUMBER 2 FOR BABIES.

The surest, simplest, safest remedy on earth. No purgatives, no cathartics, no laxatives, to destroy the stomach, but strengthening, upbuilding, local nutrition.

50 CENTS. FREE BY MAIL.

Sold by all Druggists.

HEALTH FOOD CO.

61 5th Avenue, New York.
199 Tremont Street, Boston.
632 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
1601 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Pamphlets mailed free.

LACE CURTAINS.

NEW FALL IMPORTATIONS.

We announce the opening of a complete stock of NEWLY IMPORTED LACE CURTAINS, from the least to the most expensive grades.

All the prevailing styles are fully represented; among them are fine specimens of the LOUIS XIV., RENAISSANCE, MARIE ANTOINETTE, EMPIRE, and RUSSIAN.

W. & J. SLOANE,

BROADWAY,

18th and 19th Sts. NEW YORK.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. —*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

Royal Baking Powder Co.,
106 Wall St., N. Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,

Is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

W. BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT

POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS
75 CTS. PER CAN

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUF'RS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

KNABE PIANOS

EUGEN D'ALBERT: From fullest conviction I declare them to be *the best Instruments of America.*

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW: I declare them *the absolutely best in America.*

ALFRED GRÜNFELD: I consider them *the best Instruments of our times.*

P. TSCHAIKOVSKY: Combines with great Volume of Tone a rare sympathetic and noble Tone Color and perfect action.

BALTIMORE: 22 and 24 E. Baltimore St.
NEW YORK: 148 Fifth Ave.
WASHINGTON: 817 Pennsylvania Ave.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP,

FOR THE

SCALP, SKIN AND COMPLEXION

The result of twenty years' experience in treating skin diseases.

At Druggists or by Mail.

A sample cake of soap and 145-page Book on Dermatology and Beauty (Illustrated); on Skin, Scalp, Nervous, and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10 cents**; also Disfigurements, like Birth-Marks, Moles, Warts, India-Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, Facial Development, etc.

John H. Woodbury, Dermatological Institute,

125 WEST 42D ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Consultation free, at office or by letter. Mention this Magazine.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

For Extra Fine Writing, No. 303. For Fine and General Writing, Nos. 404 and 604. For Artists' Use, Nos. 659 (Crow Quill) and 291.

HENRY HOE, SOLE AGENT.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS. The MOST PERFECT of PENS. Every pen bears his name. See that you have GILLOT'S. For Fine Writing—Nos. 303, 170 (Ladies' Pen), and 604. For General Writing—Nos. 404, 601, 332. For Artistic Use—No. 659 (Crowquill). For Schools—Nos. 303, 351, 404, 604. Other Numbers to suit all hands.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS. For Fine Writing—Nos. 303, 170 (Ladies' Pen), and 604. For General Writing—Nos. 404, 601, 332. For Artistic Use—No. 659 (Crowquill). For Schools—Nos. 303, 351, 404, 604. Other Numbers to suit all hands.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

00023176646